# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° Benj. Franklin

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## In This Number


Irvin S. Cobb—Frederick Irving Anderson—Samuel G. Blythe
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# THE CROW'S NEST

## By Will Payne

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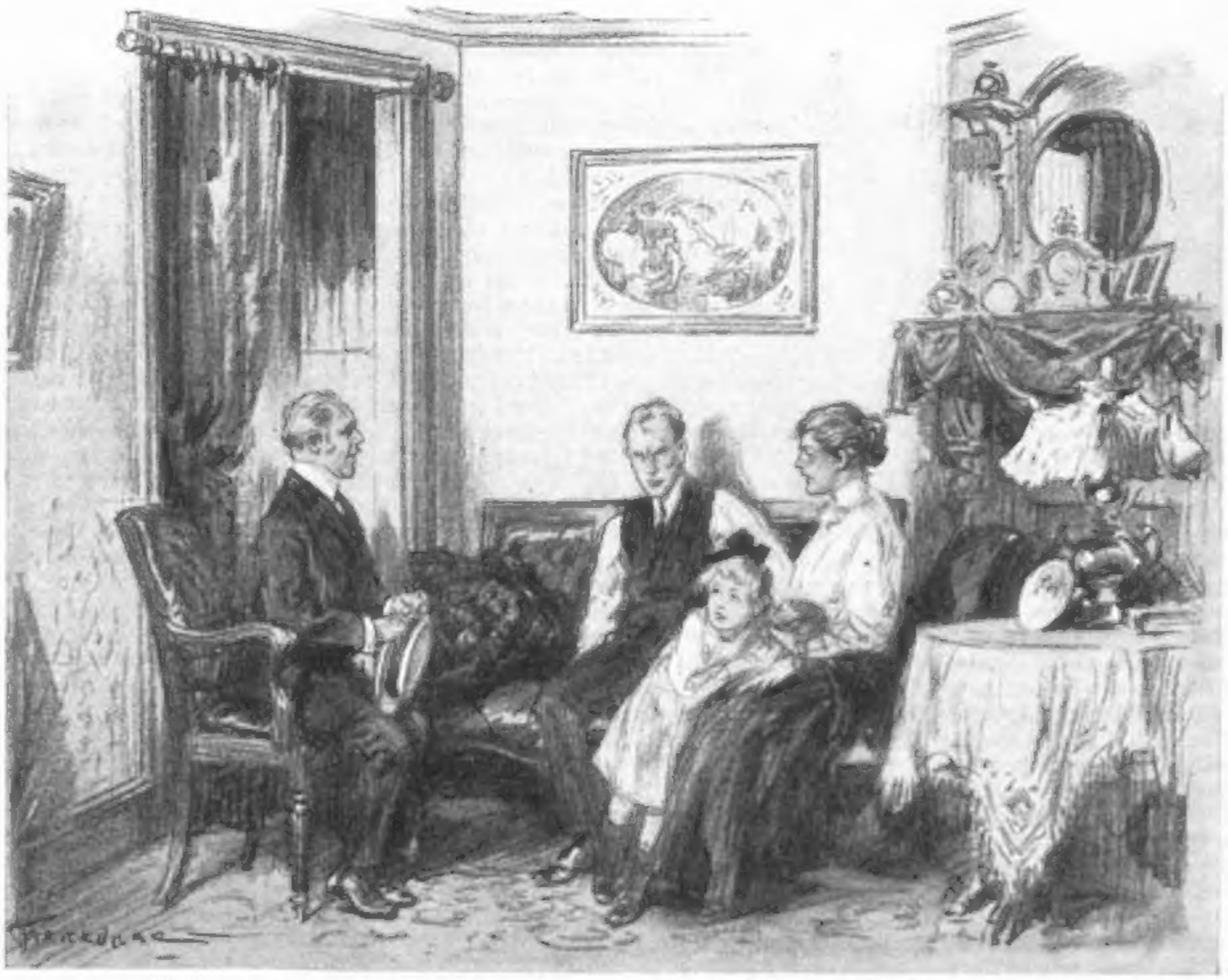


"They Ought to be Put in Jail! I Tell You, Mr. Lowden, This Comes Out of Our Lives!"

WHEN I first encountered Elmer Furbush he was an oats king, one of those transitory monarchs whom we Board of Trade reporters were always crowning and uncrowning in those days. He was only twenty-nine then, so of course we called him Napoleon too. He had sprung up magically from a head-clerkship to command of a successful corner in oats, and at least he had the royal talent for extravagance. His Panama hat was the first ever seen in La Salle Street, and the fact that it cost twenty-five dollars was good for an item in my small-type Prattle of the Pits—whereupon various editorial writers moralized sapiently.

He was a long-limbed, deep-chested young man with a strong chin that curled up at the end and was cleft in the middle. His nose started to be a generous organ, but ended in a sharp point, as though some one had pinched it off while it was warm. He had dark-blue, deep-set eyes under a bulging forehead and coarse black hair almost like an Indian's. He was called a good fellow, having the sort of liberality that treats to champagne but bilks a tailor; but his deep-set, predatory eyes and pinched-off nose always gave me the impression that he was lurking hungrily in ambush behind the outworks of his curled-up chin and bulging forehead. He was very strong. One night he stood in front of the new window in the barroom of the Endymion Hotel—a work of art in leaded glass, of which the management was justly proud—and put one hand in the middle of the window and pushed it out, smashing it.

"I just wanted to see whether I could break it," he explained coolly, and as his check was then good for the damage the feat of strength was much admired. Quite aside from any question of gain, I believe the man was born with an innate curiosity to see what he could break.

He broke himself quite promptly, and his journalistic uncrowning was even more sensational than the coronation. It was commonly said to be the rottenest failure ever known on the Board of Trade—which was saying a great deal. He had robbed his customers, swindled his associates. Creditors finally got two cents on the dollar, and there was hot talk of an indictment. But they were very tolerant in the speculative grain trade then. The panic of 1893 came along, and people had so much other misery on hand that they soon forgot Elmer Furbush. For three years he disappeared. I remember hearing now and then that he was eking out a starveling existence as a real-estate agent over on the West Side—with Lowden. I forgot to mention that during his brief reign he raised one Nicholas Lowden from a humble job at a telegraph key to be his major-domo.

The next time I saw Furbush he was riding in an automobile, and this was when people flocked to gape at an automobile exactly as, fifteen years later, they ran to look at a flying machine. Furbush's vehicle had a door in the middle of the high back by which one entered the tonneau. It was painted cherry red, and he had imported it from France at a cost of fifteen thousand dollars. But to explain how he got it we must go back a bit.

In color and texture Nicholas Lowden's neatly trimmed side whiskers resembled corn silk. He wore a mustache too; but his longish chin was smooth shaven. His eyes were large, blue and warm; his sloping brow nobly Shaksperean. He sat on the edge of the green-plush chair in the parlor of the little flat, the toes of his beautifully polished tan shoes just touching the floor—for his legs were very short. A straw hat held by the brim in both hands rested on his little knees, and young Mrs. Mills noticed at once that his finger nails were specklessly clean and perfectly trimmed, like everything else about him. In fact he manicured them himself every morning after polishing his own shoes.

"What a beautiful child, Mrs. Mills!" he was saying, so fervently that one could fairly hear the heart melting in his bosom. Humorously wrinkling his nose and expanding his mouth so that two rows of gleaming white teeth showed, he playfully waved his hat at the infant, which pressed back against its mother's knee, finger in mouth, solemnly regarding the stranger.

"Ess oo is!" Nicholas cooed. "A booful 'ittle dirl!"

The child's father sat on the green-plush sofa—a slim and pale young man with an angry line down his forehead.

"But how did the association get in such shape?" Mrs. Mills demanded, taking up the conversation where it had been interrupted by the child's toddling entrance.

"Bad management, Mrs. Mills! Bad management!" Nicholas replied mournfully. "They made bad loans, you know; got unsalable property on their hands. My goodness! There's that Westminster Apartments loan which they never had any right to make at all—forty thousand dollars right there in a lump, and now they could hardly give the property away. It'll be years and years before there's another dividend—if there ever is another. It's a great shame!" He shook his head sorrowfully and sighed over it.

"They ought to be put in jail!" Mrs. Mills declared, her dark eyes sparkling with anger. "I tell you, Mr. Lowden, this comes out of our lives! My husband works in the daytime all that any man should, but he has been doing extra work at night to make up this twenty-five dollars a month that we pay into the association. We wanted a little home out in a suburb where the children could have a yard to play in. There's nothing for them here except the dirty street. I've done every bit of my own housework, besides taking care of two young children. It's no joke!"

She checked the impetuous speech and her heart was constricted. Only yesterday, it seemed, she had been a pretty, rosy girl. Now her cheeks were sallow, her hands red and coarse with work, and, except when she remembered to straighten up, her shoulders drooped. Looking into her mirror that very day, it had come to her with a rending pang that her bloom was gone forever. The ghost of that rosy, pretty girl she had been six years before looked into the mirror over her shoulder. But if they were going to keep up the payments to the Pyramids Building and Loan Association her husband must work nights and she must manage the housework and the children alone.

"A shame, Mrs. Mills! A shame!" Nicholas affirmed, sadly shaking his head. "Of course I don't advise you to sell your stock," he added, turning to Mills. "I'm just putting the situation before you."

"I'm going to stick!" said the young man stubbornly, inwardly boiling with baffled rage.

"Oo 'ittle ducky daddles!" Nicholas cooed to the infant in taking leave. He shook hands with Mills and squeezed Mrs. Mills' hand with a sympathetic and respectful warmth—for she was by no means so disagreeable to the eye as her own dejected opinion would have it.

Pattering down the stairs, Nicholas paused in the street doorway to consult a little memorandum book that contained names and addresses of many members of the Pyramids Building and Loan Association. The doorway looked out upon a forlorn street with plank sidewalks in bad repair and dilapidated wooden-block pavement. Nearly all the houses were of wood and in indifferent repair, each containing two or three flats. It looked comfortless enough to discourage thrift; but scattered through these flats were members of the Pyramids Building and Loan Association, saving their five or ten or twenty dollars a month to put into the shares. And the Swedes farther west, round the chair factory, as Ulysses Pettingill explained to Lowden, simply ate them up.

"I'm Going to Throw These Directors Out, Suds, and Put You in Charge"

The long summer twilight had begun to fall, however, so instead of visiting any more members Nicholas walked briskly back to Milwaukee Avenue and pattered up the stairs in a two-story building with a sandstone front, the lower story of which was occupied by the Red Lion Saloon. The front offices upstairs were occupied by the Pyramids Building and Loan Association and the rear office by Furbush and Lowden, real-estate agents. Business visitors were hardly to be expected at this hour, however, so the doors between the offices were thrown sociably open and Nicholas went at once into the front room, where Ulysses Pettingill, secretary of the association, sat by an open window looking down into Milwaukee Avenue. Laying a hand on the secretary's fat shoulder with a playful shake, Nicholas reported gayly: "Well, Suds, I've picked up thirty-one shares to-day at sixty cents on the dollar! Young Mills with his hundred shares wouldn't come across; but we'll get as much more stock as we can pay for."

"Thirty-one shares to-day. That makes us a hundred and sixteen shares altogether. That's pretty good, Lowdy," said the secretary gravely.

He was, indeed, a grave young man, and a ponderous. His full-moon face was so big that his features seemed tiny, and when he pursed up his small mouth—as he often did—it looked like a little pucker in a cheese. He commonly regarded the world with an expression of owlish solemnity, and he had cause for that expression, because a heavy problem ever pressed upon his mind—to wit: beer increased his fat, but he was exceedingly fond of beer. With the utmost seriousness he defended the little arrangement whereby he and Lowden—using their joint capital and his intimate knowledge of the concern's affairs—were picking up some stock of the Pyramids Building and Loan Association at sixty cents on the dollar.

"Business is business," he said, sagely pursing his small mouth. "If any member don't want to sell his stock, he don't have to; but if he does want to sell, you and I might as well have it as anybody else. There might be a prejudice against it on account of my being secretary of the association. But the advantage that an able man has is that he can understand other people's prejudices and act on 'em. My Uncle Tom said that to me once, and I've never forgotten it. It's a great principle in business, Lowdy."

"Sure it is!" Nicholas assented warmly, and grinned behind his friend's fat shoulder. Flitting about ponderous "Suds" with his own nimbler intellectual equipment, as a porpoise might play round a mud scow, was one of the pleasures of the friendship.

The partners still had twenty-six hundred dollars available for their little venture—which with the one hundred and sixteen shares already bought constituted the sum total of their worldly possessions—and were earnestly discussing what stockholders to approach next, when Elmer Furbush strode into the darkening room.

He had long since lost all interest in the barren real-estate business and this was the first time Lowden had seen him in a fortnight. From his tone as he tersely said, "Howdy," and his manner as he dropped into a vacant chair by the other open window, they knew he was in a dark mood, and secretly they both quailed before it with a nervous wish to propitiate him somehow, like timid children in the presence of an angry parent. Such was the impression his ruthless will had made upon their softer materials.

Furbush indeed was gloomy, and in his mind a sullen, aimless sort of rage stirred. For three years now the country had been fast in the grip of Hard Times, the whole nation so depressed and poverty-stricken and lumpish that it seemed impossible for a man to get any proper action upon it. A month before this the post-office authorities had brutally nipped in the bud a poor, pale little get-rich-quick scheme that he had been striving to nurse into life for half a year. He was in debt—which he wouldn't at all have minded, only some of the debts were of an aggravating personal nature—and stony broke. He glowered down into dingy, out-at-elbows, retail Milwaukee Avenue, where the arc street lamps were just sputtering into life, and silently cursed it with bitterness.

"Lowdy, lend me twenty-five dollars!" he said aloud, and so savagely that it was fairly an insult. He hated doing it; but this was the fifth or sixth time he had been obliged to do it within a year.

"Sure!" Nicholas replied with alacrity, and by way of offering cheer he added: "You ought to pick up some money, Furby, and go in with Suds and me buying this Pyramids stock, as I told you a while ago."

"Peanuts!" Furbush replied scornfully.

"Oh, I don't know!" Nicholas answered with unimpaired good nature. "We're getting stock at sixty cents on the dollar that's bound to be worth par or better as soon as times pick up."

"Pick up!" Furbush growled bitterly. "You might as well talk about hell picking up!"

This retort so amused Secretary Pettingill that he averted his head and put a fat hand over his mouth and tittered into it. His humor was always furtive, as though laughing were bad manners or beneath the dignity of a secretary of a building and loan association.

After a moment Furbush asked roughly: "Suds, what's this rotten concern of yours got anyway?"

"Why, the assets come to nearly a million dollars," Ulysses replied mildly.

"Let's take it all!" said Furbush promptly. And after a minute of sheer amazement Ulysses again tittered into his fat hand. Certainly the idea was amusing.

At first nobody, Furbush included, took it for more than a random flight of fancy. But the fancy seemed to linger in his hungry mind. For half an hour, while the room grew quite dark except for the street light below, and Lowden and Pettingill chattered, he sat humped in his chair, his feet on the window ledge, his arms crossed, his chin on his chest, glowering out of the window. At the end of that time he broke abruptly into their chatter by saying:

"Come on, Suds, show me what this concern's got. I may buy some stock after all."

When properly maddened by hunger a wolf will attack almost anything, and any wolf's hunger was a small matter compared with Furbush's at that moment. For three years he had known nothing but the most ignominious defeat. With an appetite capable of devouring rich provinces he had subsisted on beggarly crumbs. Day after day he had been put to mean little shifts to raise mean little sums, and his mind was rubbed blood-raw with the intolerable irritation. When Ulysses, having obediently led the way to his back room and turned on a light, spread the statement of the Pyramids Building and Loan Association before him, Furbush flung himself upon it.

After three years of hard times many of the association's loans were in default. Property which it had taken in foreclosure was unsalable. In the boom before the World's Fair some extravagant loans had been made. Notably there was the Westminster Apartments, which had been thrown on the association's hands in the collapse following the Fair and the panic of '93. No dividend had been paid for a year; none would be paid this summer.

And there was the management. Directors Preston, Hodges, Martin and Swanson really ran the concern, Ulysses explained. The other three members of the board—Perkins, Thompson and Jones—paid little attention to the association's affairs. But at present Director Preston was in Europe, while Director Martin had been in Colorado with his sick wife for some months, and there was no telling when he would return. Director Hodges was very busy trying to keep his own machine shop from going into the hands of a receiver, and Director Swanson ——

"The old man's got quite a lot of money," Ulysses explained judicially, "and quite a lot of sense. But he's terribly stuck on himself. Since he sold out his seed and feed business he hasn't had anything in particular to do, and John P. Tell and that political gang have got hold of him. They flatter him, you know, and play him for a sucker. They've got him so he talks politics in his sleep. To hear him nowadays you'd think the country was going to ruin unless he was elected to Congress this fall. You can imagine what that gang's doing to the old greenhorn. Why, when I need his signature I have to chase all over this district to find him, and then he'll keep me half an hour explaining why he's got to sacrifice himself and accept a seat in Congress to bring back good times. Of course the association isn't doing anything now. We've got no money to loan and can't collect what we have loaned, so nobody's paying much attention to it."

But the statement showed that capital stock paid in by members like the Millses amounted to five hundred and eighty thousand dollars, and there were a hundred and ninety thousand dollars of surplus and undivided profits. "Eighty to ninety per cent of it will be good, too, if times ever pick up," said Ulysses.

Furbush worked a little sum in arithmetic on the margin of the statement. Eighty per cent of the capital and surplus would come to a little over six hundred thousand dollars. His hungry eyes brooded upon the numerals, and he gave a little sigh and drew the back of his hand across his mouth as though he were licking his chops.

"Let's go downstairs and have some beer," he suggested rather cheerfully, Nicholas having handed over five five-dollar bills.

They took a little stall in the northwest corner of the Red Lion's back room and the sloppy waiter brought them three huge glass mugs of beer. A dependable succession of beer mugs in a cool back room, with a couple of friends to converse with, would have nearly fulfilled Ulysses Pettingill's notion of an earthly paradise, except for the one sharp thorn that beer increased his fat, and at thirty-three he weighed two hundred and ten. At thirty Nicholas Lowden thought considerably better of himself than that. He was an emotional, sultry little man, and his paradise at least must have houris in it. But the paradises of both put together would have made only a negligible patch in the back yard of that Elysium which Elmer Furbush's omnivorous imagination foreshadowed. Most of the time, while "Suds" and "Lowdy" prattled, he stared at the wall, now and then absently sipping his beer.

But presently his attention was attracted by the boisterous entrance of four men. One of them was John P. Tell. Another was a big, bony man with round shoulders and a

Drink Was Ruining Him, and He Watched the Ruin Come on in a Sort of Nightmare Paralysis

broad, coppery face. He had an arm over John P. Tell's shoulders and was laughing noisily. As the party sat down he rapped the table with his knuckles and called to the sloppy waiter: "Come here, son!"

Whereat Nicholas Lowden looked round at Furbush, his nose wrinkling and his mouth expanding humorously, and observed under his breath, as though the idea were very amusing: "The Judge is getting soused again."

Furbush watched as the waiter brought gin, seltzer and limes, then lifted his mug and sang out: "Hello, Judge!"

The big man with the coppery face glanced round as though startled, then raised his glass and smiled. Thereafter Furbush seemed absorbed in watching the four men. When they arose the gin bottle was half empty and Judge Grogan collided with the table. Presently Furbush himself departed, leaving Nicholas and Ulysses to their prattle and their beer.

"There goes a great man, Lowdy," said Ulysses solemnly, as though he were announcing an important discovery. "Furby's got brains. The first time I talked with him I said to myself: 'Here's a man with intellect!' He ain't caught on so far; but he will. If a man's got intellect he's sure to catch on." And he was so well satisfied with himself over that pronouncement that he took a long draught of beer.

Meanwhile the great man tramped down Milwaukee Avenue, his eyes mostly brooding upon the sidewalk. About one factor in his problem he was perfectly clear—to wit: that Secretary "Suds" was a fat blockhead with whom he could do exactly as he pleased. In spite of bitter defeats he knew his power. Before the onset of his ruthless will all soft men quailed—and so many men were soft!

He exemplified this next morning, sitting on a corner of Secretary Pettingill's table, his muscular hands clasped round an upraised knee and his head drooping as he looked down into the secretary's full-moon face.

"You're the man to run this association, Suds," he said. "I'm going to throw these directors out and put you in charge." Over so preposterous a statement, made with an unsmiling face, Ulysses might well have tittered into his hand. Indeed, after the first shock of amazement he fairly started to do it; but Furbush's deep-set, ominous eyes held him. He felt the mass and urge of the other man's predatory will; and all he could do was to purse his small mouth, so that it looked like a pucker in a cheese, and stare glassily.

"We've got to make them queer themselves some more," Furbush added. "We'll get 'em to pay a dividend soon."

*"Pshaw! Nothing Crooked About Drawing a Will, is There? Just Get it Straight, Judge"*

Again the statement was so preposterous that Ulysses might have tittered, but under Furbush's steady eyes he could for a moment only purse his mouth and gape. With a struggle and a wrench he asserted himself sufficiently to gasp:

"Why, my goodness, Furby, they can't do that! They wouldn't think of doing it! The law says dividends can be paid out of profits only, and there are no profits."

Furbush took a hand from his knee in order to draw its back across his mouth, but his eyes did not waver. "There are a thousand members in this association," he said. "No director knows more than a handful of them personally. There are seven directors. Preston and Martin are the two best ones in the lot and they're out of town. That leaves five, and if we can get three of 'em, that will make a majority of the board. There's Swanson, who's crazy to go to Congress. He don't want a thousand Pyramids members, half of whom are voters, on his back. There's Perkins with his little department store. He don't want a whole lot of enemies. There's Thompson, who's a coward. He don't want to be threatened with investigations and scandals. As for profits, let 'em mark up the value of the Westminster Apartments on their books by seventeen thousand dollars and call that a profit. That will provide for a three per cent dividend. All you've got to do is sit tight and attend strictly to your official duties. You needn't take any risks; and I'll put the management of the association in your hands."

To Nicholas Lowden he explained more fully: "You circulate among these members, Lowdy, and get up a protective association. Probably you can get twenty members to follow you and then you can say you represent two hundred. Keep after Swanson and Thompson and Perkins. Put it to 'em this way: The Pyramids Building and Loan Association is a benevolent concern. Its sole purpose is to give people in modest

*(Continued on Page 41)*

# IN THE RUT OF WAR

## By Irvin S. Cobb

LET me say at the outset of this article that I do not set up as one professing to have any knowledge whatsoever of so-called military science. The more I have seen of the carrying-on of the actual business of war, the less able do I seem to be to understand the meanings of the business. For me strategy remains a closed book. Even the simplest primary lessons of it, the A B C's of it, continue to impress me as being stupid, but none the less unplumbable mysteries.

The physical aspects of campaigning I can in a way grasp. At least I flatter myself that I can. A man would have to be deaf and dumb and blind not to grasp them, did they reveal themselves before him as they have revealed themselves before me. Indeed, if he preserved only the faculty of scent unimpaired he might still be able to comprehend the thing, since, as I have said before, war in its commoner phases is not so much a sight as a great bad smell. As for the rudiments of the system which dictates the movements of troops in large masses or in small, which sacrifices thousands of men to take a town or hold a river when that town and that river, physically considered, appear to be of no consequence whatsoever, those elements I have not been able to sense, even though I studied the matter most diligently. So after sundry months of firsthand observation in one of the theaters of hostilities I tell myself that the trade of fighting is a trade to be learned by slow and laborious degrees, and even then may be learned with thoroughness only by one who has a natural aptitude for it. Either that, or else I am most extraordinarily thick-headed, for I own that I am still as complete a greenhorn now as I was at the beginning.

Having made the confession which is said to be good for the soul, and which in any event has the merit of blunting in advance the critical judgments of the expert, since he must pity my ignorance and my innocence even though he quarrel with my conclusions, I now assume the rôle of prophet long enough to venture to say that the day of the modern walled fort is over and done with. I do not presume to speak regarding coast defenses maintained for the purposes of repelling attacks or invasions from the sea. I am speaking with regard to land defenses which are assailable by land forces. I believe in the future great wars—if indeed there are to be any more great wars following after this one—that the nations involved, instead of buttoning their frontiers down with great fortresses and ringing their principal cities about with circles of protecting works, will put their trust more and more in transportable cannon of a caliber and a projecting force greater than any yet built or planned. I make this assertion after viewing the visible results of the operations of the German 42-centimeter guns in Belgium and France, notably at Liège in the former country and at Maubeuge in the latter.

Except for purposes of frightening noncombatants the Zeppelins apparently have proved of most dubious value; nor, barring its value as a scout—a field in which it is of marvelous efficiency—does the aëroplane appear to have been of much consequence in inflicting loss upon the enemy. Of the comparatively new devices for waging war, the submarine and the great gun alone seem to have justified in any great degree the hopes of their sponsors.

Since I came back out of the war zone I have met persons who questioned the existence of a 42-centimeter gun, they holding it to be a nightmare created out of the German imagination with intent to break the confidence of the enemies of Germany. I did not see a 42-centimeter gun with my own eyes, and personally I doubt whether the Germans have as many of them as they claim to have; but I have talked with one entirely reliable witness, an American consular officer, who saw a 42-centimeter gun as it was being transported to the front in the opening week of the war, and with another American, a diplomat of high rank, who interviewed a man who saw one of these guns, and who in detailing the conversation to me said the spectator had been literally stunned by the size and length and the whole terrific contour of the monster. Finally, I know from personal experience that these guns have been employed, and employed with a result that is past adequate description; but if I hadn't seen the effect of their fire I wouldn't have believed it were true. I wouldn't have believed anything evolved out of the brains of men and put together by the hands of men could operate with such devilish accuracy to compass such utter destruction. I would have said it was some cosmic force, some convulsion of natural forces, and not an agency of human devisement that turned Fort Loncin inside out, and transformed it within a space of hours from a supposedly impregnable stronghold into a hodgepodge of complete and hideous ruination. And what befell Fort Loncin on the hills behind Liège befell Fort Des Sarts outside of Maubeuge, as I have reason to know.

When the first of the 42-centimeters emerged from Essen it took a team of thirty horses to haul it; and with it out of that nest of the Prussian war eagle came also a force of mechanics and engineers to set it up and aim it and fire it. Here, too, is an interesting fact that I have not seen printed anywhere, though I heard it often enough in Germany: by reason of its bulk the 42-centimeter must be mounted upon a concrete base before it can be used. Heretofore the concrete which was available for this purpose required at least a fortnight of exposure before it was sufficiently firm and hardened; but when Fräulein Bertha Krupp's engineers escorted the Fräulein's newest and most impressive steel masterpiece to the war, they brought along with them the ingredients for a new kind of concrete; and those who claim to have been present on the occasion declare that within forty-eight hours after they had mixed and molded it, it was ready to bear the weight of the guns and withstand the shock of their recoil.

This having been done, I conceive of the operators as hoisting their pets into position, and posting up a set of rules—even in time of war it is impossible to imagine the Germans doing anything of importance without a set of rules to go by—and working out the distance by mathematics, and then turning loose their potential cataclysms

*At a General's Headquarters Before Laon Watching Shells Fall at the Battle Front Two Miles Away*

upon the stubborn forts which opposed their further progress. From the viewpoint of the Germans the consequences to the foe must amply have justified the trouble and the cost. For where a 42-centimeter shell falls it does more than merely alter landscape; you might almost say it alters geography.

In the open field, where he must aim his gun with his own eye and discharge it with his own finger, I take it that the Kaiser's private soldier is no great shakes as a marksman. The Germans themselves begrudgingly admitted the French excelled them in the use of light artillery. There was wonderment as well as reluctance in this concession. To them it seemed well-nigh incredible that any nation should be their superiors in any department pertaining to the practice of war. They could not bring themselves fully to understand it. It remained as much a puzzle to them as the unaccountable obstinacy of the English in refusing to be budged out of their position by displays of cold steel, or to be shaken by the volleying, bull-like roar of the German charging cry, which at the first the Germans had counted upon as being almost as potent as the bayonet for instilling a wholesome fear of the German war god into the souls of their foes.

### *The Work of the Forty-Twos*

WHILE giving the Frenchmen credit for knowing how to handle and serve small fieldpieces, the Germans nevertheless insisted that their infantry fire or their skirmish fire was as deadly as that of the Allies, or even deadlier. This I am not prepared to believe. I do not think the German is a good rifle shot by instinct, as the American often is, and in a lesser degree, perhaps, the Englishman is too. But where he can work the range out on paper, where he has to do with mechanics instead of a shifting mark, where he can apply to the details of gun firing the exact principles of arithmetic, I am pretty sure that the German is as good a gunner as may be found on the Continent of Europe to-day. This may not apply to him at sea, for he has neither the sailor traditions nor the inherited naval craftsmanship of the English; but judging by what I have seen I am quite certain that with the solid earth beneath him and a set of figures before him and an enemy out of sight of him to be damaged he is in a class all by himself.

A German staff officer, who professed to have been present, told me that at Manonvilla—so he spelled the name—a 42-centimeter gun was fired one hundred and forty-seven times from a distance of 14,000 meters at a fort measuring 600 meters in length by 400 meters in breadth—a very small target, indeed, considering the range—and that investigation after the capture of the fort showed not a single one of the one hundred and forty-seven shots had been an outright miss. Some few, he said, hit the walls or at the bases of the walls, but all the others, he claimed, had bull's-eyed into the fort itself.

Subsequently, on subjecting this tale to the acid test of second thought I was somewhat inclined to doubt what the staff officer had said. To begin with, I didn't understand how a 42-centimeter gun could be fired one hundred and forty-seven times without its wearing out, for I have heard often that the larger the bore of your gun and the heavier the charge of explosives which it carries, the shorter is its period of efficiency. In the second place, it didn't seem possible after being hit one hundred and forty-seven times with 42-centimeter bombs that enough of any fort of whatsoever size would be left to permit of a tallying-up of separate shots. Ten shots properly placed should have razed it; twenty more should have blown its leveled remainder to powder and scattered the powder.

However, be the facts what they may with regard to this case of the fort of Manonvilla—if that be its proper name—I am prepared to speak with the assurance of an eyewitness concerning the effect of the German fire upon the defenses of Maubeuge. What I saw at Liège I have described in a previous paper of this series. What I saw at Maubeuge was even more convincing testimony, had I needed it, that the Germans have a 42-centimeter gun, and that, given certain favored conditions, they know how to handle it effectively. Why they have not employed it more in their recent operations I have no way of knowing.

We spent the better part of a day in two of the forts which were fondly presumed to guard Maubeuge toward the north—Fort Des Sarts and Fort Boussois; but Fort Des Sarts was the one where the 42-centimeter gun gave the first exhibition of its powers upon French soil in this war, so we went there first. To reach it we ran a matter of seven kilometers through a succession of villages, each with its mutely eloquent tale of devastation and general smash to tell.

Approaching Des Sarts more nearly we came to a longish stretch of highway, which the French had cleared of visual obstructions in anticipation of resistance by infantry in the event that the outer ring of defenses gave way before the German bombardment. It had all been labor in vain, for the town capitulated after the outposts fell; but it must have been very great labor. Any number of fine elm trees had been felled and their boughs, stripped now of leaves, stuck up like bare bones. There were holes in the metaled road where missaimed shells had descended, and in any one of these holes you might have buried a horse. A little gray church stood off by itself upon the plain. It had been homely enough to start with. Now with its steeple shorn away and one of its two belfry windows obliterated by a straying shot it had a rakish, cock-eyed look to it.

Just beyond where the church was, our chauffeur, known to us privately as the Human Rabbit, halted the car in obedience to an order from the staff officer who had been detailed by Major von Abercron, commandant of Maubeuge, to accompany us on this particular excursion. Our guide pointed off to the right. "There," he said, "is where we dropped the first of our big ones when we were trying to get the range of the fort. You see our guns were posted at a point between eight and nine kilometers away and at the start we overshot a trifle. Still to the garrison yonder it must have been an unhappy foretaste of what they might shortly expect, when they saw the forty-twos striking here in this field and saw what execution they did among the cabbages and the beet patches."

We left the car and, following our guide, went to look. Spaced very neatly at intervals apart of perhaps a hundred and fifty yards a series of craters broke the surface of the earth. Considering the tools which dug them they were rather symmetrical craters, not jagged and gouged, but with smooth walls and each in shape a perfect funnel. We measured roughly a typical specimen. Across the top it was between fifty and sixty feet in diameter, and it sloped down evenly for a depth of eighteen feet in the chalky soil to a pointed bottom, where two men would have difficulty standing together without treading upon each other's toes. Its sides were lined with loose pellets of earth of the average size of a tennis ball, and when we slid down into the hole these rounded clods accompanied us in small avalanches.

We were filled with astonishment, first, that an explosive grenade, weighing upward of a ton, could be so constructed that it would penetrate thus far into firm and solid earth before it exploded; and, second, that it could make such a neat saucer of a hole when it did explode. But there was a still more amazing thing to be pondered. Of the earth which had been dispossessed from the crevasse, amounting to a great many wagonloads, no sign remained. It was not heaped up about the lips of the funnel; it was not visibly scattered over the nearermost furrows of that truck field. So far as we might tell it was utterly gone; and from that we deduced that the force of the explosion had been sufficient to pulverize the clay so finely and cast it so far and so wide that it fell upon the surface in a fine shower, leaving no traces unless one made a minute search for it. Noting the wonder upon our faces the officer was moved to speak further in a tone of sincere admiration, touching on the capabilities of the crowning achievement of the Krupp works:

"Pretty strong medicine, eh? Well, wait until I have shown you American gentlemen what remains of the fort; then you will better understand. Even here, out in the open, for a radius of a hundred and fifty meters, any man, conceding he wasn't killed outright, would be knocked senseless and after that for hours, even for days, perhaps, he would be entirely unnerved. The force of the concussion appears to have that effect upon persons who are at a considerable distance—it rips their nerves to tatters. Some seem numbed and dazed; others develop an acute hysteria."

*A Belgian Soldier's Grave in the French Frontier*

*At General von Zwehl's Field Headquarters on the German Center*

### *The Country About Des Sarts*

"HIGHLY interesting, is it not? Listen then; here is something even more interesting: Within an inclosed space, where there is a roof to hold in the gas generated by the explosion or where there are reasonably high walls, the man who escapes being torn apart in the instant of impact, or who escapes being crushed to death by collapsing masonry, or killed by flying fragments, is exceedingly likely to choke to death as he lies temporarily paralyzed and helpless from the shock. I was at Liège and again here, and I know from my own observations that this is true. At Liège particularly many of the garrison were caught and penned up in underground casements, and there we found them afterward dead, but with no marks of wounds upon them—they had been asphyxiated."

I suppose in times of peace the speaker was a reasonably kind man and reasonably regardful of the rights of his fellowman. Certainly he was most courteous to us and most considerate of us; but he described this slaughter-pit scene with the enthusiasm of one who is a partner in a most creditable and worthy enterprise.

Immediately about Des Sarts stood many telegraph poles in a row, for here the road, which was the main road from Paris to Brussels, curved close up under the grass-covered bastions. All the telegraph wires had been cut, and they dangled about the bases of the poles in snarled tangles like love vines. The ditches paralleling the road were choked with felled trees, and, what with the naked limbs, were as spiky as shad spines. Of the small cottages which once had stood in the vicinity of the fort not one remained standing. Their sites were marked by flattened heaps of brick and plaster from which charred ends of rafters protruded. It was as though a giant had sat himself down upon each little house in turn and squashed it to the foundation stones.

As a fort Des Sarts dated back to 1883. I speak of it in the past tense, because the Germans had put it in that tense. As a fort, or as anything resembling a fort, it had ceased to be absolutely. The inner works of it—the redan and the underground barracks, and the magazines, and all—were built after the style followed by military engineers back in 1883, having revetments faced up with brick and stone; but only a little more

than a year ago—in the summer of 1913, to be exact—the job of inclosing the original works with a glacis of a newer type had been completed. So when the Germans came along in the first week of September it was in most respects made over into a modern fort. No doubt the reënforcements of reserves that hurried into it to strengthen the regular garrison counted themselves as being lucky men to have so massive and stout a shelter from which to fight an enemy who must work in the open against them. Poor devils, their hopes crumbled along with their walls when the Germans brought up the forty-twos.

We entered in through a gap in the first parapet and crossed, one at a time, on a tottery wooden bridge which was propped across a fosse half full of rubble, and so came to what had been the heart of the fort of Des Sarts. Had I not already gathered some notion of the powers for destruction of those one-ton, four-foot-long shells, I should have said that the spot where we halted had been battered and crashed at for hours; that scores and perhaps hundreds of bombs had been plumped into it. Now, though, I was prepared to believe the German captain when he said probably not more than five or six of the devil devices had struck this target. Make it six for good measure. Conceive each of the six as having been dammed by a hurricane and sired by an earthquake, and as being related to an active volcano on one side of the family and to a flaming meteor on the other. Conceive it as falling upon a man-made, masonry-walled burrow in the earth and being followed in rapid succession by five of its blood brethren; then you will begin to get some fashion of mental photograph of the result. I confess myself as unable to supply any better suggestion for a comparison. Nor shall I attempt to describe the picture in any considerable detail. I only know that for the first time in my life I realized the full and adequate meaning of the word chaos. The proper definition of it was spread broadcast before my eyes.

Appreciating the impossibility of comprehending the full scope of the disaster which here had befallen, or of putting it concretely into words if I did comprehend it, I sought to pick out small individual details, which was hard to do, too, seeing that all things were jumbled together so. This had been a series of cunningly buried tunnels and arcades, with cozy subterranean dormitories opening off of side passages, and still farther down there had been magazines and storage spaces. Now it was all a hole in the ground, and the force which blasted it out had then pulled the hole in behind itself. We stood on the verge, looking downward into a chasm which seemed to split its way to infinite depths, although in fact it was probably not nearly so deep as it appeared. If we looked upward there, forty feet above our heads, was a huge riven gap in the earth crust.

### *On the Trail of Destruction*

NEAR me I discerned a litter of metal fragments. From such of the scraps as retained any shape at all, I figured that they had been part of the protective casing of a gun mounted somewhere above. The missile which wrecked the gun flung its armor down here. I searched my brain for a simile which might serve to give a notion of the present state of that steel jacket. I didn't find the one I wanted, but if you will think of an earthenware pot which has been thrown from a very high building upon a brick sidewalk you may have some idea of what I saw.

At that, it was no completer a ruin than any of the surrounding débris. Indeed, in the whole vista of annihilation but two objects remained recognizably intact, and

*German Soldier's Funeral Leaving Hospital at Chimay. Nurses, Officers and French Priests at the Rear*

these, strange to say, were two iron bed frames bolted to the back wall of what I think must have been a barrack room for officers. The room itself was no longer there. Brick, mortar, stone, concrete, steel reënforcements, iron props, the hard-packed earth, had been ripped out and churned into indistinguishable bits, but those two iron beds hung fast to a discolored patch of plastering, though the floor was gone from beneath them. Seemingly they were hardly damaged. One gathered that a 42-centimeter shell possessed in some degree the freakishness which we associate with the behavior of cyclones.

We were told that at the last, when the guns had been silenced and dismounted and the walls had been pierced and the embrasures blown bodily away, the garrison, or what was left of it, fled to these lowermost shelters. But the burrowing bombs found the refugees out and killed them, nearly all, and those of them who died were still buried beneath our feet in as hideous a sepulcher as ever was digged. There was no getting them out from that tomb. Judgment Day will find them still there, I guess.

To reach a portion of Des Sarts, as yet unvisited, we skirted the edges of the crater, climbing over craggy accumulations of wreckage, and traversed a tunnel with an arched roof and mildewed brick walls, like a wine vault. The floor of it was littered with the knapsacks and water bottles of dead or captured men, with useless rifles broken at the stocks and bent in the barrels, and with such-like riffle. At the far end of the passage we came out into the open at the back side of the fort.

"Right here," said the staff officer who was piloting us, "I witnessed a sight which made a deeper impression upon me than anything I have seen in this campaign. After the white flag had been hoisted by the survivors and we had marched in, I halted my men just here at the entrance to this arcade. We didn't dare venture into the redan, for sporadic explosions were still occurring in the ammunition stores. Also there were fires raging. Smoke was pouring thickly out of the mouth of the tunnel. It didn't seem possible that there could be anyone alive back yonder.

"All of a sudden, men began to come out of the tunnel. They came and came until there were nearly two hundred of them—French reservists mostly. They were crazy men—crazy for the time being, and still crazy, I expect, some of them. They came out staggering, choking, falling down and getting up again. You see, their nerves were gone. The fumes, the gases, the shock, the fire, what they had endured and what they had escaped—all these had distracted them. They danced, sang, wept, laughed, shouted in a sort of maudlin frenzy, spun about deliriously until they dropped. They were deafened, and some of them could not see but had to grope their way. I remember one man who sat down and pulled off his boots and socks and threw them away and then hobbled on in his bare feet until he cut the bottoms of them to pieces. I don't care to see anything like that again—even if it is my enemies that suffer it."

He told it so vividly, that standing alongside of him before the tunnel opening I could see the procession myself—those two hundred men who had drained horror to its lees and were drunk on it.

We went to Fort Boussois some four miles away. It was another of the keys to the town. It was taken on September sixth; on the next day, September seventh, the citadel surrendered. Here, in lieu of the 42-centimeter, which was otherwise engaged for the moment, the attacking forces brought into play an Austrian battery of 30-centimeter guns. So far as I have been able to ascertain this was the only Austrian command which had any part in the western campaigns. The Austrian gunners shelled the fort until the German infantry had been massed in a forest to the northward. Late in the afternoon the infantry charged across a succession of cleared fields and captured the outer slopes. With these in their possession it didn't take them very long to compel the surrender of Fort Boussois, especially as the defenders had already been terribly cut up by the artillery fire.

### *Devastation Wrought by the Mine Gun*

THE Austrians must have been first-rate marksmen. One of their shells fell squarely upon the rounded dome of a big armored turret which was sunk in the earth and chipped off the top of it as you would chip your breakfast egg. The men who manned the guns in that revolving turret must all have died in a flash of time. The impact of the blow was such that the leaden solder which filled the interstices of the segments of the turret was squeezed out from between the plates in curly strips, like icing from between the layers of a misused birthday cake.

Back within the main works we saw where a shell had bored a smooth, round orifice through eight meters of earth and a meter and a half of concrete and steel plates. Peering into the shaft we could make out the floor of a tunnel some thirty feet down. To judge by its effects, this shell had been of a different type from any others whose work we had witnessed. Apparently it had been devised to excavate holes rather than to explode, and when we asked questions about it we speedily ascertained that our guide did not care to discuss the gun which had inflicted this particular bit of damage.

"It is not permitted to speak of this matter," he said in explanation of his attitude. "It is a military secret, this invention. We call it the mine gun."

Erect upon the highest stretch of riddled walls, with his legs spraddled far apart and his arms jerking in expressive gestures, he told us how the German infantry had advanced across the open ground. It had been hard, he said, to hold the men back until the order for the charge was given, and then they burst from their cover and came on at a dead run, cheering.

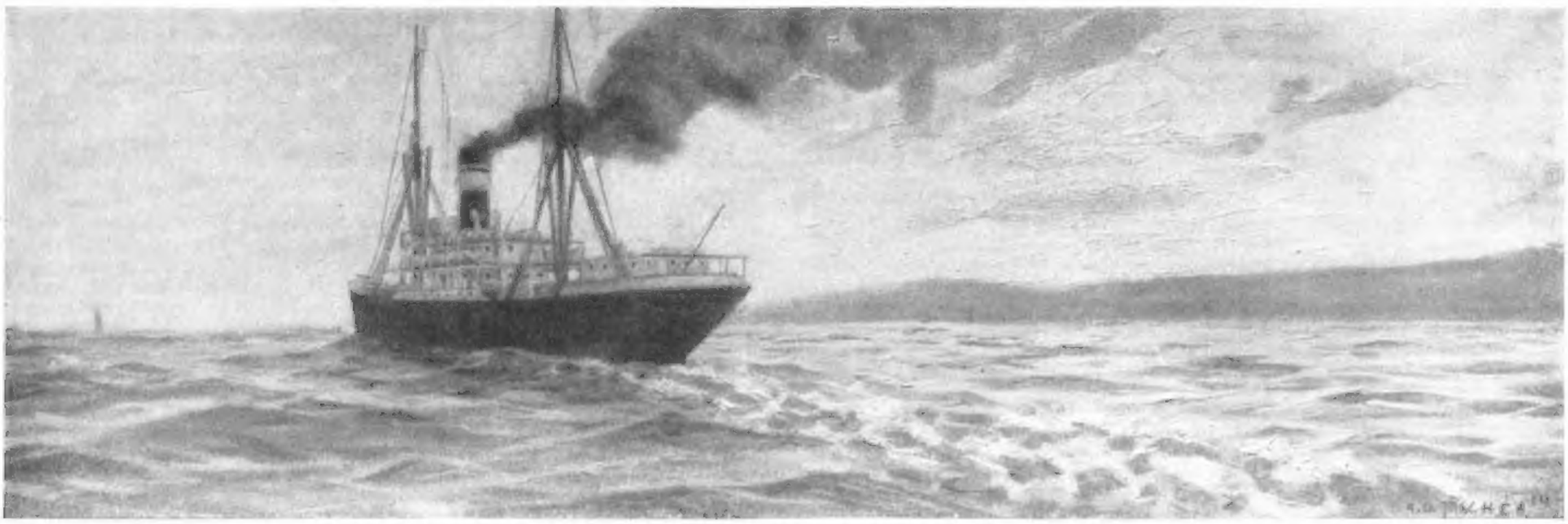
*(Continued on Page 29)*

*German Soldiers' Graves at Louvain Covered With Flowers by Their Comrades*

*In a Crater at Maubeuge Made by a 43-Centimeter Shell*

*Effect of German Shell Fire Inside the Citadel at Maubeuge*

# THE ALCHEMISTS



*The Ship Was Now Wallowing in the Two-Hundred-Mile Stretch of Doldrums That Pockets the Gate of Panama*

## By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

CALDER was waiting, had been waiting now for a week, on the veranda of the Tivoli, pickling his digestion with iced lime-squash as he watched Latin America go by. If a man waits long enough on this veranda, one day some one will come along who can tell him anything he wants to know about the domestic affairs of the tea-kettle republics to the north and south.

The Tivoli sits on the rim of the witch's cap called Ancon Hill, watching the sun come up out of the Pacific Ocean every morning, contrary to the accepted rules of geographical usage. Other strange things occur in the neighborhood of the Tivoli: roosters crow all night; cockroaches have wings; and fleas scrupulously avoid human beings after three days' acquaintance with the individual. Leave a wooden chair on the Bermuda-grass lawn, and its four legs will begin to sprout overnight, like Robinson Crusoe's fence. Red ants pass through hobnailed boots with the greatest ease; and, if you are not careful to mind your own business, a gentlemanly agent of the benevolent autocracy that rules in the name of the United States will some fine morning tap you on a shoulder and tell you when the next boat sails, and see that you don't miss it, and—what is infinitely more distressing—arrange to have you met at the other end of your journey to make sure you haven't jumped overboard during the passage.

Just below in the valley, a gunshot away, lie the old town of Panama and the new town of Balboa, forming a funnel through which all Latin America must pass one day or another. Sallow dons and ox-eyed señoras and señoritas come up from the south to escape the rigor of their July snows; statesmen in studious black, fleeing with their pile, come here to escape the torrid wrath of their quondam constituency. Schemers in oil, island labor and politics come over from the Mosquito Coast and the old Main to whisper with their blood-brothers of the west in the seclusion of the ten-mile neutral strip that guards this end of the Big Ditch. And, as a background for the motley array, there are the tourists from the north in impeccable white, with nicely pipeclayed shoes and tenderfoot helmets.

It wasn't a bad place to wait—Calder admitted that to himself. The bar was as soft and dry as a Kansas town, and the atmosphere as hot and wet as a Turkish bath—not even a celluloid collar could maintain its self-respect many hours in this humidity. Still, it wasn't a bad place to wait, especially this year, when the swagger traffic that usually goes to the Mediterranean had been turned south by the big war.

Calder was not interested in such miracles as were daily performed by roosters, ants, the climate, and the benevolent autocracy. He had a little miracle of his own that was just now absorbing his thoughts; in fact, was his sole excuse for tarrying. Calder at home was the Acme Type-Founding Concern, Incorporated. Occasionally a man's-size job on which his agents failed took him south among these solemn-visaged yellow politicians. They were not so solemn as they looked. Sometimes they developed a quaint sense of humor. For instance, Calder had recently shipped two tons of Caxton old-style type to a tea-kettle whose capital sat on the pin-point of a sierra eleven thousand feet above the sea.

He had agreed to lay down—or rather carry up—the two tons of lead at the capital; and after he had performed his task the iron-strapped boxes containing the fonts of type were opened and found to contain nothing more valuable than native sand. It was not the fact that his bold-faced type had been miraculously transmuted into sand, after his burros had conscientiously lifted it two miles up in the air, that got under his skin. It was the information, which reached him underground, that the various political factions of the tea-kettle had begun bombarding each other with thirty-point Caxton old-style an indecently short time after the incident in alchemy. Calder chewed the cud of bitter fancy as he recognized the dog-eared *t*'s and *y*'s of his merchandise in a recent and deadly edition of a local paper.

Old Catera, the stage manager of this particular tea-kettle, had played one too many tricks on the Acme, Incorporated. His time-honored custom had been to order generously of type and flat-bed presses in the name of the government, giving sixty-day paper and dynamiting the government on the fifty-ninth day. Now Calder had come down to recover by a little shirt-sleeves diplomacy of his own. One might say offhand that his job was not a pleasant one. Not so with Calder. He liked it; it was a vacation he had been promising himself for a long time.

Calder was immersed in his eternal lime-squash one morning when a long, lean, lazy-looking individual mounted the steps. This was Facey, the man he had been waiting for. Facey had ears all over Central America and could tell him to a T who was who on the latest calendar of events. Facey's job was tapping people on the shoulder and telling them when their boat sailed. As a board of immigration he was more expeditious, though less democratic, than the solemn owls who preside over Ellis Island at home.

Facey saw Calder, but by no sign visible to an outsider did he give evidence of the fact. He came up the steps and stood languidly studying the crowd of tourists resting in the nest of wicker chairs under the humid shade of the awning. The immigration expert of the benevolent autocracy indifferently selected three in the group. All were men of natty appearance and some youth. A professional observer might have noticed that the distinguishing features of each—aside from his clothes, which were up to the nines—were his fingers. The fingers were highly manicured and long—long enough to tie a knot in themselves round an ordinary pack of cards.

Facey accosted them genially, one by one, leaning over their easy-chairs and smiling graciously as he whispered a word or two into their startled ears. Each in turn reddened, stammered, blustered a little, then became silent. Facey took a chair, sat idly swinging one leg over the other, fanning himself with his hat. The three men on whom he had bestowed his favor looked suspiciously at each other and occasionally stole a glance at Facey. One by one they found that business called them to other parts of the Zone and departed by means of seagoing hacks drawn by pygmy horses. Calder grinned delightedly to himself. Facey's methods always amused him. He loved the cool, calm insolence of this dismissal.

After some time Facey stood up and again looked over the crowd. Finally his shrewd gray eyes lit quite by accident on the waiting Calder. Facey walked over to his side and leaned over his chair.

"Your boat," said the board of immigration genially, "sails from the Ascension wharf at ten in the morning. It is the Tortugas—an old tub—and God save you! Don't start and stutter! Your boat sails at ten!"

"What the devil ——"

"You have two cases of type in your baggage," continued the lazy voice of Facey. "Caxton old-style, to be exact. I am not so sure that we won't have to legislate against your printing presses—call them contraband of war perhaps. They are worse than Mausers. Remember this: Take your type along as baggage, not freight. Get it? Put it in your stateroom. Your stateroom is number ten on the boat deck."

"But, Facey!" cried the bewildered Calder. "I have been waiting for you for a week. I've got business with old Catera and you ——"

"To make sure that you won't forget your boat," said Facey coldly, straightening up and producing a pencil, "I will write it down for you. Any business you have with old Catera must be confined to the boat—outside the three-mile limit. That's orders."

*On the Face of Things He Did Not Possess Wits Enough to Interpret the Rapid Moves That Had Just Been Played on the Veranda Checker-Board*

And the extraordinary Facey, who certainly must have been touched by the sun, wrote on the edge of a soft-drink card: "Tortugas—Ascension wharf—10 A. M., November 24." Then he nonchalantly strolled away.

Calder began to sweat prodigiously. It was plain enough to a man of his experience and knowledge of the part Facey played in the scheme of things down here that the three dandies the secret agent had singled out from the group of tourists were of the legion of deep-sea gamblers that had been following the "swell" traffic south since the big liners had stopped running to Europe. Facey had arranged sailing dates for them in a way that no one of the three had misunderstood.

Furthermore, to a casual observer, this same Facey had arranged a sailing date for him for Calder—who had never done anything worse than charge three new prices for second-hand type with which his Latin-American customers could murder each other in print! The New Yorker looked round anxiously. He wondered if there were any casual observers in the neighborhood. One, apparently!

This person was staring at Calder with the least-disguised curiosity and concern. In appearance he was a tourist. He was short and fat and pink, with eyes disagreeably close together; and he sat industriously sucking the end of a cane as he stared. On the face of things he did not possess wits enough to interpret the rapid moves that had just been played on the veranda checker-board by that scoundrel Facey. So Calder decided. He was turning back when the sound of a scraping chair disturbed him, and the pink innocuous looking individual was at his elbow, saying something round the knob of the cane he was still sucking.

"Pardon me! I don't wish to appear impertinent, but can you tell me the name of the man to whom you were speaking a moment ago? The face was familiar, but I can't recall the name. Can you refresh my memory?"

"I cannot!" said Calder decidedly, and he rose rudely and stalked off.

Calder had no appetite for luncheon. Here he had been waiting a week for Facey, who above all men might have helped him with a hint in the present emergency. And Facey had made an unholy spectacle of him before a veranda filled with people. Over his salad he damned Facey from Dan to Beersheba. If Facey was off the handle—which was quite evident—Calder would have to wait until some one else came along who was sufficiently initiated in the by-play of old Catera's republic. At any rate he would not sail on the Tortugas—a pug-nosed tub sailing up the west coast to 'Frisco, with more miracles aboard than ants and fleas. As a back-stairs route home for ship-gamblers it was a prize; but it was no place for an honest man. No, he certainly would not sail on the Tortugas, Facey or no Facey. He would first have a commission in lunacy appointed for his former friend.

But things dovetail mysteriously in Latin America. At dinner that night the head-waiter, bowing and scraping, brought Calder his bill.

"What the devil is this for?" demanded Calder.

"You sail on the Tortugas in the morning, don't you, sir?"

Calder looked at the bill. It was complete to the final breakfast, including baggage, cab-hire and the transportation of two iron-strapped boxes of type to the Ascension wharf. There is nothing to be gained by arguing with a head-waiter. Calder paid his bill and he sat on the veranda after dinner, chewing his cigar down to the tip without lighting it.

In the morning when he came up from breakfast Calder's baggage, including the cumbersome boxes of sample type he always carried as a side-line, was already gone. This was a high-handed piece of impudence; and he was saying as much to the occasionally genial hotel manager at the desk when the head porter rushed in and informed Calder that his carriage was blocking the line at the steps. He turned round to say something more about this personally conducted tour with which he was being threatened, when he suddenly encountered the cold gray eye of his once-friend Facey.

There may have been just the suggestion of a twinkle in that eye; but, when Calder looked a second time to make sure, the twinkle was gone.

The irritating suspicion, which had flickered in Calder's mind, that he was the victim of a monumental joke died out. Subconsciously he permitted himself to be railroaded into the waiting carriage. His eyes were blind to the old town as the rumbling vehicle dropped down into the maze of streets and passed on to the wharf. When Calder got aboard from a lighter the purser with his ticket was waiting for him at the head of the ladder. He was billeted through to 'Frisco.

"This is wrong I don't go to 'Frisco. I get off at Quesalpaquia City."

On the way down he had come to the conclusion that the best way to fight a crazy man with the authority of an autocrat behind him was with seeming compliance. Besides, he could drop off at old Catera's seaport and in person go up and dun the old fox.

"On the other hand," said a voice behind him the inevitable Facey had come to see him off—"you are booked through to 'Frisco. And remember, Calder," went on Facey, raising his voice a little, so that three men coming up the ladder might have the benefit, "be careful what you do inside the three-mile limit. That is as far as my jurisdiction extends. Beyond that you will have to answer to the skipper."

Facey gently but firmly passed his arm through Calder's and led him down the dirty little deck. He stopped at a cabin porthole and looked in.

"Number ten," he said cheerfully. "Quite commodious I should say. Ah, I see they have already bestowed your contraband for you!"

Over Facey's shoulder Calder caught sight of his type boxes stored under his berth. His wrath boiling over he turned on the secret agent; but no word escaped him. For the solemn Facey, in the act of turning away, had mysteriously closed one eye, and was gone.

*A Flat-Bottomed Scow Was Slowly Stealing Its Way Across the Shallows Separating the Ship From the Shore*

II

THE degree of intercourse aboard ship varies inversely as tonnage displacement. Above thirty thousand one runs into caste; below ten thousand one becomes intimate enough to quarrel with his neighbor the first day out. The Tortugas was a scant five thousand. Her thirty-odd saloon passengers before dinner by rights should have been calling each others' grandmothers by their first names. But on the Tortugas there was a singular lack of the social amenities.

In the first place, a clean new white notice in the smoking room warned passengers on this trip against playing cards with strangers. The line-up at the cabin table suggested the obvious candidates for the questionable distinction implied. The deep-sea card sharp usually excels sartorially. Three men named Wilder, Watkins, and Wilson—the three fellow-victims of the veranda episode—betrayed an elegance of attire that smacked of the professional swell. So did Calder himself.

The other passengers were peculiar to the west coast—a señorita or two as beautiful as Satan, under close guard of a mother as ugly as sin; a handful of German merchants with bushy beards; a brace of American engineers lean and fit and as brown as berries; and the usual polyglot of this part of the world. No one travels on a coastwise tub like the creaking, wheezing old Tortugas unless he needs must. They all looked suspiciously at the four dandies, concerning whom they whispered crisply in Spanish whenever one was in sight.

Calder discovered he had still another friend aboard. It was his fat pink acquaintance who sucked his cane. This person regarded the quartet with unmistakable signs of awe and admiration. He hovered about them at all hours, apparently on the keen edge of anticipation. The deep-sea gentlemen of the long fingers were not in good humor—having been shunted off to the west when a fine white cruiser laden with millionaires ripe for skinning was plying north three times a week on the other coast. It was not a happy lot. As for Calder, he philosophically accepted the rating and, heedless of the unwelcome attention he excited, gave himself over to the consideration of that farewell wink.

But the ship was now wallowing in the two-hundred mile stretch of doldrums that pockets the gate of Panama; and try as he would he could extract no humor from the situation into which he had been so unceremoniously thrust. He would make an effort to land at Quesalpaquia City. Calder was resolved on that. Even if a man be incontinently kicked off the Isthmus with no power of appeal he might surely leave a free ship at any port. There might be difficulties if the skipper combined with the port *comandante* to prevent it. When he got back to the States, he was promising himself, he would settle with Facey through certain influential friends at Washington; in fact, he wasn't so sure that he didn't have grounds for civil action against the Zone.

Dead calm in the tropics long continued makes a man lose interest in life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. On a normal ship passing through this inferno the most weird animosities spring up, only to be wafted away again with the return of the trade winds. On this ship, freighted with disappointed hopes, the atmospheric conditions revealed one interesting fact to the eyes of Calder. It helped him align the combination of unhorsed knights of the green cloth with whom he found himself associated in the public eye. Two of them, avoiding each other like the plague, suddenly developed a growing hatred. It was like the singular silent warfare of two schoolgirls—a tilt of a shoulder, a surly look, a smirk, or a scowl. That was all. This circumstance was interesting in relation to the pair concerned; but it was infinitely more interesting as it related to the third of the railroaded party. This third was left out in the cold. Evidently, concluded Calder, Facey had split up one combination in sending this third victim to Coventry. The third was red-haired, square-jawed and decided looking—altogether a man to count on for the cold daring necessary to his craft; but, no matter what his prowess, the deep-sea gambler cannot swing his business without help.

At daybreak on the fourth morning out, Calder stood leaning over the rail watching the ship come to anchor at the little port of Aguiles. Aguiles was of interest to the Acme Type-Founding Concern, Incorporated, since it was from this port—the back-door of old Catera's republic away up there behind the clouds—that his two tons of Caxton had started on that memorable journey on mule-back. A passenger was coming aboard. Calder made out through the morning mists the ghost of a flat-bottomed scow slowly stealing its way across the shallows separating the ship from the shore. Soon it came alongside. The donkey-engine forward began to whimper, a derrick boom to creak and groan; and a wicker cage, big enough to serve as an elevator in a modern office building, dropped gently from the ship's deck to the scow at its side.

Into this cage stepped an exceedingly yellow old man. His villainously bilious eyes raked the rail. It was too

early for passengers to be astir in numbers. In fact, only Calder, who loved the early morning at sea, and the fat pink young man with an appetite for his stick, were spectators of this solitary embarkation.

But it was not the man so much as his baggage that interested Calder, as a softly spoken order caused the cage to be gently hoisted in the air and deposited like a feather on the deck forward. This baggage consisted of two pieces. One was a small leathern bag, doubtless containing such meager necessities as a Toltec gentleman desires for a thousand-mile journey. The other piece was a box a wooden box strapped with iron. Calder involuntarily moved forward a pace. On one end of the box was stamped in well-known stencil: "Acme Type-Founding Concern, Incorporated." On the other end was lettered: "Thirty-point old-style Caxton"

The little procession, headed by the new passenger, strode on and up the companionway as solemnly as a funeral train to number six on the boat deck, two sailors, staggering under the weight of the box, at the heels of the yellow old man. A hand within drew the moth-eaten curtain over the single port, the door slammed, the key shot in the lock, and all was quiet again. Nor did the old man reappear throughout the day.

Twenty-four hours later Calder was again lolling over the rail as the anchor sought bottom for a second time. Off in the murky distance a flat-bottomed scow was putting off from Quesalpaquia City. This was Calder's port. But overnight he had decided to stick to his ship. His fat pink friend, as usual taking his breakfast off his cane head, was leaning against a stanchion a few feet away watching with languid interest the task of lowering the passenger cage over the side and of picking up a second person.

This new arrival was no stranger to Calder. It was none other than the infamous General John Bannon, soldier-of-fortune, who had served as chancellor to that rascally old don, Francisco di Catera, dictator of the republic up there in the mountains, for the last fourteen years. General John Bannon, as he stepped into the cage, imperiously demanded that one of his innumerable boxes be set at his feet. This was a wooden box strapped with iron; and it bore on one end the lettering: "Thirty-point old-style Caxton."

The old general stood like a statue as the winch began to creak. When the cage reached the level of the boat-deck and was swinging idly through an arc of ninety degrees, General Bannon with a single deft movement produced from nowhere a long gun and planted a shot directly between the two lone passengers at the rail. The bullet spattered against the steel bulwark less than a half-inch from the rim of the porthole of cabin number six and fell to the deck. The weapon was still smoking as the cage came to a rest on its landing forward, and the grim old reprobate stepped out.

"Captain Tuttle," he said truculently, addressing the skipper, who was coming up at a run, "you have General Federico Iglesias aboard this ship. He has sworn to shoot me on sight. I warn you I shall look to you for complete protection."

With a flourish the old fox, who a few seconds before had blazed away and missed a head by a hair, tendered his revolver, butt first, to the ship's master. However, Tuttle was not a child at this business. He had seen Central American gentlemen in action before.

Dexterously and with no lost motion he went through the old general, uncovering one knife in a bootleg, a second in the left sleeve, and another revolver hanging under his shirt from a band about his neck.

"Twenty-seven on the saloon deck is your cabin," the captain said tartly. "And remember, if I hear one more peep out of you on this passage I'll have you in irons."

The job was only half done. The autocrat of the sea turned over his hair-trigger passenger to the purser, while he himself mounted the companionway to the boat deck and thumped vigorously on the door of number six. The inmate opened reluctantly; and then only on an order bellowed in the name of the law.

The skipper pushed his way in, and his harsh, strident voice came filtering through the curtained port to the ears of the little audience on deck.

"Now I'll take charge of your artillery if you please! Thank you. That's all, I suppose! Oh-ho! Stand still there, you! Well! Well! That's a new one on me—packing a gun in a —— What do you think this boat is anyway? A bull ring, huh?"

The querulous voice of the yellow old man complained a little; but the captain shortly emerged with an armful of barbarous-looking weapons.

"I say—I beg your pardon—I say what do you make of it? I say, it's most singular!" whispered an excited voice in Calder's ear.

Calder turned. The pink fat person had edged up. The pink fat person was wearing a greenish pallor. Calder, with an exclamation of irritation, turned his back and started off on a brisk round of the deck for his morning constitutional. He was thinking hard, and he didn't want his thoughts disturbed. The Tortugas was again under way; the sun was finally coming up over the mountain-rimmed horizon, and the trades were freshening. Passengers were emerging from their stuffy cabins, and the bugle was calling them to another stale feast. Apparently the pistol shot had passed unnoticed among them. It was quite evident that of all the cabin list only Calder and his fat friend were aware that the ship's company had been augmented by two in the last twenty-four hours—two Central American patriots sweating impotently for each other's blood in the seclusion of their cabins. At the conclusion of his fourth turn about the deck Calder came face to face with the fat pink person again. Calder's mood had changed. All his irritation was gone. With an ingratiating smile he slipped an arm through that of the other and drew him forward into his stride.

"I am afraid the weather has got on my nerves," he said apologetically. "As a rule I am not such a bad sort. I was rude to you and I am genuinely sorry, Mister—ah—er "

He eyed his man inquiringly.

"Barnes," supplied the young man, who seemed taken off his feet by Calder's sudden affability. "Don't mention it. I know what the weather will do to a man. It has been playing the very devil with me, too, and I guess I am a bit forward at times. What do you make of the two old sports anyway?"

"Come to my room after breakfast," said Calder, "and we can talk it over. It may be interesting to compare notes. Here's one of our cantankerous friends getting his nose-bag now."

The last remark was called forth by the appearance of a white-coated steward bearing a tray of breakfast things for the occupant of number six. The steward tapped cryptically on the cabin door—evidently a prearranged signal—but even at that the occupant of number six did not admit the man with his food until he had satisfied himself that the coast was clear.

At two bells of the forenoon watch Mr. Barnes carefully felt his way down the narrow alley past number six—the door of which he regarded curiously—to number ten where Calder was awaiting him. There was no chair in Calder's cabin, a deficiency the now genial host met by dragging a heavy box from under his berth and setting it on end. Mr. Barnes showed a quickening of the pulse as he noted the lettering on the upturned end: "Thirty-point old-style Caxton."

One day melted into the next as the Tortugas, with a steadfastness of purpose worthy of her namesake, methodically put behind her one port-of-call after another, and finally poked her nose out to sea for a run round the Pacific Coat-tails and up the latitudes of the home-stretch to the Golden Gate. Other passengers were duly crated and hoisted aboard. Some of the ship's company departed; but there were no more old gentlemen, tricked out like an armory, to beguile the early morning hours.

*"If I Hear One More Peep Out of You on This Passage I'll Have You in Irons"*

Calder and his new friend were on surprisingly good terms, considering their unpropitious beginning. Barnes, to escape the stuffiness of his cabin, had suggested sleeping on deck, an idea which Calder adopted with alacrity. Side by side in their deck chairs—young Barnes, since his first opening, was sticking closer than a poor relation—they talked far into the night, waking each morning to the hope that something might happen to relieve the tedium of the voyage. With three dethroned gamblers and a pair of Central American gentlemen eager to slit each others' gizzards something should have occurred in those ten days to shame the placidity of the sea. But life on the surface wore along as evenly as one wave dissolving into another in the dull phosphorescence at the ship's bow. By the time they quit the lower trades, what with the changing complexion of the ship's company, the presence of the three gamesters had become a dead issue; and the presence of the two old fire-eaters was still a secret. Not for a single meal did the blood-thirsty patriots leave their cabins, and number six on the boat deck and number twenty-seven on the saloon deck were to all intents untenanted, so far as the eye could see.

There were only two incidents worthy of note to the watchful Calder. One night the deck steward distinguished himself by upsetting a tray of supper things close to the door of number six; and he immediately duplicated the feat near number twenty-seven—an exploit for which he was sentenced as drunk and disorderly to do penance in the ship's brig. The second instance was a sudden truce patched up by the three knights of the green cloth. Under the influence of the gentle breezes of the north they began to show a little more Christian charity toward one another. When thieves take to showing one another their hands honest men may sleep in peace. So thought the delighted Calder when, affecting to sleep, he noted the three whispering together at the rail one night.

III

FINALLY and inevitably the beaconed headlands of the Gate were raised one moonlight night, and when morning broke the Tortugas at the bar was swinging to the tide at the end of her anchor chain, waiting for a dirty little boat, flying the Treasury flag and vomiting clouds of black smoke from its one funnel, to come alongside. Up over the rail swarmed a handful of busy officials, the last of whom was a portly man in blue serge, with a walrus mustache, and piggy little blue eyes with which he scanned the row of faces looking down on him.

"Ah, Barnes I bid you good morning!" cried this portly official suddenly, on catching sight of Calder's mate among the throng of passengers. The fat pink little man started and turned a shade green at thus being singled out for favor. Dumbly Barnes accepted the hand of this functionary and permitted himself to be drawn away toward the smoking room in custody—for his hand was being held with a significant grip. Shortly a steward came along the deck, a slip of paper in his hand. He was droning:

"Mr. Wilder—Mr. Watkins—Mr. Wilson—wanted in the smoking room."

One by one three somewhat dubious-looking passengers separated themselves from the throng and made their way by devious paths to the smoking room, followed by the curious glances of their fellows. This undoubtedly was Facey's way of welcoming home the three gentlemen in whom he had shown such interest on the veranda of the Tivoli—making sure they had not jumped overboard en route.

"Mr. Calder—Calder—wanted in the smoking room," came the droning voice of a second steward, and Calder brought himself up with a jerk. Assuredly this was carrying a joke too far. His cheeks burned hot as he noted the same curious glances following him as he detached himself from the group at the rail. When Calder entered the three gamblers were standing in a group in front of a table, staring defiantly, though silently, at the walrus-mustached man, who was in whispered consultation with Captain Tuttle and the ship's surgeon. The fourth, Mr. Barnes, was a picture of unmitigated woe. He had lost the last trace of his late jauntiness, and Calder's entry seemed to thrust him still deeper into despair. Finally the whispered conversation ceased and the functionary at the table turned his eyes on the men before him. They began to shift uneasily under the gaze.

"I see we are all here," said the official personage genially. "A friend of yours from down below asks me to meet you and see that you caught the first through train east. California is a large state, but I am sure you would find it crowded here if you tarried. Our mutual friend named three of you. I happily recognized my old friend Barnes, or Watson, or Sherman, or whatever he calls

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# Turning Round on a Smaller Margin

## Bringing the Work Force Up to its True Capacity

By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

Every Morning the Porter Carried Out Dozens of Discarded Technical Journals

A WESTERN railroad had a traveling gang of what were supposed to be steel workers, which was sent round the system to erect steel water tanks for locomotive supply. The rising cost of wooden ties and lumber generally made it necessary to install a creosoting plant for timber treatment, and this same gang was detailed to put up the tank for the creosote. When it was finished and filled, the leakage of creosote through badly riveted joints was so great that the tank had to be emptied and tightened up all round.

This led to an investigation of the gang and its work. It was discovered that the water tanks erected by these same men leaked wastefully too, and that the gang was made up of nothing better than near-steel workers. Once upon a time it had been a capable little squad of roughnecks who knew their trade. But these fellows had all drifted away because the pay and job were unsatisfactory, and through false economy their places had been filled with unskilled laborers. The gang was immediately reorganized with experienced steel workers at good wages.

American business has entered a new era. Profits are smaller than they used to be, materials are more expensive, competition is keener, and the need for economical manufacturing and operation is greater than at any time in the past. Businesses to-day must be turned round on smaller margins of cost, and so the main cost items in every line, such as overhead charges, management, materials and labor, are being studied from new angles to effect new savings and produce new results.

### A Novel Test for Stenographers

WHEN it comes to getting cheaper production out of the work force there has been a notable speeding up of operations in some industries, through time studies, better arrangement of processes, bonus wages to individuals for increased output, and the efficiency systems generally. But these changes do not tell the whole story of labor economy, because many kinds of work are beyond the scope of the efficiency systems that have been developed in highly specialized shop industries. Time studies and bonus wages may be applied to the repair shops of a railroad, for instance, yet not be suited to the miscellaneous operations of the same road's track gangs.

Economy in its broadest sense seems to consist in a human development of the work force as much as in speeding-up methods for the work. It is being discovered everywhere that the average work force is only half organized, half taught, half bossed, and run at half its possible capacity. Employees in almost every line of business have a reserve to draw on, not merely of speed, but of intelligence, coöperation and good will. Many employers are finding out what was discovered when the railroad company's creosote tank revealed leakage—namely, that in labor, as in materials, the best is usually cheapest.

In a large accounting department the methods of hiring stenographers had been more or less haphazard, with haphazard organization and results. By way of improving things the office manager tried a psychological test on the next batch of applicants for jobs. It was a simple test. He got it out of a book written by a college professor. Each girl who applied was seated at a table and told to cross out the letter "a" with a pencil wherever she saw it in a certain column of the morning paper. Records were kept of the time it took each applicant to do this, and the number of times the letter "a" was missed. The difference in the applicants' ability to perform such a childish feat was astonishing. Some girls crossed every letter quickly and others seemed unable to do it at all. The manager soon arrived at a percentage of capacity, and girls who could not reach that percentage were not hired.

"But what does it prove?" was asked skeptically. "What has crossing the letter 'a' got to do with pounding a typewriter?"

"I don't know what it proves," admitted the manager. "But this is sure—I don't want any girl who can't do it."

Almost from the first there was a noticeable improvement in the force of stenographers. The test automatically weeded out the slow and stupid girls, so those who were hired had more than average intelligence and speed. But that was only part of the improvement. The girls who were hired by this test proved congenial, and the tone of the whole office was raised. Formerly the more efficient girls had been reserved, and the tone of the underefficient ones prevailed. But now the efficient ones made an enthusiastic business family and, when new stenographers were needed, brought round other girls of their own kind who could quickly spot every "a" in the test column.

In New York City recently this matter of the underefficient employee has been brought out by public-school statistics. It is found that out of the eighty-odd thousand pupils who enter the lower grades every year, only one in four ever enters high school and more than half never complete grammar school. This turns loose upon the city yearly many thousand boys and girls seeking positions in offices, stores and factories who lack even the common-school equipment for success.

This burden of incapacity has been shared about equally between employers and the unfortunate employees, and has been a large though unsuspected item in the cost of running the business.

But now that the need for economy is felt in every line, this waste through incompetent employees is being dealt with in many ways. Employees are selected with more care. They are bossed with more intelligence and sympathy. They are taught better methods of work that will increase their earnings while increasing their value to the organization. Technical training is now a fixture in every progressive business, and it does not stop merely with showing a green hand how to run a certain machine. It is laid out with the broadest understanding of what the business needs to-day and will need to-morrow. Youngsters just coming in from the public schools are put through courses that give them a grasp of the whole business, and ambitious wage earners are put in the way to become foremen and department heads. This is cutting the cost of supervision, one of the heaviest charges on business, and the success met by business concerns in training employees during the past few years has led to a general demand for more practical public-school education.

Employees see the need for better technical training as clearly as do employers, and in most organizations there is found a genuine thirst for information. Every morning when he emptied the waste baskets in the general offices of a big Eastern manufacturing plant, the porter carried out dozens of discarded technical journals, with old catalogues and trade pamphlets bearing upon machinery and processes in the shops. It was an efficiency expert who hit upon the idea of putting boxes round the shops into which this trade literature could be dumped, together with old magazines, so that men could help themselves. In a little while all the shop hands were reading, and it was discovered that there was a distinct preference for the trade literature, in which it had been assumed that only executives would be interested. Technical publications are not easily obtained by wage earners, and at the same time most of them like to read about what is being done in their line of business. This same interest has been found by the progressive public-library superintendent in an Eastern industrial city, where a department devoted to technical publications and books has grown into the most popular feature of library service.

There is a vast waste of labor by poor balance between the work force and the work—too many men on the payroll and, therefore, none of them fully occupied, or not enough men to run the plant profitably, or a lack of coördination and coöperation between departments, and so forth.

How slipshod things can be was shown a couple of years ago when an astute Armenian immigrant got a job in one of the departments of a big works. After he had been there a few days he observed that nobody kept track of him once he had rung the time clock in the morning. So he slipped out the door and got a second job with the same concern in another department. Here the supervision was equally loose, and for two weeks he held down both jobs, ringing two time clocks and drawing two pay envelopes.

### Another Armenian Atrocity

THIS seemed to be such a fine company to work for that he landed a third job, and for nearly a month held them all successfully, drawing triple wages. Finally he was detected and bounced, and then he went to see the superintendent and argued the matter. The superintendent took the moral view and scolded him as a thief; but the Armenian could not see that he had done anything wrong. The scheme had worked under the company's system, so why not work it? Less than a year later this company had to undergo an extensive readjustment of its affairs, and was found out of balance in many ways, with too many salaried people for its turnover, too much energy centered on making goods that brought hardly any profit while other products that carried a comfortable margin were neglected, and a general looseness everywhere.

Blind partiality for labor-saving machinery has thrown many a work force out of balance, both by undermanning and by the employment of low-grade men. The management of a Middle Western plant had its eyes fixed so intently upon penny-saving details in cost that it invested fifty thousand dollars in automatic equipment and cut the work force down to the irreducible minimum. Instead of effecting a saving, however, this equipment raised the cost of production, for the output of the plant was not large enough to give economical operation with such equipment.

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Technical Training is Now a Fixture in Every Progressive Business

# THE REFUGEES

By Calvin Johnston

ILLUSTRATED BY SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

"Brownie, You Look Like a Bum!"

PA AND me didn't have to wait for no war to be refygees. We began that way and, as far back as I 'member, had to keep movin' on and on, with lan'ladies and cops and bartenders lined up like sent'nels to keep us from breakin' through to a place to rest.

Pa said, stirrin' his toddy in a nice back room we had once:

"I am a Ca'lina Brown; so air you. Whatever comes, don't you ever mix with no trashy people. Partic'lar," he says, "don't 'sociate with these New York furriners. 'Member that they air ginks and you air a Ca'lina Brown."

So I 'membered it while we was movin' on that evenin' Sometimes I wisht Pa wouldn't show the letter which said he'd have money from the South pretty soon; it was a sign we was goin' to move that same day, and I didn't understan' then that we was refygees.

One day we got so pore that Pa couldn't sit in a saloon and stir his toddy, and late that night he woke up in the park where I was keepin' watch for the cop.

"Son!" he called. "Son, do you hear?" And I answered right by him. "Don't you ever mix with no ginks!" he said; and when I promised, Pa told me: "Now I'm goin'."

"Where?" I asked—'cause I didn't think there was any place to go to.

"I'm goin' to give up my ghost," he answered.

Then he slipped down a little on the bench and I called a cop, who sent him away in an ambylance; so I didn't see Pa any more.

After me and the cop had talked a while he gave me a quarter, and told me if I bought and sold papers over and over I could make money and stop at the newsboys' lodgin' long as I wanted. I thought the cop didn't understan', but it turned out as he said.

I began sellin' papers 'bout daylight ever' mornin' and kep' on till nobody would buy a com-plete five star at night; and my feet got all rested 'cause I didn't have to move on from the lodgin' till daylight agin.

The boys was all ginks who lived down there, but I was too busy to 'sociate with 'em even if I'd wanted to; and if I felt like playin' I could stand off and watch 'em. Then if I pertended to join in they wouldn't know it.

Nobody bothered 'bout me 'cept a young lady who took cash in a lunch counter, and she said:

"This lunch'd be a Klondike if ever'body could hold as much as you. D'you have to eat all that junk ever' day?"

I told her "Yes," and splained 'bout the money which kep' comin' in till my clo'es wouldn't hold it; so there wasn't anything to do but buy meals with it.

She said, "Help!" and then, lookin' at my clo'es, guessed there wasn't much there to hold money after all; but I showed my pockets all filled up—they was the only part o' the clo'es not wore full o' holes. I'd never had anything to put in 'em till lately.

"Well, you can't keep up this pace," she said, "or you'll bust. Why not buy somethin' to wear in place o' patchwork and blow a bank to the rest of the fortin?"

I thought that was all right, 'cause I was gettin' so stuffed up I couldn't holler plain; and the young lady, whose name was Miss Norah, went with me Saturday to a bank, and then I got some clo'es and shoes.

When I went into the lunch Sunday noon Miss Norah was sittin' in the cage, with her chin in her hands, and starin' at the wall. I wondered what people did all Sunday afternoons, and she said:

"I generally go to my villy up the Hudson. Say," she asked, "don't you have no boys to play with?"

And I splained they were all ginks.

"Same round here," she answered.

'Stead o' goin' to her villy that afternoon, Norah said we would waste all of a dime and ride down to Coney Island and sit on the beach.

"And I won't have you spendin' any money down there," she said. "God knows a boy without any frien's needs his bank account!"

She was off at one o'clock and we walked round where she lived; and I sat on the stairs till Norah came down. I kep' lookin' at her and she smiled, and we had a good time all the way down on the car.

We sat on the beach and told 'bout ourselfs. Norah worked in the lunch for her meals, and ever' Saturday the boss come round and made her open her fist—sometimes he had to use a jimmy—and just forced four dollars and a half into her hand as a present.

I told her 'bout the Ca'lina Browns as well as I could 'member, and asked if she thought the ghost which pore Pa give up meant anything by comin' to me late at night. Norah patted my shoulder and asked how it come; and I said:

"Sometimes stirrin' a toddy."

She had a way o' leanin' her chin on her hands and speakin' through her teeth; she did it now.

"He's all right, Brownie," she said very low; "at rest and happy."

I was sho glad to know Pa was restin'—we'd done so much walkin'; and Norah put my hand against her cheek.

"We ain't lonesome at all, are we?" I asked her, and Norah was still a minute. Then she jumped up and looked round, with her head thrown back. "No," she cried out loud; "we're not lonesome! And we're goin' to have the bes' time."

She pulled me up and we raced 'long the beach; then we went into Luna Park and she spent her money on everything. I tried to spend mine, but she got cross and said through her teeth, shakin' me:

"Pore little fool! Put it in bank—then you won't ever be lonesome." And I had to mind.

She was like that ever' Sunday and spent all her money, which she carried in a gold bag. The Kink o' India had give it to her at her villy.

Then I noticed a man at the lunch watchin' Norah over the top o' his paper; he sat there and watched ever' day and sometimes couldn't eat. When she'd look his way, though, he'd drop his eyes; but when he was payin' the check Norah would drop hers.

Someway I didn't like it, and I asked Norah why she and the man acted that way.

"What do you mean?" she said. "What man?"

And I said:

"The straight, gink-lookin' feller with black eyes."

Her face turned pink and she said not to call him a gink by any means; he was nice and polite to a girl. Norah was mad; and then, all at once, she leaned over the desk to me.

"Brownie," she whispered, "I b'lieve he's the Kink o' India in disguise." I couldn't b'lieve it; but she smiled and nodded: "He's come down to this bum lunch to find me. I been spectin' him a long time."

I didn't know what to make o' the whole thing. Those two got so they smiled and nodded to each other; and one Sunday noon, when I went in, the man was standin' by the desk.

"He says he ain't Kink o' India made up at all," Norah told me, puttin' on her hat. "He's only Louie Grammong. I don't know what to do—he'll be jealous o' the Kink if he sees the gold bag. And he wants to go down to the beach with us."

I turned round on the man. He wasn't ugly or mean lookin'; and as we started out he bowed, standin' still in his tracks. Norah said he wouldn't come 'less we 'vited him, and I looked again. I never did see anything so lonesome.

"Where you goin' this Sunday afternoon?" I asked; and he answered with a little shiver:

"I shall move on; and then once more move on. It is no place to go."

"Sho, let him come 'long," I told Norah; and in a minute he was walkin' with us, laughin' and talkin' and swingin' his cane.

Louie was some good fellow and nobody ever had better times at the beach than we did after that. He never would let Norah do anything for herself and she said he almost drove her crazy dancin' 'bout like that; but it was fun just the same.

Then came the Sunday when Louie shouldered his cane like a gun and marched up and down the beach, while we two looked on.

"I can hear the boom o' the big guns right across this water," he said, and told us all about the war, with his eyes shinin'; for he'd been a Beljun and a soldier once, and now he showed how his old brave comrades was beatin' back the Germans.

It was so interestin' that I read all 'bout the war in the headlines after that; and on our afternoons together Louie drew picters of forts in the sand, with lines o' men marchin' against 'em. "Boom! Pouf!" he would say, and flip up the sand like burstin' shells till there was no line at all—and the forts still held out.

But one day he said nothin' at all, and sat with a white face, at the beach, lookin' 'cross the water.

"The forts have fell," whispered Norah; and I nodded, havin' read it in the headlines.

'Bout dusk Louie said:

"I can see 'em; I can see my people!"

He could see the old uns and the women and the little uns crowdin' by in the sea mist; and the patter o' the waves was like millions o' feet, which never could stop—'cause there was no place to rest. They was refygees.

From that afternoon Louie sat still or walked slow up and down; and he didn't look into our faces laughin' as he used to.

Once he said in a fierce tone, comin' up to Norah:

"I am not Beljun; I am 'Merican. How could I go?"

He took her hand and she let it lie in his without answerin'. Then, all of a sudden, she gripped it.

"No, no! You couldn't," said Norah.

None of us spoke 'bout Beljum any more; but Louie would sometimes walk by the edge o' the water, lookin' down, and I knew what he saw in the sea dusk. And in my lodgin' house at night, and sellin' papers in the daytime, I could hear the patterin', patterin' of millions of feet which never could stop—'cause there was no place to rest.

One day I answered an ad. I read in th' papers, and waited in an outside office with other people a long time. I had on my Sunday clo'es. When th' office was empty at th' end of the day a stooped man, with gray hair, was passin' through and, seein' me, turned back.

I asked if he was th' Beljun man who put in th' ad., and he nodded; he was pretty near wore out. So I hurried right through with the bus'ness and he led me over to th' window, where th' light still come in, and held up my face to look at. I gave him th' money I'd taken out o' the bank and asked if it was 'nough to bring over one o' them refygee boys who had to move on so.

"I'll show him how to sell papers and he can have a place to rest his feet ever' night," I told the man.

He didn't answer, but walked away to th' corner and back, with his head down.

"Yes; th' money will be 'nough," he said. "And when the boy sails I'll have a card mailed to the lodgin' house. I'll trust you to watch for the ship comin' in and to meet it."

"Sho!" I told him, and the old Beljun said, well, it took a load off him to know one o' his boys had found a place to rest his feet.

And then somebody called in at the door, and he raised his hat and shook hands with me.

"I'll sleep better to-night," he said, and asked me and my little friend, who at this very minute was wanderin' through the night o' war, to come and see him sometime.

'Bout a month after that I got the card and a cop told me how to meet the ship. At the pier I ducked through the gates and hunted round till I saw a kid standin' 'lone in a corner; and I went up to him.

"Come 'long, Maurice!" I said, callin' him by the name on the card; and he grinned, tremblin' all over, while I picked up his bundle. He was too scared or 'cited to answer, and just pointed to himself with his finger and raised his eyebrows; so I said: "Sho, I knew you; I been a refygee and can tell one as far as I can see him."

"Refygee! We!" he said, and the bag slipped out o' my hand. After a minute I asked if he wasn't glad o' the war. He nodded and laughed, and then I turned sick all over. He didn't know what I was sayin' and he couldn't answer. I'd s'posed, o' course, that a refygee was a refygee; but they'd put one over on me. Maurice was a gink.

He'd stopped laughin' now and was watchin' my face; he was 'bout as old as me—'leven or twelve—and skinny and white. His eyes was too big and black for his face. Maurice's clo'es was pretty bum and his left foot dragged, as I remembered draggin' my own once. He was just right for a refygee any way you looked at him, and it made me sick that he'd turned out a gink.

"Maybe he's a phony refygee," I thought, and tried him out at a lunch wagon, where he ate only part of a sandwich and left th' rest on the counter. Then I was certain that th' Beljun or Maurice had put one over on me, till I saw him look back at th' piece he'd left.

So I turned back to th' counter and bought four sandwiches, and shoved 'em over to him, and frowned and doubled up my fists. He ate all of 'em, stoppin' once in a while to wipe his eyes with his knuckles, and watchin' me all th' time.

After he'd made good on the sandwiches I knew he wasn't phony, and I couldn't double-cross him. We went to the lodgin', where I got him the bed nex' to mine. Then I slipped him some money, which he pushed away till I showed him my fist. Then he laughed and took part of it and made me understand he wanted to do something for it.

That was all right; and I showed him how to make change and the names o' the papers, which he would study and then call out in a funny way.

Maurice sold on the street with me nex' day; and when there wasn't anything doin' he would point to things and I'd tell their right names, which he'd keep sayin' over and over to himself.

I wanted him to learn soon as possible, so I could make him understand that Ca'lina Browns wouldn't mix it up with no ginks.

He kep' close to me and never seemed to see anybody else. Sometimes at night I heard him start up in bed, as if dreamin'; and his eyes would shine at me. But he never cried out—only once.

"Ca'lina!" he said, jus' as plain; and I answered:

"What?"

He reached over and touched my arm—just a touch—and then went to sleep again. And he couldn't get worked up over nothin'; ambylances and fights and fire wagons didn't make him turn his head. Once some big steel rails broke through the platform on top of a new buildin' at our corner and pretty near smashed the whole thing. It was an awful roar and I beat it along with the crowd; but Maurice stood back there, dustin' his papers off. I was mad.

*"Say," She Asked, "Don't You Have No Boys to Play With?"*

"Ain't you got any sense?" I asked him; but he only said:

"Boom! Whoosh!" And waved his hands as if expectin' all the street to tumble.

After a while I found him snivelin' in a doorway—that buildin' crashin' down had made him homesick; and I thought:

"Gee, Beljum must be a swell place to live in!"

I hadn't seen my frien's or been to the beach for three weeks, 'cause I didn't want to go with a gink; but on Sunday I started and showed Maurice my fist when he followed. He 'membered 'bout th' sandwiches and money, and only laughed; so I had to let him come 'long.

My frien's was down there and Louie s'luted with his cane, clickin' his heels together. Maurice had stood off by himself, and I splained that he wasn't any frien'—only a kid who'd followed from the lodgin'; but Norah called him up to scold him for not havin' any frien's, and he came on. And he was lookin' hard at Louie all the time 'stead of at Norah. Both of us had to notice it.

"They know each other," whispered Norah.

Louie was already talkin'. He put out his hand; but Maurice stepped back and folded his arms, speakin' a few words very slow. And they stood still, with eyes burnin' coal black. Norah rose up and asked was it a quarrel; but nobody answered.

Maurice talked again very slow, and a red streak rose up higher on Louie's face at every word, as if it was beaten with a whip. Then he looked at Norah, his jaw dropped down, and Maurice raised his shoulders with a little motion.

"You tell me 'bout this!" said Norah, white and shaky, but goin' right up to Louie. "What's this boy got on you that makes you 'fraid and 'shamed?" But still he didn't answer.

Norah stood her groun' a minute and then fell back a step to me, leanin' on my shoulder.

"I ain't felt right 'bout this man lately. We all got to take chances on our comp'ny in this town; they don't carry no char'cter from the mayor." She reached down and held to my hand. "He's got to answer me, Brownie—to this boy's face; 'cause if a man's crooked a girl ain't got any comeback."

"What are you startin' here?" I yelled at Maurice; but he stood just as he did when fire trucks ran by or buildin's fell down; he couldn't get 'cited by nothin'.

All of a sudden Louie took the count—just threw out his hands in a crazy way and shuffled off down the beach, never lookin' back. I started for Maurice, but Norah pulled me back and walked away with me.

"It's all right," she said; "I'm glad it happened." She said it served her right for takin' up with a gink, and we rode back on the car together. "And don't you jump on that boy for not squealin' on Louie to us," she told me; "he's followin' us on the car."

So I didn't jump on Maurice; I treated him the same as ever till the end o' the week, and then I took him down to the old Beljun's office and made him understan' 'bout the Ca'lina Browns and the ginks, and left him. This time he didn't try to follow.

Miss Norah and me had a scursion ever' Sunday after that; she spent all the money in her bag as she used to do, and made me put mine in bank.

"You must have a fortin in there by this time," she said, not suspectin' I'd blowed myself to a refygee.

We never talked 'bout Maurice or Louie; but she was spectin' the Kink o' India to come down to the lunch lookin' for her any day. Fall weather was comin' and the last day we was ever on the beach the mist blew in gray and cold; so Norah kep' shiverin' in her white dress. "Are you ever goin' to your villy any more?" I asked, and she laughed. Then she put her face down on her arms, hidin' it.

"Oh, my villy!" she said, all of a sudden, lookin' up. "It's gone—gone all to the devil!"

"You and me don't care; we ain't ever lonesome, are we?" I asked

"No," she answered, starin' at me. "I've got ever'thing I want, dear heart—crowds o' frien's and rich clo'es ——"

"And the Kink o' India comin'!"

Norah jumped up.

"Do you know who the Kink o' India was, you little fool?" she said through her teeth. "It was Louie—my Louie! And he's gone too! You helped drive him away oh, you did, with that little imp you brought down here."

She hurried away and I followed; and we never spoke till we was in town. Then she told me very quiet:

"Brownie, there's no use o' me tryin' to pretend any longer. I'm one o' those beggar refygees we used to talk about, and I won't put up with it. I'm goin' out after somethin'—I don't know what—to make life worth livin'. You keep away from me—understan'? I can't have no boys 'bout. I don't know what's going to happen, and I don't want to know. Keep away from me!" She said all this through her teeth and left me on the street.

I never dared to go and speak to her after that; but I looked through the lunch window and was glad to see she had on bright ribbons and her hair piled high on her forehead. And she laughed and talked to ever'body, 'stead o' passin' 'em all up; so I knew she'd got over bein' a refygee.

I began movin' on and on after that with my papers, till I come to a corner uptown near the river ferry; and there a boy who had the stand drove me away and we had a fight soon as I came back. He was a tough guy, and I went to live with him in a rag cellar, with two boys who worked in pool rooms; and we all paid rent to the tough guy. Him and me had rough-house so much that the other boys moved—they had to sleep sometimes.

Once I went down to look through the lunch window at Norah, but 'nother girl was in the cage and I threw a apple at her. Maybe Norah was sick; so I went round where she lived and the door was unlocked, so I could go upstairs. She didn't answer the knock, and I went inside; and Norah was in bed, huddled up, 'cause the room was cold.

Her eyes were bright blue; and, leanin' on her elbow, she frowned at me, askin' if she hadn't told me to keep away. I answered yes, but stood still; and she said:

*(Continued on Page 37)*

*"We Ain't Lonesome at all, are We?"*

# Major Miles and the Humming Bird

## By L. B. YATES

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

What the Bird Saw Caused Him to Drop the Binoculars With a Crash

WITH get-away day at the Jericho race track drawing nearer than he cared to calculate, the Humming Bird, so called because of his picturesque manipulation of language, was in no enviable frame of mind. He who had maintained his title of king of the touts against all comers was forced to admit to himself that the modernized pastime of emperors was fraught with surpassing uncertainty.

"Huh," he soliloquized dismally, "th' ice had better melt before th' blow-off comes, or I kin hear meself chantin' th' plaintive melodies of me native land. If it was rainin' soup I couldn't borrow a bucket."

The dark mantle of night had settled down on Irish Row, and the Bird sat huddled up before the stall that housed a lean thoroughbred whose possession gave his master an excuse for securing an owner's badge at the various tracks he honored with his presence. Moreover, when it became absolutely necessary to convince a subscriber anything in the shape of a race horse was regarded by the Humming Bird as a valuable adjunct to the strenuous demands of his precarious profession.

Taken as a whole, the denizens of Irish Row, housing as it did the stables of the poorer owners whose racing strings never exceeded two horses, did not strike any profoundly new, psychological or dramatic note in the workaday world. But in and about it might have been garnered many a gripping sermon on fundamental humanities.

It had been a lean season for the Humming Bird. There was a decided bear movement in the crop of lambs coming to be shorn of their fleeces, and on every hand pessimistic devotees of the turf were dealing out pulpy platitudes emphasizing the fact that the sport of horse racing was on the down-grade. Only a little over a week remained and the autumn season round the metropolis would close. Big and little racing stables would either rest up until the following spring, or journey far South, or farther West, to participate in the guerilla-like warfare of winter racing. When the moment arrived for a general exodus the Bird well knew that if he had not laid up enough to tide him over the off season it would mean a winter of unqualified discontent. Small wonder that his soul was perturbed, and it is not surprising that he lifted up his voice and gave further vent to his feelings.

"All th' moneyed guys are dead an' all th' fall-ins are broke," he protested, as he spat viciously in the direction of the feed room. His whole air was one of untoward resentment. "It's a dollar to a doughnut that if a real vamp did get by th' gate th' wisest hustler on th' track couldn't hand him a red apple at th' end of a fishpole."

The Humming Bird might have continued his railings indefinitely had not a noise at the farther end of the shed attracted his attention. The swaying light of a stable lantern bobbed up and down, and a couple of human forms were silhouetted against the blackness beyond. Then the pat-pat of a horse's hoofs reechoing from the hard clay pathway disturbed the silences of the night.

"Some gink movin' out to beat th' feed man," grumbled the Bird. "Well, if he kin get away with anything round here I don't want to be declared in with th' play. He's entitled to two hundred per cent out of anything he grabs."

The Humming Bird settled down further in his chair and prepared to resume his soliloquy, when the nearer approach of tramping feet again brought him face to face with material things. From the gloomy surroundings a very small, bow-legged negro boy appeared, leading by the halter a race horse, hooded and blanketed. Accompanying the outfit was a stout, clean-shaven faced, middle-aged gentleman, who ambled along behind. He was not exactly fashioned after the pattern of a man one meets every day. There was something about his whole make-up associated with other times and conditions—a frock coat of black diagonal, reaching to the knee but tailored to the last expression of sartorial excellence; a low-cut waistcoat exposing a wide expanse of immaculate shirt front, which was further embellished by three pigeon-blood ruby studs; a watch fob from which dangled an old-fashioned seal; and a black slouch hat, the model of which rarely ever found its way north of the Mason and Dixon line, completed a costume sufficient to make the Bird fairly gasp with amazement. The stout man approached the Humming Bird and lifted his slouch hat with an indescribable air of courtly dignity.

"I expect yore th' gentleman I'm looking foh," he began. "Th' watchman down at th' back gate told us we'd find th' Humming Bird down heah—I regret to say he didn't know you by any othah name—an' that there was a couple of vacant stalls adjoinin' th' ones he occupied. Could you inform me, suh, if I'm addressing th' right person?"

The Bird straightened up.

"You've hit it first jump out of th' box, stranger," he retorted. "You win without an argument. Nobody knows me by any other monaker on th' track—I'm th' hick they call th' Hummin' Bird. Or, to make it more bindin', I'm all that's left of him. When a feller has bin run through a threshin' machine a couple of times an' then bin toyed with by a locoed elephant he ain't braggin' about himself."

"Times pretty tough about heah?" interrogated the fat man solicitously.

"Tough enough to start a riot," replied the Bird. "I'm claimin' th' lightweight championship. I ain't win a bet since they fed me with a spoon. Oh, it's bin great for th' last couple of weeks. Laughs are goin' to come a whole lot cheaper this fall. Th' sunshine idea is slippin' fast. Heaped-up happiness is on th' bargain counter. We have a brand of near-joy an' gladness on tap that's warranted not to fade in th' wash an' of durable quality. Yep, it's great. Brain-storm chasers, side-splittin' spectacles, an' mirth for th' merrily inclined. Anyone that wants to can take 'em at movin'-sale figures. I ain't hornin' into anyone's business, but say, brother, what did you light for at this stage of th' game? Why, in a few days more they'll all be singin' th' doxology! What delayed you?" The Bird was in his stride now—his tongue was endless motion personified.

"I guess I was a little late in arrivin'," agreed the newcomer, "but I just couldn't make it convenient to leave home befo'. Then the colt wasn't quite ready—at least I didn't figure so. I've been goin' slow with him. Still, I calculate that there's enough time left fo' him to give a good account of himself."

"Raised him, eh?" queried the Humming Bird.

"Yes, suh, raised him my own self. Raised his mammy befo' him. She was a very considerable race mare, suh, if I might use that term—an extremely impressive performah."

"What's his name? Has he ever bin to th' races?"

"His name," responded the newcomer grandiloquently, "is Shooting Star. His mammy was Evensong, she out of Twilight by Comet; and Twilight's dam was Midnight, a daughter of Shadow—she by Gleam, out of Gloaming, who, as you are perhaps aware, was Sunlit's best daughter. It's a pedigree, suh, that any owner might be proud of. Th' fact of th' matteh is I am proud of it."

"They don't run on pedigrees no more," responded the Humming Bird pessimistically. "Still, he ain't a bad-lookin' colt at that. He appears to have two good ends an' a fair middle piece. Take that stall next my feed room an' I'll loan you a bale of straw an' a feed of oats till your plunder gets here. Has he showed you anything worth makin' a note of?"

"Showed me plenty enough to ship him heah," replied the stout gentleman. "But perhaps I ought to introduce myself. My name is Miles, suh, Majah Agamemnon Miles. I live in Kaintuck when I'm home."

"It's a good state for a race horse to hail from, an' that part of it is all right," responded the Bird, "but he's a far ways from base now, an' if they was to put you on th' toboggan it might take you a longer time to git back than it did to arrive. A race track ain't so different from an old-time circus—four bits to git in an' five bones to git out. If you was lookin' to tackle th' money mountain, why didn't you pick an easy spot, major?"

"That may be, suh," responded the major thoughtfully, "and I imagine that yo' premises are correct, but th' rule does not apply in every case. So far as I know th' speed market has never been ovahstocked in any line of endeavor and as fo' engagin' in a mad scramble to fortune's pinnacle, most folks of my acquaintance only got a look at th' scenery when they finally arrived there. I have always figahed that th' bottom lands grew th' best crops in th' final accountin'. But th' main thing is that nobody but a lunatic goes gunnin' fo' big game in his flower garden—he wants territory an' environment. I trust yo' won't think I'm boastin' needlessly when I state that this colt is away above th' ordinary. Whenevah I get ready to ask him th' question he'll answer it."

"Kinder new to th' game?" interrogated the Humming Bird somewhat irrelevantly. "But that's foolish question number one. Anyone hearin' you talk would be jerry. Who's goin' to do your ridin'? That little black moke you brought with you?"

"I can't see how yo' arrived at these conclusions, suh," returned the major, "but as a matter of fact I don't lay claim to havin' much experience in actual racin', as it has been my practice heretofo' to sell my young stock as yearlings an' let othah people develop 'em. This particulah colt, howevah, was th' last one I had an' I figahed that it wouldn't be a bad idea to race him myself. He's a natural bohn runnin' hoss—one of th' kind that don't need much expert hand'in'."

"He don't, eh?" interpolated the Humming Bird derisively. "He don't, eh? Well, lemme tell you somethin': When he hits a track like this he needs everythin' on th' calendar, includin' a battery, th' needle, th' hurry-up specific on his tongue, an' a can of dynamite to start him on his journey. This ain't no bull ring out in th' jungles. That's th' reason I ast you about your jock. Another thing you wouldn't figure out—how I knowed this was your first offense. Well, I'll tell you: If you was a sharpshooter you would hev come in here on rubber rollers; you wouldn't have told your own brother how good that colt was. Why, do you know what a wise gink does when he thinks he has th' real oil in th' can nowadays?"

"I will have to confess my ignorance on that point," interjected the major innocently, as he removed his hat and passed his hand across his forehead in a perplexed way.

"Well, for your information I'll tell you," continued the Humming Bird. "He'd wait till th' dark of th' moon, take it out to mid-ocean, an' sink it where all th' deep-sea divers in th' world wouldn't salvage it until he got ready. Do you get me?"

"I think I appreciate th' general drift of yore remahks, suh," returned the major heartily. "As I said befo', I'm in a sense a tyro at th' game an' I thank you, suh, from th' bottom of my heaht, fo' yore kindly advice. Regardin' my jockey, howevah, Jodey Beam, my little niggah, is really a superb horseman, an' down from wheah we come from he is regahded as a finished ridah. Besides, I can depend on him, an' that's mo' than half th' battle."

"You Wouldn't Think I Ever Played Little Boy, Would You?"

"He may be all you say. I hope he is. There ain't more than ten riders here that would know a horse if they saw him lookin' over a fence, an' th' millionaires' club has a first mortgage on them. I don't know of a good free lance that could ride in a Pullman with th' door shut if it ain't Shorty Sheridan. He's th' hand-ridin' kid when it comes to a heart-disease finish. If ever he hits th' head of th' stretch with another nag it's Katy bar th' door."

"Sheridan, you say?" replied the major thoughtfully. "A good rider, I suppose, but lackin' in honesty, I presume, or he'd be ridin' fo' some of th' big ownahs."

"That's where you're in Dutch again," responded the Bird. "Shorty's as square as they make 'em. He just won't sign up with nobody. But if ever you get to a spot where you want some one to bring home th' bacon, Shorty's th' boy."

"I'll remembah that, I certainly shall, suh," replied Major Miles; "an' if there's any othah suggestion that you think might be helpful I would take it as a favah if you would be kind enough to make it known."

"Well," cautioned the Bird, "if this colt is as good as you say, stow the information where th' papers won't make a front-page story of it. These bookmakers have a thousand heelers runnin' to 'em every minute with th' 'whisper-till-I-tell-you-somethin'' stuff, an' you won't get no price on him. Of course, if you come East fur a pleasure trip it's a different thing. I guess you know without me tellin' you that Broadway is th' home of th' restless dollar."

Across the broad expanse of Major Agamemnon Miles' countenance swept a swift shadow of admirably feigned amazement as he raised a well-groomed hand in protest.

"I don't think you quite understand, suh," he retorted. "I did not intend that this little journey of mine should be dedicated to profit in any mannah, shape or form. It is, if I may say so, mo' of a sentimental experiment. Th' amusement an' pleasure I have had in raisin' an' fittin' this colt will mo' than repay me for any monetary loss I may have been put to in th' premises. Don't you realize, my deah suh, how utterly ridiculous it would be fo' me publicly to belittle or underrate a colt of my own breedin'? Of co'se I shall not let him staht without havin' a small wager on his efforts—but not enough to be considered gamblin'. I thank you just th' same, howevah. We don't figah th' way you folks do. Down wheah I live if a gentleman raises enough tobaccah to pay off th' grocer an' th' butcher, an' have enough left ovah to buy some powdah an' shot, he is rated as havin' done his share towahds conservin' th' public welfare."

"An' you come all this way at th' tag end of th' season to play solitaire in th' fastest game ever invented for gettin' between a man an' his money? Is that what you're tryin' to tell me, major? If you ain't careful they'll be puttin' you in a cage here an' exhibitin' you as a natural curiosity."

"I expect that's about th' sum of it," Major Miles returned suavely. "I know I'm sadly lackin' when it comes to bein' ambitious where money is concerned, but I manage to get along as well as most folks."

The Humming Bird rose and stretched himself wearily. "You'll be awful lonesome round here," he returned sarcastically. "If I was to play th' game that way they'd have me so thin that I could join out with a freak show as th' only livin' human bein' able to do a high dive through a clarinet."

*II*

EARLY next morning, when the Bird stumbled out of the feed room, he found Jodey Beam, the major's little negro, vigorously polishing Shooting Star's glossy coat. As he worked the boy crooned one of the old plantation melodies. It rose and reëchoed along Irish Row:

*Steal away, steal away home,*
*I ain't got long to stay heah.*

"That's right, nigger," commented the Humming Bird. "I guess it would be a good thing for you if you was on your way now. You're takin' a heap of care of that old colt. You must think he's another Salvator."

Jodey dropped his brush and faced the speaker. "Say, mister," he inquired, "how long befo' de racin' closes?"

"What do you want to know for?" queried the Bird.

"Case ah wanted to git away," retorted Jodey. "Ah feels lonesome an' ah suppose ah'll have to tote this yeah triflin' colt back home wid me. Lawd, mister, it gibs me de misery to be evahlastin'ly rubbin' his hide."

"Why, I thought he was a stake colt?" interrogated the Bird. "I never heard a man talk as the Major did last night about him. He claimed he had speed to burn."

Jodey laughed.

"Honest, mister, yo'-all didn't take any stock in dat, did yo'? De majah thinks dat-away 'bout ev'ry colt he ever raised. Dis yeah is one o' de culls left ovah from de yeahlin' sale. He'd ought'er be plowin' on a fahm."

"So he ain't got no speed, huh?"

"He couldn't beat a fat man trundlin' a wheelbarrah in a real race," vouchsafed Jodey. "Still, he kin trim any horse in de world his distance."

"How far is that?"

"Was You Thinkin' About Bettin' on Him?"

"'Bout an eight' of a mile," returned the little rider oracularly. "He mout go furder on a pinch, but dat's about his limick. Lawd bless yo', boss, I've knowed dat colt since he was knee high to a June bug an' he ain't de kind that sets no race track on fiah."

"A kind of mornin' glory, eh?" interrogated the Bird.

"He ain't even dat," replied Jodey. "His kind don't nevah blossom. But say, boss, yo' cert'nly did make me laugh las' night when yo' was persundin' de majah not to tell nobody 'bout how fas' dis colt was. Why, if yo' was to give him all de money in de world he jes' nat'chly would hab ter speak his li'l' speech. When he gits wound up on dat Shootin' Stah colt he's like a camp-meetin' preacher—de ha'dshell kind. He don' nevah let up until de dinnah bell rings or ev'rybody goes ter sleep."

"He don't appear to be very keen for money," resumed the Bird, who, having uncovered what he considered to be a fruitful source of information, was digging as deep as the nature of the soil would permit. "He talks as if he didn't care whether he grabbed off anything here or not."

"He don' hab ter care," retorted the black boy glibly, as he laid aside the rubber he had in his hand and waved both arms comprehensively. "I guess p'raps yo' nevah heard of Milesville. De majah owns all de land about dar and he has hundreds ob niggah renters ra'sin' tobacker. As fer money—dat man don't know how much he has got. He's got money in fo'h banks an' a big iron box full of it at home. De day we was leavin' he jes' went an' opened it up and filled all his pockets. 'Jodey,' says he to me, 'we'll jes' steal away up North an' show dem folks what a real race horse looks like.' Yo' should have seen him fussin' roun' gittin' Miss Sally to make a racin' jacket fo' him."

From a trunk in the feed room Jodey drew forth a magnificent confection in the way of racing livery. It was a satin jacket of dark blue with straw-colored sleeves, and on the back thereof was embroidered with exquisite skill the life-size representation of a game chicken, trimmed and spurred for battle. The little negro exhibited it proudly.

"Dat shuah was some chicken, boss. I specs yo' nevah heard o' him. He's de bes' one we evah raised, an' he's called Multitudes. De majah wouldn't rest satisfied until Miss Sally worked his picture on de back ob de jacket. He claimed it would bring us luck. I guess dar ain't nobody got one like it roun' heah."

"That's right," responded the Humming Bird. "There ain't nobody landed in this port with a jacket like yours—nor a racehorse owner like your boss."

Before the day was far advanced every owner on Irish Row knew all about the major and the major's horse, Shooting Star. The former perambulated up and down relating the manifold virtues of this speed marvel to all who would listen. Incidentally it was a costly operation. It did not take Major Miles long to discover that every one on Irish Row was broke. To one owner he loaned five dollars to pay his jockey's mount; to another, ten to satisfy the demands of the boarding-house keeper. The amounts borrowed were all small, but before noon he numbered every owner on the row in the list of his debtors. It remained, however, for the Humming Bird to accomplish the most important financial transaction, so far as assaults on the Major's pocketbook were concerned.

"Them fellers oughter be arrested," protested the Bird as the major sauntered down the shed and paused before his feed room. "Throwed in jail, that's what oughter happen to them."

"To whom do you refer, brothah?" inquired the major solicitously.

"Them sportin' writers, that's who," expostulated the Bird with exceeding warmth as he tossed away the paper he had been perusing. "Say, look-uahere, ninety per cent of 'em don't know their way round th' track."

"Somethin' you don't approve of, eh?"

"Somethin'? Everythin'! Here's a gink gets himself in Dutch with me as soon as he makes his first pitch. Listen. He says that Jimmy Maloney is th' best rider that ever came out of th' West. Tell me somethin' if I'm wrong? Why, that cook has been on the coaster since they give a summer meetin' up to Big Timber. Him a horse pilot? A jockey, eh? If I was bettin' he could finish a race without fallin' off I'd see that he was tied on!"

The Bird paused and waved a declamatory hand.

"Here's another," he continued, "pipe this. It's a scream. 'Word reached here yesterday that Marty Haggerty, who in th' old days was known as th' king of th' touts, has struck oil in th' Northwest and is now rated at a million.' D'ye get that? Blinkey Haggerty, th' king of touts! Wouldn't that take away your appetite? Why, if Blinkey ever picked a winner it was after th' race was over an' th' numbers was hung up. I ain't sayin', of course, that all these pencil-pushers are th' same. Baggerly, or Harry Smith, or little old Joe Nolan, or Big Otto wouldn't fall for that brand of hop. King Haggerty, eh? Ain't it th' limit?"

"Some pretty smart touts in th' old days, I imagine?" interrogated the major.

"Well," returned the Bird judiciously, "it would have taken a wise man to divide th' professional advisers from th' square guys. Th' toutin' wasn't corruled altogether by th' rail birds an' clockers an' paddock pirates. Many a highbinder with a front horned his way into th' club house an' dealt in phoneys. I'd give my right arm for one per cent of all th' deadwood sloughed off in any of th' big rings. A Harlem goat couldn't eat it up in a week."

"I'll venture to say you have been associated with many peculiah happenin's in yore time," hazarded the major.

"That's right," returned the Humming Bird, "they've kept me between th' ceilin' an' th' floor all my life. I'm broke now so flat that I couldn't flag a street car in a three-cent town. But that ain't a marker to what happened to me in the fall of '99 out in Utah. I was in the show business then."

"I always had a hankerin' fo' that line of endeavah," volunteered Major Miles, "but I never had time to indulge my leanings in that direction."

"It's a good thing you didn't," retorted the Humming Bird, "because they sure would have put th' skids under you. But, as I was goin' to tell you, I was dallyin' with th' drama out Utah way. Had four folks in th' company—three men an' a skirt. We give th' hicks everythin' they

wanted, from Camille to a Tom show. You wouldn't think I ever played Little Eva, would you?"

The major smiled broadly.

"You could prove an alibi in any court in th' world on that proposition, suh," he agreed.

"Well, I did, just th' same. 'Course, I wasn't as big as I am now, but I played it an' got away with it. You see we only had four people an' every one of us had to double on characters. In th' Tom show I played Little Eva, Simon Legree and Marks, th' lawyer. I was originally cast for one of th' bloodhounds, but we lost the phony hides we was carrying at the first stand out of Ogden. It was th' same when we played Camille, or Romeo and Juliet, or Twelfth Night, or St. Elmo. We had a frame-up of long, black, fierce-looking whiskers hangin' on a nail in th' wings for the villain, an' whenever he was due to come on, after finishin' whatever part he was playin', he'd run off, grab them whiskers an' strut on as the Destroyin' Angel.

"Of course we was troopin' through nothin' but th' tall-grass tanks, off where there wasn't a suspicion of railroads or electricity. We passed th' rubes out some pretty tough stuff, an' got away with it till one night when we was playin' Th' Merchant of Venice. I was doublin' on the Jew end of it an' we was gettin' along swimmingly till it comes time to make th' hurry-up for the whiskers. But they ain't hangin' in their accustomed place! I hunt high an' low, but there ain't hide nor hair o' them to be found, so I have to go back an' try to play the pound-of-flesh guy with a clean-shaven mug. Th' audience was some straw-shovelers, but they couldn't stand for a dose like that an' they come in a body over th' footlights. What they did to th' few rags of scenery an' props we had was a crime. There we was, major, busted as flat as a flounder—at Randolph, sixty miles from th' railroad as a crow flies an' not enough coin in th' company to buy a ham sandwich."

"Did you evah discovah what became o' th' whiskers?"

"Oh, yep," answered the Humming Bird, "that all come out in th' suds. Ye see, th' fashions in th' way women done their hair took one of them sudden an' unforeseen upward movements which no man can foretell, no matter how wise he is. Our leadin' lady found herself shy of certain portions of th' adornment which Dame Fashion had willed should decorate her dome of thought. She couldn't withstand th' temptation, so she flimmed th' villain's whiskers an' made 'em into a rat. A year or so afterward she come clean an' confessed, but of course it was too late then an' th' blisters I had on my hands pitchin' hay for a Mormon bishop had disappeared, so I let it go at that.

"As I said before," concluded the Bird, "I'm on th' hummer now, but it isn't a marker to that Utah trip."

Major Miles' fat sides shook with suppressed laughter and a humorous twinkle lurked in his eyes as he unbuttoned his low-cut waistcoat and drew from the depths of a voluminous pocket a well-filled wallet.

"It would be in th' nature of a national calamity if a young man of yore undoubted ability, not to mention originality of thought, should go lackin' fo' th' material comforts o' this world, Mistah Hummin' Bird," he began as he extracted a crisp yellowback bill. "I shall take it as an honor if you will allow me to be yore bankah until such time as you are able to bridge ovah yore difficulties. A man who has fought 'em, as you have, by flood an' field apparently, should nevah get acquainted with calamity unless it actually sneaked up on him when he wasn't lookin'."

### III

TWO days afterward the major's colt was carded to make his first appearance. As the Humming Bird was passing through the betting ring he was hailed by Ikey Goldfine, who operated the leviathan book—known in the patois of the track as the big noise. The colossal bets taken by this combination are part and parcel of the history of the turf to this day.

"I hear there's a new one goes in th' maiden scramble to-day, Bird," whispered Ikey. "Who is he? Have you got any line on him?"

"Know him backward," rattled the Humming Bird. "Old feller named Miles brought him here from Kentucky a few days ago. He's a beagle of th' first water. Ain't got a heart in him as big as a walnut, an' is guaranteed to dog it at th' first eighth pole. Go as far as you like with him."

"Where did you get your information? Are you sure it's th' real feed-room stuff?" queried the bookmaker.

"In th' first place, he stables beside me," retorted the Bird, "an' I've watched him work. An' secondly, th' old major as owns th' colt has a little nigger workin' for him that's got an alarm clock tied to his tongue. I know all about him, since the first time he staggered to his mammy's side. The major has oodles of coin, an' he don't care who he gives it to. He raised this colt himself an' he's just bugs about him. But money bet on him ain't worth a picayune on th' dollar. Take all you can get of it."

The big-noise book had Shooting Star quoted at odds of ten to one. Ikey, intent on getting in all the sucker money in sight, tilted it to twenty, at which price a stout gentleman wearing a slouch hat bet him fifty dollars, and a few outsiders swelled the total to a couple of hundred. It wasn't much, of course, for a big operator to gather, but the very soul of Ikey yearned for sure money. The predictions of the Humming Bird proved eighteen carat in every respect—Shooting Star got away from the post well and ran head and head with the leader for the first eighth of a mile, after which he dropped back in the ruck and finished a dismal, not to say distant, last.

That evening as the Humming Bird was returning to his quarters in Irish Row his attention was attracted by the sound of voices raised high in altercation. From the stall adjoining the Bird's feed room came language loud in protestation. He bent his ear quickly to listen, and the wrathy tones of the major percolated through the cracks.

"Tell me something, boy, tell me something! What were you doin' with that hoss? What did I tell you?"

"Well, what did yo' tell me, majah?" responded the little black rider. "What did yo' tell me? Didn't yo' say when you throwed me into th' saddle, didn't yo' say: 'Jodey boy, listen to me. Yo' go on oveh dar to de post an' get back heah as quick as yo' can'? Sho' nuf, majah, ain't dat zackly what yo' said?"

"I imagine I expressed myself in words to that effect," replied the owner of Shooting Star.

"Well, what did Ah do, majah? Wasn't Ah off in front when dat barriah lifted? An' didn't I lead dem all up to de eight' pole? Hones', majah, Ah was sayin' to myself, 'Dis yeah money is all mine.' But arter dat, eb'ry hoss in de race come up an' looked Shootin' Stah right in de eye. Ah hit him a couple ob times wid de whip. Ah says to him, 'Shootin' Stah,' says I, 'Gimme all yo' got. Gimme yo' bes' wishes.' An' say, majah, dat colt backed up wid me like as if some one hit him on de haid wid a club. 'Quit yore foolishness, Jock,' says he ter me. 'Ah done lef' mah heart hangin' on de eight' pole.'"

"You infernal little black scoundrel! Do you mean to tell me that th' hoss talked to you?"

"Oh, majah, Ah don' zackly mean ter say he said dat. But he cert'nly looked it."

The Humming Bird chuckled to himself.

"I've seen 'em all come to th' race track," he murmured, "but this is th' funniest ever. That old feller thinks th' colt he raised kin beat Roseben."

"Whatevah do you suppose could have been th' mattah with that colt of mine to-day?" queried the major as he emerged from the stall and approached the Bird. "He was a humdinger of a colt at home, an' this aftahnoon he couldn't go fast enough to keep himself warm."

"There ain't nothin' th' matter with him that a little of th' old speed elixir remedy wouldn't cure," returned the Humming Bird. "I guess, unless all signs fail, you need a right smart supply of it round your barn."

"What's that?" interrogated the major innocently. "I don't know that I evah heard of it."

"It's hard to get aholt of," retorted the Bird. "It mostly comes in ten or twenty thousand dollar packages, an' the best place to buy it is at th' yearlin' sales in th' fall. It's a peculiar commodity, because, after you've bought it an' paid for it, you ain't quite sure you've got it."

"Oh," replied the major shortly, "that being th' case I guess I won't bothah lookin' fo' it. Just th' same, I can't conceive how my colt came to give such a miserable exhibition. You have no idea what a showin' he made in his early trials. He'll redeem himself yet, suh. Just wait an' see if he don't."

"I hope you're right, major," agreed the Humming Bird heartily. "I'm pullin' for you, which is about th' best I can do at this stage of th' game."

"There Isn't a Man in There That Wouldn't Like to Assassinate Me This Minute"

On the following Thursday Shooting Star again faced the starter. Just before the horses went to the post Major Miles sallied ostentatiously into the ring and in scattering bets wagered between two and three hundred dollars on his chance.

"Better keep your money in your pocket, major," counseled the Humming Bird as he deftly effected another loan from the major. "I guess he's a nice enough colt an' all that, but it's pretty hot company you're hooked up with here. I'd ride a little chilly if I was you."

"I thank you for yore kindly advice, suh," returned the major tartly, "but I still maintain that I have not ovah-estimated this colt. Th' best proof of my sincerity is that I'm bettin' my money on him."

A few minutes after the above-recorded conversation Shooting Star again gave a marvelous manifestation of speed as far as the first pole of the journey, and retired gracefully from the contest long before the real battle commenced.

With ready tongue and salient argument Major Miles forged excuses for his favorite.

"It might be that th' change of watah has thrown him off his true form," he confided to the Humming Bird. "Or perhaps it's that he needs a stronger rider. He's a heavy-headed colt at best an' th' next time I staht him I'm a-goin' to put up a boy that'll keep him together an' not let him run himself out in th' first part of it. By th' way, what was th' name of that free-lance rider you spoke about th' night I landed?"

"Oh, you mean Shorty Sheridan."

"That's th' boy," returned the major. "Well, let's see. Th' last race we can run him in is th' third event on Saturday next—which, by the way, is th' day th' meetin' closes. Well, I'm goin' to hire Sheridan to pilot him, then you'll see, suh, that I was absolutely correct in my estimation of this young race hoss."

"I admire your nerve, major," protested the Bird, who saw no reason for antagonizing so generous a patron, "but it'll cost you fifty bucks anyway to get Sheridan to accept a mount, an' I honestly don't believe it's worth while. There's somethin' wrong with that colt of yours; he ain't at himself. Hadn't you better lay him up till next spring? I'm tellin' you for your own good."

"I don't need a guardian, suh," returned the major with rising inflection, as he turned away. "Whenevah I do I won't come North lookin' fo' one, I promise you that, suh."

The Bird watched the major's retreating form, then turned to Jodey, who stood leaning against the stall door.

"That four-flushin' colt run a worse race to-day with you than his first out, Jodey. I wish he was some account, for th' major is sure one grand old fellow."

The little rider yawned wearily.

"Ise shuah glad I ain't got ter ride him Sat'day," he volunteered. "Dat colt kin stop runnin' quicker dan molasses on a cold mawnin'. He cert'nly did die a horrible death aftah he got half way up de back stretch ter-day. He shuah was huntin' a hole in de fence. De onliest way he'll eber win a race is when dey makes 'em finish de wrong way ob de track."

### IV

THE Humming Bird did not see Major Miles until the following evening, when that gentleman appeared walking swiftly toward the feed room carrying a suitcase in one hand, with his overcoat draped across his left arm. The major was in a hurry and was evidently about to make a journey.

"Looks like you was hikin' to catch a train," hazarded the Bird.

"That's exactly what I am doin'," replied Major Miles as he mopped his face with his handkerchief. "I had an all-fired time gettin' heah to see you. I just received a telegram at three o'clock sayin' my folks was sick at home an' I have to travel. I just stopped by to tell you that I will take it as a great favah if you will handle Shootin' Star fo' me an' see that he stahts in that race all right. I have already retained Sheridan to ride him an' Jodey will look aftah him. I just want you to see that he gets to th' paddock all right an' goes to th' post saddled properly. Sheridan has already received his fee an' in case you should need any money fo' incidental expenses I will leave fifty dollahs with you now. It's only until th' day aftah to-morrow, an' I wouldn't ask unless I felt assuahed of yore willingness to comply. It grieves me mo' than I can say to be fo'ced to leave at this time, as I wanted to see this colt win his race, but I'm placed in such a position that I cannot do otherwise."

"Well, well, that's too bad, major," comforted the Humming Bird. "I guess it is pretty tough on you to have to leave us now, but I'll do th' best I can for th' colt an' see that he gets all that's comin' to him. Of course, major, I wouldn't be disappointed or take it too much to heart if he didn't win. You know this horse-racin' game is mighty uncertain. But I'll see that he goes to th' races all right,

(Continued on Page 45)

# RUGGLES OF RED GAP

We Now Crossed Their Thames Over What Would Have Been Westminster Bridge, I Fancy

## By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY J. R. CRUGER

III

I BRISKED out of bed the following morning at half after seven, wondering rather nervously what the day might have in store for me. I was obliged to admit that what I was in for looked a bit thick.

As I opened my door I heard stealthy footsteps down the hall and looked out in time to observe Cousin Egbert entering his own room. It was not this that startled me. He would have been abroad, I knew, for the ham and eggs that were forbidden him. Yet I stood aghast, for with the lounge suit of tweeds I had selected the day before he was wearing his top hat! I am aware that these things I relate of him may not be credited. I can only put them down in all sincerity.

I hastened to him and removed the thing from his head. I fear it was not with the utmost deference, for I have my human moments.

"It's not done, sir," I protested. He saw that I was offended.

"All right, sir," he replied meekly. "But how was I to know? I thought it kind of set me off."

He referred to it as a stovepipe hat. I knew then that I should find myself overlooking many things in him. He was not a person one could be stern with, and I even promised that Mrs. Effie should not be told of his offense, he promising in turn never again to stir abroad without first submitting himself to me and agreeing also to wear sock suspenders from that day forth. I saw, indeed, that diplomacy might work wonders with him.

At breakfast in the drawing room, during which Cousin Egbert earned warm praise from Mrs. Effie for his lack of appetite—he winking violently at me during this—I learned that I should be expected to accompany him to a certain art gallery which corresponds to our British Museum. I was a bit surprised, indeed, to learn that he largely spent his days there and was accustomed to make notes of the various objects of interest.

"I insisted," explained Mrs. Effie, "that he should absorb all the culture he could on his trip abroad, so I got him a notebook in which he puts down his impressions, and I must say he's done fine. Some of his remarks are so good that when he gets home I may have him read a paper before our Onwards and Upwards Club."

Cousin Egbert wriggled modestly at this, and said "Shucks!" which I took to be a term of deprecation.

"You needn't pretend," said Mrs. Effie. "Just let Ruggles here look over some of the notes you have made," and she handed me a notebook of ruled paper in which there was a deal of writing. I glanced, as bidden, at one or two of the paragraphs, and confess that I, too, was amazed at the fluency and insight displayed along lines in which I should have thought the man entirely uninformed.

"This choice work represents the first or formative period of the master," began one note, "but distinctly foreshadows that later method which made him at once the hope and despair of his contemporaries. In the Portrait of the Artist by Himself we have a canvas that well repays patient study, since here is displayed in its full flower that ruthless realism, happily attenuated by a superbly subtle delicacy of brush work ——" It was really quite amazing, and I perceived for the first time that Cousin Egbert must be a diamond in the rough, as the well-known saying has it. I felt indeed that I would be very pleased to accompany him on one of his instructive strolls through this gallery, for I have always been of a studious habit and anxious to improve myself in the fine arts.

"You see," asked Mrs. Effie when I had perused this fragment. "And yet folks back home would tell you that he's just a ——" Cousin Egbert here coughed alarmingly. "No matter," she continued. "He'll show them that he's got something in him, mark my words."

"Quite so, madam," I said, "and I shall consider it a privilege to be present when he farther prosecutes his art studies."

"You may keep him out till dinner time," she continued. "I'm shopping this morning and in the afternoon I shall motor to have tea in the 'Boy' with the Senator and Mr. Vane-Basingwell."

Presently then my charge and I set out for what I hoped was to be a peaceful and instructive day among objects of art, though first I was obliged to escort him to a hatter's and glover's to remedy some minor discrepancies in his attire. He was very pleased when I permitted him to select his own hat. I was safe in this, as the hatters were really artists in gentlemen's headwear and carried only shapes, I observed, that were confined to exclusive firms so as to insure their being worn by the right set. As to gloves and a stick he was again rather pettish and had to be set right with some firmness. He declared he had lost his stick and gloves of the previous day—I discovered later that he had presented them to the lift-attendant—but I soon convinced him that he would not be let to appear without these adjuncts to a gentleman's toilet.

Then, having once more stood by at the barber's while he was shaved and his mustaches firmly waxed anew, I saw that he was fit at last for his art studies. The barber this day suggested curling the mustaches with a heated iron, but at this my charge fell into so unseemly a rage that I deemed it wise not to insist. He indeed bluntly threatened a nameless violence to the barber if he were so much as touched with the iron, and revealed an altogether shocking gift for profanity, saying loudly, "I'll be—dashed if you will." I mean to say I have written "dashed" for what he actually said. But at length I had him quieted.

"Now, sir," I said when I had gotten him from the barber's shop, to the barber's manifest relief, "I fancy we've time to do a few objects of art before luncheon. I've the book here for your comments," I added.

"Quite so," he replied, and led me at a rapid pace along the street in what I presumed was the direction of the art museum. At the end of a few blocks he paused at one of those open-air public houses that disgracefully line the streets of the French capital. I mean to say that chairs and tables are set out upon the pavement in the most brazen manner and occupied by the populace, who there drink their silly beverages and idle away their time. After scanning the score or so of persons present, even at so early an hour as ten of the morning, he fell into one of the iron chairs at one of the iron tables and motioned me to another at his side.

When I had seated myself he said "Beer!" to the waiter who appeared, and held up two fingers.

"Now look at here," he resumed to me, "this is a good place to do about four pages of art, and then we can go out and have some recreation somewhere." Seeing that I was puzzled he added: "This way—you take that notebook and write in it out of this here other book till I think you've done enough, then I'll tell you to stop." And while I was still bewildered he drew from an inner pocket a small well-thumbed volume which I took from him and saw to be entitled "One Hundred Masterpieces of the Louvre."

"Open her about the middle," he directed, "and pick out something that begins good, like 'Here the true art lover will stand entranced ——' You got to write it because I guess you can write faster than what I can. I'll tell her I dictated to you. Get a hustle on now so's we can get through. Write down about four pages of that stuff."

Stunned I was for a moment at his audacity. Too plainly I saw through his deception. Each day, doubtless, he had come to a low place of this sort and copied into the notebook from the printed volume.

"But, sir," I protested, "why not at least go to the gallery where these art objects are stored? Copy the notes there if that must be done."

"I don't know where the darned place is," he confessed. "I did start for it the first day, but I run into a Punch and Judy show in a little park, and I just couldn't get away from it, it was so comical with all the French kids hollering their heads off at it. Anyway what's the use? I'd rather set here in front of this saloon where everything is nice."

"It's very extraordinary, sir," I said, wondering if I oughtn't to cut off to the hotel and warn Mrs. Effie so that she might do a heated foot to him, as he had once expressed it.

"Well, I guess I've got my rights as well as anybody," he insisted. "I'll be pushed just so far and no farther, not if I never get any more cultured than a jack-rabbit. And now you better go on and write or I'll be—dashed—if I'll ever wear another thing you tell me to." He had a most dangerous expression on his face, so I thought best to humor him. Accordingly I set about writing in his notebook from the volume of criticism he had supplied.

"Change a word now and then and skip round here and there," he suggested as I wrote, "so's it'll sound more like me."

"Quite so, sir," I said, and continued to transcribe from the printed page. I was beginning the fifth page in the notebook, being in the midst of an enthusiastic description of the bit of statuary entitled The Winged Victory, when I was startled by a wild yell in my ear. Cousin Egbert had leaped to his feet and now danced in the middle of the pavement, waving his stick and hat high in the air and shouting incoherently. At once we attracted the most undesirable attention from the loungers about us, the waiters and the passers-by in the street, many of whom stopped at once to survey my charge with the liveliest interest. It was then I saw that he had merely wished to attract the attention of some one passing in a cab. Half a block down the boulevard I saw a man likewise waving excitedly, standing erect in the cab to do so. The cab thereupon turned sharply, came back on the opposite side of the street, crossed over to us, and the occupant alighted.

He was an American—as one might have fancied from his behavior—a tall dark-skinned person, wearing a drooping mustache after the former style of Cousin Egbert's, supplemented by an imperial. He wore a loose-fitting suit of black which had evidently received no proper attention since the day he purchased it. Under a folded collar he wore a narrow cravat tied in a bow knot, and in the bosom of his white shirt there sparkled a diamond such as might have come from a collection of crown jewels. This much I had time to notice as he neared us.

Cousin Egbert had not ceased to shout, nor had he paid the least attention to my tugs at his coat. When the cab's occupant descended to the pavement they fell upon each other and did for some moments a wild dance such as I imagine they might have seen the red Indians of Western America perform. Most savagely they punched each other, calling out in the meantime, "Well, old horse!" and "Who'd ever expected to see you here, darn your old skin!" Their actual phrases, be it remembered.

The crowd, I was glad to note, fell rapidly away, many of them shrugging their shoulders in a way the French have, and even the waiters about us quickly lost interest in the pair, as if they were hardened to the sight of Americans greeting one another. The two were still saying "Well, well!" rather breathlessly.

"Jeff Tuttle, you—dashed—old long-horn!" exclaimed Cousin Egbert.

"Good old Sour-Dough!" exploded the other. "Ain't this just like old home week!"

"I thought mebbe you wouldn't know me with all my beadwork and my new war-bonnet on," continued Cousin Egbert.

"Know you? Why, you knock-kneed old Siwash, I could pick out your hide in a tan-yard!"

"Well, well, well!" replied Cousin Egbert.

"Well, well, well!" said the other, and again they dealt each other smart blows.

"Where'd you turn up from?" demanded Cousin Egbert.

"Europe," said the other. "We been all over Europe and Italy—just come from some place up over the Divide where they talk Dutch, the madam and the two girls and me, with the Reverend Timmins and his wife riding line on us. Say, he's an out-and-out devil for cathedrals; it's just one church after another with him—Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Lutheran, takes 'em all in—never overlooks a bet. He's got Addie and the girls out now. My gosh, it's solemn work! Me? I ducked out this morning."

"How'd you do it?"

"Told the little woman I had to have a tooth pulled—I was working it up on the train all day yesterday. Say, what you all rigged out like that for, Sour-Dough, and what you done to your face?"

Cousin Egbert here turned to me in some embarrassment. "Colonel Ruggles, shake hands with my friend Jeff Tuttle from the state of Washington."

"Pleased to meet you, Colonel," said the other before I could explain that I had no military title whatever, never having, in fact, served our king even in the ranks. He shook my hand warmly.

"Any friend of Sour-Dough Floud's is all right with me," he assured me. "What's the matter with having a drink?"

"Say, listen here, I wouldn't have to be blinded and backed into it," said Cousin Egbert, enigmatically I thought, but as they sat down I too seated myself. Something within me had sounded a warning. As well as I know it now, I knew then in my inmost soul that I should summon Mrs. Effie before matters went farther.

"'Beer' is all I know how to say," suggested Cousin Egbert.

"Leave that to me," said his new friend masterfully. "Where's the boy? Here, boy! Veesky-soda! That's French for high-ball," he explained. "I've had to pick up a lot of their lingo."

Cousin Egbert looked at him admiringly. "Good old Jeff!" he said simply. He glanced aside to me for a second with downright hostility, then turned back to his friend. "Something tells me, Jeff, that this is going to be the first happy day I've had since I crossed the state line. I've been pestered to death, Jeff—what with Mrs. Effie after me to improve myself so's I can be a social credit to her back in Red Gap, and learn to wear clothes and go without my breakfast and attend art galleries. If you'd stand by me I'd throw her down good and hard right now, but you know what she is ——"

"I sure do," put in Mr. Tuttle so fervently that I knew he spoke the truth. "That woman can bite through nails. But here's your drink, Sour-Dough. Maybe it will cheer you up."

Extraordinary! I mean to say, biting through nails.

"Three rousing cheers!" exclaimed Cousin Egbert with more animation than I had ever known him display.

"Here's looking at you, Colonel," said his friend to me, whereupon I partook of the drink, not wishing to offend him. Decidedly he was not vogue. His hat was remarkable, being of a black felt with high crown and a wide and flopping brim. Across his waistcoat was a watch-chain of heavy links with a weighty charm consisting of a sculptured gold horse in full gallop. That sort of thing would never do with us.

"Here, George," he immediately called to the waiter, for they had quickly drained their glasses, "tell the bartender three more. By gosh, but that's good after the way I've been held down."

"Me, too," said Cousin Egbert. "I didn't know how to say it in French."

"The Reverend held me down," continued the Tuttle person. "'A glass of native wine,' he says, 'may perhaps be taken now and then without harm.' 'Well,' I says, 'leave us have ales, wines, liquors and cigars,' I says. But not him! I'd get a thimbleful of elderberry wine or something about every second Friday, except when I'd duck out the side door of a church and find some caffy. Here, George, foomer, foomer—bring us some see-gars and then stay on that spot I may want you."

"Well, well!" said Cousin Egbert again, as if the meeting were still incredible.

"You old stinging lizard!" responded the other affectionately.

Cigars were brought and I felt constrained to light one.

"The state of Washington needn't ever get nervous over the prospect of losing me," said the Tuttle person, biting off the end of his cigar.

I gathered at once that the Americans have actually named one of our colonies Washington after the rebel, George Washington, though one would have thought that the indelicacy of this would have been only too apparent. But then I recalled as well the city where their so-called parliament assembles, Washington, D. C. Doubtless the initials indicate that it was named in honor of another member of this notorious family. I could not but reflect how shocked our king would be to learn of this effrontery.

Cousin Egbert who had been for some moments moving his lips without sound here spoke.

*He Was Very Pleased When I Permitted Him to Select His Own Hat*

"I'm going to try it myself," he said. "Here, Charley, veeskay-soda! He made me right off," he continued as the waiter disappeared. "Say, Jeff, I bet I could have learned a lot of this language if I'd had some one like you around."

"Well, it took me some time to get the accent," replied the other with a modesty which I could detect was assumed. More acutely than ever was I conscious of a psychic warning to separate these two, and I resolved to act upon it with the utmost diplomacy. The third peg was served us.

"Three rousing cheers!" said Cousin Egbert.

"Here's looking at you!" said the other, and I drank.

When my glass was drained I arose briskly and said:

"I think we should be getting along now, sir, if Mr. Tuttle will be good enough to excuse us."

They both stared at me.

"Yes, sir—I fancy not, sir," said Cousin Egbert.

"Stop your kidding, you fat rascal!" said the other.

"Old Bill means all right," said Cousin Egbert, "so don't let him irritate you. Bill's our new hired man. He's all right—just let him talk along."

"Can't he talk setting down?" asked the other. "Does he have to stand up every time he talks? Ain't that a good chair?" he demanded of me. "Here, take mine!" And to my great embarrassment he arose and offered me his chair in such a manner that I felt moved to accept it. Thereupon he took the chair I had vacated and beamed upon us. "Now that we're all home-folks together once more I would suggest a bit of refreshment. Boy, veeskay-soda!"

"I fancy so, sir," said Cousin Egbert, dreamily contemplating me as the order was served. I was conscious even then that he seemed to be studying my attire with a critical eye, and indeed he remarked as if to himself, "What a coat!" I was rather shocked by this, for my suit was quite a decent lounge suit that had become too snug for the Honorable George some two years before. Yet something warned me to ignore the comment.

"Three rousing cheers," he said as the drink was served.

"Here's looking at you," said the Tuttle person.

And again I drank with them, against my better judgment, wondering if I might escape long enough to be put through to Mrs. Floud on the telephone. Too plainly the situation was rapidly getting out of hand and yet I hesitated. The Tuttle person under an exterior geniality was rather abrupt. And, moreover, I now recalled having observed a person much like him in manner and attire in a certain cinema drama of the Far Wild-West. He had been a constable or sheriff in the piece and had subdued a band of armed border ruffians with only a small pocket pistol. I thought it as well not to cross him.

When they had drunk, each one again said, "Well, well!"

"You old maverick!" said Cousin Egbert.

"You—dashed—old horned toad!" responded his friend

"What's the matter with a little snack?"

"Not a thing on earth. My appetite ain't been so powerful craving since Heck was a pup."

These were their actual words, though it may not be believed. The Tuttle person now approached his cabman, who had waited beside the curb.

"Say, Frank," he began, "ally restorong," and this he supplemented with a crude but informing pantomime of one eating. Cousin Egbert was already seated in the cab, and I could do nothing but follow. "Ally restorong," commanded our new friend in a louder tone, and the cabman with an explosion of understanding drove rapidly off.

"It's a genuine wonder to me how you learned the language so quick," said Cousin Egbert.

"It's all in the accent," protested the other.

I occupied a narrow seat in the front. Facing me in the back seat they lolled easily and smoked their cigars. Down the thronged boulevard we proceeded at a rapid pace and were passing presently before an immense gray edifice which I recognized as the so-called Louvre from its illustration on the cover of Cousin Egbert's art book. He himself regarded it with interest, though I fancy he did not recognize it, for, waving his cigar toward it, he announced to his friend: "The public library."

His friend surveyed the building with every sign of approval.

"That Carnegie is a hot sport, all right," he declared warmly. "I'll bet that shack set him back some."

"Three rousing cheers!" said Cousin Egbert without point that I could detect.

We now crossed their Thames over what would have been Westminster Bridge, I fancy, and were presently bowling through a sort of Battersea part of the city. The streets grew quite narrow and the shops smaller and I found myself wondering not without alarm what sort of restaurant our abrupt friend had chosen.

"Three rousing cheers," said Cousin Egbert from time to time with almost childish delight.

Debouching from a narrow street again into what the French term a boulevard we halted before what was indeed a restaurant, for several tables were laid on the pavement before the door, but I saw at once that it was anything but a nice place. "*Au Rendez-vous des Cochers Fidèles*" read the announcement on the flap of the awning, and truly enough it was a low resort frequented by cabbies. Along the curb half a score of horses were eating from their bags while their drivers lounged before the place, eating, drinking and conversing excitedly in their grotesque jargon.

We descended in spite of the repellent aspect of the place, and our driver went to the foot of the line, where he fed his own horse. Cousin Egbert, already at one of the open-air tables, was rapping smartly for a waiter.

"What's the matter with having just one little one before grub?" asked the Tuttle person as we joined him.

He had a most curious fashion of speech. I mean to say when he suggested anything whatsoever he invariably wished to know what might be the matter with it.

"Veeskay-soda," demanded Cousin Egbert of the serving person who now appeared; "and ask your driver to have one," he then urged his friend.

The latter hereupon addressed the cabman, who had now come up.

"Vooley-voos take something?" he demanded, and the cabman appeared to accept.

"Vooley-voos your friends take something too?" he demanded further with a gesture that embraced all the cabmen present, and these, too, appeared to accept with the utmost cordiality.

"You're a wonder, Jeff," said Cousin Egbert. "You talk it like a professor."

"It come natural to me," said the fellow, "and it's a good thing too. If you know a little French you can go all over Europe without a bit of trouble."

Inside the place all was activity, for many cabmen were now accepting the proffered hospitality and calling "Votry sonty" to their host, who seemed much pleased. Then to my amazement Cousin Egbert insisted that our cabman should sit at table with us. I trust I have as little foolish

pride as most people, but this did seem like crowding it on a bit thick. In fact it looked rather dickey. I was glad to remember that we were in what seemed to be the foreign quarter of the town, where it was probable that no one would recognize us. The drink came, though our cabman refused the whisky and secured a bottle of native wine.

"Three rousing cheers!" said Cousin Egbert as we drank once more, and added as an afterthought: "What a beautiful world we live in!"

"Vooley-voos make-um bring dinner," said the Tuttle person to the cabman, who thereupon spoke at length in his native tongue to the waiter. By this means we secured a soup that was not half bad and presently a stew of mutton which Cousin Egbert declared was "some goo." To my astonishment I ate heartily, even in such raffish surroundings. In fact I found myself pigging it with the rest of them. With coffee, cigars were brought from the tobacconist's next door, each cabman present accepting one. Our own man was plainly feeling a vast pride in his party and now circulated among his fellows with an account of our merits.

"This is what I call life," said the Tuttle person, leaning back in his chair.

"I'm coming right back here every day," declared Cousin Egbert happily.

"What's the matter with a little drive to see some well-known objects of interest?" inquired his friend.

"Not art galleries," insisted Cousin Egbert.

"And not churches," said his friend. "Every day's been Sunday with me long enough."

"And not clothing stores," said Cousin Egbert firmly. "The Colonel here is awful fussy about clothes," he added.

"Is, hey?" inquired his friend. "How do you like this hat of mine?" he asked, turning to me.

It was that sudden that I nearly fluffed the catch but recovered myself in time.

"I should consider it a hat of sound wearing properties, sir," I said.

He took it off, examined it carefully and replaced it.

"So far, so good," he said gravely. "But why be fussy about clothes when God has given you only one life to live?"

"Don't argue about religion," warned Cousin Egbert.

"I always like to see people well dressed, sir," I said, "because it makes such a difference in their appearance."

He slapped his thigh fiercely. "My gosh, that's true. He's got you there, Sour-Dough. I never thought of that."

"He makes me wear these chest-protectors on my ankles," said Cousin Egbert bitterly, extending one foot.

"What's the matter of taking a little drive to see some well-known objects of interest?" said his friend.

"Not art galleries," said Cousin Egbert firmly.

"We said that before—and not churches."

"And not gents' furnishing goods."

"You said that before."

"Well, you said 'not churches' before."

"Well, what's the matter with taking a little drive?"

"Not art galleries," insisted Cousin Egbert.

The thing seemed interminable. I mean to say they went about the circle as before. It looked to me as if they were having a bit of a spree.

"We'll have one last drink," said the Tuttle person.

"No," said Cousin Egbert firmly, "not another drop. Don't you see the condition poor Bill here is in?"

To my amazement he was referring to me. Candidly, he was attempting to convey the impression that I had taken a drop too much. The other regarded me intently.

"Pickled," he said.

"Always affects him that way," said Cousin Egbert. "He's got no head for it."

"Beg pardon, sir," I said, wishing to explain, but this I was not let to do.

"Don't start anything like that here," broke in the Tuttle person; "the police wouldn't stand for it. Just keep quiet and remember you're among friends."

"Yes, sir, quite so, sir," said I, being somewhat puzzled by these strange words. "I was merely explaining ——"

"Look out, Jeff," warned Cousin Egbert, interrupting me; "he's a devil when he starts."

"Have you got a knife?" demanded the other suddenly.

*He Bluntly Threatened a Nameless Violence if He Were So Much as Touched With the Iron*

"I fancy so, sir," I answered, and produced from my waistcoat pocket the small metal-handled affair I have long carried. This he quickly seized from me.

"You can keep your gun," he remarked, "but you can't be trusted with this in your condition. I ain't afraid of a gun, but I am afraid of a knife. You could have backed me off the board any time with this knife."

"Didn't I tell you?" asked Cousin Egbert.

"Beg pardon, sir," I began, for this was drawing it quite too thick, but again his friend interrupted me.

"We'd better get him away from this place right off," he said.

"A drive in the fresh air might fix him," suggested Cousin Egbert. "He's as good a scout as you want to know when he's himself."

Hereupon, calling our waiting cabman, they both to my embarrassment assisted me tenderly to the vehicle.

"Ally caffy!" directed the Tuttle person, and we were driven off, to the raised hats of the remaining cabmen, through many long, quiet streets.

"I wouldn't have had this happen for anything," said Cousin Egbert, indicating me.

"Lucky I got that knife away from him," said the other.

To this I thought it best to remain silent, it being plain that the men were both well along, so to say.

The cab now approached an open square from which issued discordant blasts of music. One glance showed it to be a street fair. I prayed that we might pass it, but my companions hailed it with delight and at once halted the cabby.

"Ally caffy on the corner," directed the Tuttle person, and once more we were seated at an iron table with whisky and soda ordered. Before us was the street fair in all its silly activity. There were many unsavory booths at which games of chance or marksmanship were played, or at which articles of ornament or household decoration were displayed for sale, and about these were throngs of low-class French, idling away their afternoon in that mad pursuit of pleasure which is so characteristic of this race.

In the center of the place was a carrousel from which came the blare of a steam orchestrion playing the Marseillaise, one of their popular songs. From where I sat I could perceive the circle of gaudily painted beasts that revolved about this musical atrocity. A fashion of horses seemed to predominate, but there were also an ostrich—a bearded Frenchman being astride this bird for the moment—a zebra, a lion and a gaudily emblazoned giraffe. I shuddered as I thought of the evil possibilities that might be suggested to my two companions by this affair. For the moment I was pleased to note that they had forgotten my supposed indisposition, yet another equally absurd complication ensued when the drink arrived.

"Say, don't your friend ever loosen up?" asked the Tuttle person of Cousin Egbert.

"Tighter than Dick's hatband," replied the latter.

"And then some! He ain't bought once. Say, bo," he continued to me as I was striving to divine the drift of these comments, "have I got my fingers crossed or not?"

Seeing that he held one hand behind him I thought to humor him by saying, "I fancy so, sir."

"He means 'yes'," said Cousin Egbert.

The other held his hand before me with the first two fingers spread wide apart.

"You lost," he said. "How's that, Sour-Dough! We stuck him the first rattle out of the box."

"Good work," said Cousin Egbert. "You're stuck for this round," he added to me. "Three rousing cheers!"

I readily perceived that they meant me to pay the score, which I accordingly did, though I at once suspected the fairness of the game. I mean to say if my opponent had been a trickster he could easily have rearranged his fingers to defeat me before displaying them. I do not say it was done in this instance. I am merely pointing out that it left open a way to trickery. I mean to say one would wish to be assured of his opponent's social standing before playing this game extensively. No sooner had we finished the drink than the Tuttle person said to me:

"I'll give you one chance to get even. I'll guess your fingers this time."

Accordingly I put one hand behind me and firmly crossed the fingers, fancying that he would guess them to be uncrossed. Instead of which he called out "Crossed," and I was obliged to show them in that wise, though, as before pointed out, I could easily have defeated him by uncrossing them before revealing my hand. I mean to say it is not on the face of it a game one would care to play with casual acquaintances, and I questioned even then in my own mind its prevalence in the States. As a matter of fact I may say that in my later life in the States I could find no trace of it, and now believe it to have been a pure invention on the part of the Tuttle person. I mean to say I later became convinced that it was, properly speaking, not a game at all.

Again they were hugely delighted at my loss and rapped smartly on the table for more drink, and now to my embarrassment I discovered that I lacked the money to pay for this round.

"Beg pardon, sir," said I discreetly to Cousin Egbert, "but if you could let me have a bit of change, a half-crown or so ——" To my surprise he regarded me coldly and shook his head emphatically in the negative.

(Continued on Page 49)

*I Heard Cousin Egbert Say, "Better Not Irritate Him—He'll Get Mad if We Don't Laugh"*

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## The Price of Junk

IN TEN years we have spent two and a half billion dollars on army and navy. We are now told—and it sounds plausible enough—that we have no army worth mentioning, and, with the exception of a few harbors, are quite defenseless on land. Regiments exist only on paper, and even on paper have no proper equipment. Also, that the navy is in the saddest state, the more extreme critics describing it as little more than junk. There are not men enough to man the ships, or enough subsidiary craft to make the battleships effective in war.

The regular expenditure of two hundred and fifty million dollars a year, then, gets us just now here at all in the matter of national defense. Obviously this is no partisan fault, for the Democrats have been in power less than two years, and an efficient army or navy could not have degenerated into junk in that period.

Whether Democrats or Republicans are in power the essential characteristics of the Government at Washington will not change. Army and navy money will be appropriated and spent in the future substantially as in the past. The system will be the same, directed by the same intelligence. If its product is only junk, then the more money, the more junk.

Republicans have demanded a Congressional inquiry into the state of the army and navy, with a brass-band accompaniment. This implies that the two departments, in the regular way of their duties, cannot be trusted to discover grave defects and move for appropriate remedies. If that is so they cannot be trusted at all.

## All Loss and No Gain

A BATTLE has become a new thing. In all previous experience the cases where an army fought hard for more than a fortnight in any year are comparatively rare. The typical campaign consisted of a long march, some jockeying for position, then a desperate clash, in which possibly one per cent of the population of the respective belligerents was engaged, and which endured, at most, for two or three days. Two such clashes usually ended the year's campaign or the war.

Several million men have now been fighting almost continuously for more than four months. Multiply the number of men under fire by the number of days, and very likely we have already had as much actual fighting as in the five bloodiest years of Napoleon. And up to this writing the result is a mere deadlock.

Thanks to modern improvements, it is now possible to throw virtually the whole able-bodied male population of a country on a two-hundred-mile battle line within a fortnight. With aircraft, each side is compelled to develop its strategy under the eyes of the other. Any considerable movement of troops is promptly seen and instantly reported by telephone; while by telephone and railroad a countermove is swiftly executed. Neither side can endure long exposure to the other's artillery. They simply dig their own graves.

With less actual fighting than in this war, Napoleon overran Europe, Prussia conquered Austria, and Germany conquered France. We have already had, half a dozen times over, Austerlitz, Sadowa and Sedan; but the issue is almost as far from a decision by force of arms as it was the day the war started.

This vast loss to everybody, with no gain to anybody, must be making its impression on the minds of the belligerents.

## Government Ships

THE President describes the establishment of a line of Government merchant vessels as a pioneering enterprise. Once the Government ships have started a stream of commerce with South America, he says, private capital will come into the shipping business and the Government will withdraw. It is not a pioneer field, however. Before the war there was no lack of ships to carry our commerce to South America or elsewhere.

The war has destroyed more commerce than ships. A great number of merchant vessels now lie idle, particularly those under the German flag. When peace comes these ships will seek cargoes as before the war. American ships, whether owned by the Government or by private capital, will have to compete with them. If they could not compete profitably before the war, what reason is there to suppose they can do so after it is ended, unless our whole body of shipping laws is amended to meet modern conditions?

## Fighting Poverty

WHAT could be more wasteful than to support in idleness, by charity, people who are willing and able to work—except, finally, not to support them at all? To anyone who looks about him, the statement that there is less demand for labor this year than last sounds absurd. Everywhere, from the biggest city to the smallest hamlet, there are a thousand and one needful things to be done, which yet go undone year after year.

For example, just to put the streets of American cities in as good condition as the streets of Berlin would give employment to an army. To say that we have no use for our labor is nonsense; but every urban charity organization is straining its resources to meet calls for relief arising from unemployment. That the great, ever-recurring problem of unemployment can be much reduced by intelligent forethought and organized action seems clear.

Who knows how much might be accomplished, by sound thought and better organization, to reduce poverty that arises from other causes! We said, in view of the monstrous crime in Europe, that poverty could not be abolished. A correspondent replies that that appalling spectacle may be an augury to the contrary.

If a fifth of the scientific thought, money, enthusiasm and social organization Europe has directed this autumn to the making of misery were directed to its relief there might be a new world.

## The Theater-Ticket Gouge

FORMERLY theater managers fought ticket speculators. Then managers and speculators joined hands to levy toll on theatergoers and divide it, fifty-fifty. The result, for a time, was simply to increase the price of good seats at popular performances by fifty cents. Now for good seats at a really popular performance no one thinks of going to the box office, and the price is whatever the speculator can get.

The two-dollar seat for a preferred location at a popular play is as apt to be three dollars as two and a half. The six-dollar opera ticket is anywhere from ten to fifteen; the three-dollar one is from five to ten. The present arrangement, with tickets scattered in a dozen places, is less convenient to theatergoers than the old one, under which you could go or telephone to the box office and get a choice of all the tickets that were unsold.

That the theater flourishes under this arrangement shows its strong hold on the public. Such a relationship with patrons would kill the book trade. It would kill any magazine. We do not at the moment think of any business except the theater that could live under it.

## Savers and Spenders

A LARGE private fortune, transmitted from generation to generation, is not a desirable thing in a democracy. For one thing, it tends in fact to create an aristocracy. Probably it is of no benefit to the inheritors either. Probably a rich man's sons have less chance of leading useful and contented lives than if, with the same abilities, they had started near taw. Transmission of a large fortune to an individual can, of course, be prevented by a confiscatory inheritance tax; but that naturally raises the question: What would become of the money?

Details of a great private accumulation were recently published. Mr. Rockefeller gave his Foundation a hundred million dollars, and the money, as the report shows, is invested in securities of a hundred different business enterprises—railroads, trolley lines, steamship lines and manufacturing and trading concerns of various kinds. The capital, in short, is all employed in useful, productive industries.

Nearly all other large American fortunes are in the same condition. The principal is productively employed in transportation, mining and manufacturing; from its increment fresh funds are available to buy bonds and stocks, which means new rails, new boats, new plants. Until our socialist friends overthrow capitalism altogether, a great fund of invested and investable capital is necessary to the working of the industrial system.

Government, however, is never a saver and investor, but always a spender. Confiscatory inheritance taxes would, within a generation, put at its disposal a huge sum that would probably be withdrawn from directly productive employment and used in much less productive ways, with considerable waste and graft along the line.

Taking large wealth away from its individual possessors is simple enough. An inheritance tax will do it. But merely turning the wealth over to the state would be a very dubious gain.

## Doubtful Investments

BATTLESHIPS and forts are two of the costliest objects of military expenditure. This war has demonstrated that the latter, as a means of repelling land attacks, are a poor investment, and has indicated the probability that the day of the dreadnought is closing.

The Germans have shown that under favorable conditions a submarine can strike and sink any vessel; and it is entirely probable that invention, within the next five years, will increase the submarine's power of attack much more than it will increase the dreadnought's power of defense. With better lungs and eyes a submarine would stand an excellent chance of stopping any battleship now.

It is also possible that no battleship laid down now can keep afloat under the attack of aircraft five years hence. Within five months a big question mark has been written against military objects on which hundreds of millions of dollars have been spent during the last twenty years.

## Taking Stock

BELLIGERENTS are buying army supplies in this country at the rate of several million dollars a day; but that is a temporary thing. Meantime they are steadily burning up the resources that normally would be used to buy our goods next year and the year after. There is a sort of tradition that it is every good American's first duty always to seize on any favorable fact he can find and beat a loud tom-tom with it to the tune of Boom! Boom! Boom!

We do not think the country cares much for that tune just now however. It strikes us as being in a notably sober frame of mind. The high nervous tension of last August has very decidedly relaxed. Business is improving and the outlook is brighter. There is no touch of panic; no particular fear. We seem to feel quite snug and tight all round—and quite sober. We have settled down to a steady, long, strong pull. Business in the United States is seldom in equilibrium. It is either rushing up or tumbling.

It is doing neither now, and there is probably a widespread feeling that this is a good time for the United States to take stock of itself all round—cut out follies, reduce wastes, tighten up loose screws and get the machine in the best order we know how. Probably a great many of us have that sort of feeling about national activities in general. If a great many of us apply it to our own personal activities we shall get some important results.

## The Bogus Patriot

FOR thoroughgoing militarists the state is just what it was to Louis XIV. Its only rational object is power; and for that object every citizen should gladly sacrifice himself. Bernhardi and Treitschke repeatedly affirm this view.

Fortunately there is very little of that sort of patriotism in this country. If Americans go to war they want some reasonable assurance as to how it is going to work out in terms of individual human welfare. In their view a state must justify itself as an instrument for individual human welfare or it has no justification. Their final question concerning a state is not how powerful it is against other people, but how useful to its own people—power to protect them against foreign oppression being merely a function of its usefulness to them.

Of another sort of bogus patriotism we have somewhat more. This consists in the notion that a particular people is inherently superior to every other people, so that the highest interests of humanity are especially committed to its care. There is no warrant for such a notion on the part of any modern nation.

Among the interests that make up the life of man, some are of greater importance than the continuation of the political organization known as the United States, or any other political organization.

# MADE BY U. S.—By Roger W. Babson

"ON TO South America!" The great Yankee nation has heard a summons to an El Dorado. This is the sort of summons that the aforesaid nation heeds with delight. To be sure the whole nation does not transfer itself bodily to a gold coast in California or Alaska or Cripple Creek upon learning of the existence of such a land of opportunity, but the thought of getting richer is a pleasing one. It makes pleasant dreams for the many and causes certain enterprising individuals to pull up stakes and set forth on the quest for treasure. The war in Europe, together with the achievement of a man named Goethals assisted by a man named Gorgas, has opened the eyes of the greatest nation upon earth to a supposed tremendous opportunity. This opportunity is presented by South America, a continent which uses a great many imported articles and commodities, and which at the moment cannot get in any quantity the foreign goods it needs.

Here and there some thoughtful person wonders why this idea of trading upon a large scale with South America has never caught the imagination of Uncle Sam's nephews before. To be sure, the great inventions are often so simple that the wonder is, not that they have been thought of, but that they have been delayed so long. Was this great commercial invention one of those obvious things that was so close to the nose that it escaped the eye? What is the real explanation of our long delay in starting after the South American trade?

### *The Basis of South American Suspicion*

THERE are always two parties to a sale, the buyer and the seller. It might be just as well to look into the state of mind of the buyer before becoming cocksure that he will sign the order made out by the salesman and offer him hospitality all in the twinkling of an eye. History explains a good many states of mind. The history of a trade in which Yankee merchants once engaged is an important item in the mind of the South American. As a matter of record, South America, at least the east coast of South America, was once a customer of the Yankee trader. There were certain commodities in the West Indies that were needed in New England. Coffee and sugar were on this list. Ships built in the yards along the New England coast went south to make purchases of sugar in the cane and coffee in the raw. The chief objective of these expeditions was, of course, the West Indies; but the more enterprising mariners pressed on farther south and dickered with the natives along the coast for other articles that struck the fancy of the mariners. Mahogany has been one of the characteristics of the New England home and, in spite of recent imitations of antiques, there is and has been a good deal of real mahogany in New England. But it did not all come over in the Mayflower. The good ship Mayflower was somewhat smaller than the Lusitania, and stern realists have urged the conclusion that at least some of the mahogany furniture credited to the cargo of the Mayflower reached this country in some other way. As a matter of fact, a good deal of it came up from South America along with bundles of sugar cane and bags of coffee beans. It was picked up here and there by the Yankee captains.

The payments for the coffee, sugar, mahogany and other things were made partly in cash. That explains why it is that United States coins of an ante-bellum mintage are often to be found in South America. The payments were also made in kind. The kind in which they were made was any old kind. This second feature of the payments explains why it is that South America and Spanish America have to this day certain suspicions of goods bearing a Yankee trade-mark.

Overproduction was by no means uncommon in the factories of New England even at that early day, and the mariners often bought up a cargo of unsalable Yankee factory products. The rule used in the selection of what goods to purchase for a trading expedition was not so much the requirements of Spanish-American life as the degree of necessity of the seller in New England, New York and Pennsylvania. Goods that were unsalable in New England were assumed to be precisely what the people farther south required. The Yankee captain would load up his vessel in the joyful consciousness that he was a salesman endowed with the capacity for getting away with almost anything. In the end he would trade off his cargo for something really useful, even though the goods he had carried were of no possible use to the party of the other part. One famous and characteristic cargo consisted of a quantity of warming pans of a type used to enable Puritans of waning faith to sit through the long sermons in the old-time meetinghouses. In spite of the fact that the Spanish-Americans did not lean to meetinghouses and had no experiences of a New England winter, the cargo was sold.

Had there in those days been an active consular branch of the State Department such incidents might not have been so common as they were and the people of Spanish America to-day would not be so cautious in dealing with Yankees. But there was no consular department for business purposes and the trade in gold bricks flourished for a time. Such trade necessarily lacks continuity. The skipper would remember where he sold the warming pans and would make his next deal at some other point. The term "commerce destroyer" is almost as applicable to certain old merchant ships that set out from New England ports, in the early years of the last century, as it is to the Emden, late of the Kaiser's navy.

It is plain, therefore, that Spanish America is not to be regarded as a new customer for Uncle Sam. In a sense, Spanish America is a lost customer, a customer whose eyes were opened to the excellence of other houses by the defects in the house with which he dealt. The Yankee traders earned a reputation for two things—for having no credit system and for being slippery. In the United States the states that were in the Confederacy still remember the exploits of the carpetbaggers of the Reconstruction to the embarrassment of the Republican Party, and Spanish America still remembers the confidence games that were worked upon her in the thirties.

She remembers, too, that trade with the States was trade for cash. There was no such thing as credit. The settlement was made and the vessel sailed away. The same captain might return the next year and he might not. He certainly did not build up trade. When the British came with their banking system and the Germans with their excellent articles and their indulgent credits they had no difficulty in winning the hearts of the "other Americans" to commerce with them. Thus the trade contest in Spanish America has become more or less of an Anglo-Teutonic duel.

### *The Tale the Tailor Told*

BUT what of the reputation of the United States with the American people? Do they prefer American-made goods to all others? Let us ask the tailors. About half of the goods in the average tailor's stock bear foreign labels. As a matter of fact, less than one-sixth of them probably are foreign made. The other five-sixths are products of American mills. Why is it that the goods are marked with a foreign label when they are made in this country? The answer is that the American people prefer foreign goods. They feel more comfortable if they have coats that seem to have been imported. The term imported has been responsible for about as many lies as any word in the language.

There was a tailor who usually did an honest business. He tried to satisfy his customers and he expected them to believe what he said, but he found that the temptation to lie was very great. A man of the world came into his shop one day. He had traveled extensively. He knew much about world commerce and was of the sort who would detect a false coin of any one of the principal nations about as quickly as a bank clerk detects a counterfeit bill. He was distinctly not a man to be fooled. He wanted a suit of clothes. The tailor guessed exactly what he wanted. The first piece of goods exhibited was the piece which the customer desired for the new suit. As the order was practically completed the customer asked: "Is this imported?" "No, sir, it is not."

The customer seemed disappointed. Believing that he was a wise man the tailor went on to explain something of the merit of the fabric and why it was the best of its kind to be had. The explanation did not hold the attention of the customer. His eye wandered toward the door. The tailor then felt constrained to remark: "Of course if you wish imported goods I can give you something very like this, but it will cost more."

With that the tailor went to the rear of the shop and brought out another piece of the same material. The customer sighed a sigh of relief. He had been saved from the

On the Run

solecism of a domestic suit. He ordered the goods at one dollar a yard more. Perhaps the tailor made a charitable investment of the extra dollars in order to square his conscience, but most probably he invested them in more domestic cloth.

If you give your tailor a good dinner and make him feel that you may be trusted with the secrets of his trade he may even tell you a story very like that which has been told. There is nothing rare about this story, except for the fact that it was actually told by a tailor.

Of course it is true that there are times when the tailor is as innocent as the customer. He often sells domestic goods when asked for imported, to be sure, but he does so in good faith. The label was on the goods when they came into his shop and the firm behind the label was supposedly reliable. There was no reason for the tailor to suspect that the label was false. He may go on year after year selling domestic goods as imported goods and nothing ever happen to him. His customers are satisfied and he earns his living.

Many a man takes out his raincoat on a cloudy day in the proud belief that it was waterproofed by a process which only the British, eternally facing their "blasted English drizzle," have achieved. As a matter of fact, the goods of the coat were woven in New England, and the nearest they ever came to a customhouse was when they were sent to New York to be waterproofed. Even the labels that proclaim their British superiority are woven in America.

It is quite unfair, however, to intimate that this kind of fooling of the people, who love to be fooled and who will pay the price to be fooled, is practiced in no business except the clothing business. Investigation proves that there is apparently no limit to the number of such deceptions. A splendid place to be fooled is an auction room where antique Oriental rugs are sold. The sensation is all the more delightful if the attendants of the place are themselves imported. An Oriental costume at such a time will so blind the eyes of the purchaser that he will fail to see the American label on the rug. Many a poor buyer has purchased for $125 a rug that cost $12.25 when it left the American factory that produced it.

### Franco-American Shoe-Trees

Of course the English make very fine leather goods. This is a point that is generally conceded. As a mere matter of detail it may be stated that, though a good many of them are really imported, a good many of them are made in this country. There was a young American couple who were very fond of Paris. Whenever they could manage the steamer fare they went there. As they prepared to return home they felt the need of remembering their friends and relatives with some gift that should be both useful and unique. In a shop in Paris the wife discovered the most wonderful shoe-trees in the world. The French managed to make them wonderfully cheap and they were altogether more satisfactory than any other shoe-trees to be had. These shoe-trees became a stock present. American friends were delighted with them and always asked for another pair on the next trip. In all, husband and wife brought about fifty pairs of shoe-trees to this country. One day the husband made a great discovery in the family boot-box. He found a shoe-tree with a Connecticut manufacturer's name upon it. Then he found that every one of the perfect shoe-trees had the same mark. They had come from a factory in New England, but, like American singers, the shoe-trees had found it necessary to go abroad for American recognition. Since that discovery this particular couple has spent less money abroad and more at home. Their eyes are opened. They feel that they have better uses for their money than to pay freight charges both ways across the Atlantic.

In my summer home at Gloucester, Massachusetts, I have on the wall a Dutch poster which I purchased in Amsterdam and upon which I paid a duty when passing through the customhouse in New York. After getting it to Gloucester I took it to a local store to have it framed. When showing the mechanic where to cut the edge I discovered in fine letters the words: "Printed in Westchester, N. Y., U. S. A."

### When Prunes are "French"

However, there are many Americans who have been engaged in subsidizing the merchant marine simply because they love to read labels that bear the word "imported." There is a big house in New York that buys largely of California wine. It buys the wine in the cask. The wine is shipped to France. There it is bottled. In due time an American or Americanized butler serves it to a table full of Americans, who smack their lips over the bottled French sunshine. At the same table prunes are sometimes served. They are French prunes. That is to say, the glycerin in which the prunes were dipped is French glycerin. The prunes themselves first appeared in California. But their trip almost round the world was not in vain. They achieved a price that mere American prunes cannot touch. After enjoying the "French" wine and the "French" prunes the company adjourns to the library and sits before the open fire. The guests admire the antique andirons which the host himself discovered in a little shop in a foreign city where ordinary tourists never go. He tells how he brought them over himself. He does not know that when he took his precious antiques to a dealer in his own city to have them cleaned and repaired the dealer found his own firm label underneath the rust. The dealer did not say anything, because he was a wise dealer and did not care to have an unhappy man upon his premises.

Let us hope that the idiocy of preferring imported everything to domestic anything has reached its height. It has begun to make some people sick. The truth is told more often to-day than it was some years ago. Recently a woman purchased some Japanese nainsook at an American shop. As the bundle was being tied up she caught the eye of the salesman and said: "Is that made in Japan?" "No, madam," was the frank answer; "that is made in New Bedford." Yet when the bundle reached home the woman found a yellow label upon it. The label did not say anything about New Bedford nor did it say anything about Japan, but it was all covered with the sort of hieroglyphics with which a Chinese laundryman keeps his accounts.

A young woman who had worked her way up to the responsible post of buyer for a department of a large store in Chicago went to New York to purchase dresses for her firm. She requested the agent of a house with which her people dealt to arrange a display of the imported goods from which their dresses were made. Like the salesman quoted above, the agent was an honest man. He said that he would arrange the display, but that none of the goods were imported. Another instance of a growing conscience is found in a concern that makes a great many "imported" goods. It is, of course, an American concern. The head of the firm explained to one of his men that he felt that he was justified in calling the goods imported because they were made on imported machinery!

Often the Americans are described as liking to hear the eagle scream. They do not. They do not even like to hear the eagle whisper. They would rather have the eagle disguise himself as a lion, or cubify himself until he cannot be told from the extraordinary fowl on the Hohenzollern crest. Americans have got to increase their confidence in their own products. They must cultivate commercial pride. Their failure to cultivate commercial pride has resulted in a crop of lies among tailors and shopkeepers and jobbers and manufacturers.

The first commercial conquest by the United States must be made in the United States. It must become profitable for American manufacturers to use the brand, Made in U. S. A.

Already many factors are working toward the conquest of South American trade. The American bank has made its appearance in that great continent. The American shipper is learning how the people of Spanish extraction wish their goods sent. Commercial organizations all over this country are urging that the field of opportunity be studied at first hand, and this field is under the eye of keen observers.

The best factor of all is that the products of the U. S. A. are excellent. During the years of masquerading they have improved in quality. Foreign firms would not rebrand them were this not so. There are unquestionably certain things that can be made better abroad. Articles requiring an enormous amount of hand labor are upon this list. In some countries the assistance rendered by scientists to the manufacturers is now more effective than is the case here. But our products are good. What they need is a good name. On the whole they deserve a far better name than they have had. They should be assisted to the enjoyment of this their right. The first aid should come from the man or the woman on the consumer's side of the counter. Their mental attitude must change.

During the fall trade an enormous amount of satisfaction has been given to this man and woman because of the statement that most of them have heard in their favorite shop to the effect that the particular soap or wheat they happened to be had been tossed with more than luck in getting its importations out of the war zone. Most of the clerks who told this story probably believed it to be true. Years of handling foreign labels have caused them to accept the statements implied by these labels. When they found that the war had surprisingly little effect upon the lines sold in their stores they were forced to the conclusion that the consignments to their firms had somehow been sent through in spite of the general tendency to withdraw merchant ships from their accustomed routes. It was very natural that the clerks should offer this explanation for their full lines. As I have shown, the true explanation is that many of the imported articles come by an all-land route which leads through the Eastern and Middle-Western states and never crosses the coast line at all.

A change of heart is needed. Why not ask if the goods offered are made in America? If this question is asked often enough the truth will gradually be disclosed. The real state of affairs will then be driven home to the consumer, and when it is we shall become proud of our country and of its products. There is a campaign that has for its slogan, "See America First." This has been applied to American cities and American scenery. It should also be applied to American products.

Hereafter let us insist on first seeing goods that are made in the United States, and if they are satisfactory let us muster enough individuality to buy them.

# HUMAN HEAT

A MACHINE for determining exactly how much food any person needs in order to keep his weight stationary is now in operation at Bellevue Hospital, in the city of New York. At present it is applied only to persons who are ill, especially typhoid fever patients; but its further application to the struggles of healthy people against growing fat is probable. With the facts obtained from this machine, doctors can provide a diet for patients in the hospital that will keep up their weight and so keep up their strength all through an illness, avoiding the two dangers of overworking the organs by supplying too much food or of weakening the organs by not providing sufficient nourishment.

The old treatment of typhoid was to supply food very sparingly to the patient, leaving him weak and emaciated at the end of the fever. Fatal results were feared if the patient was given much nourishment. The most modern theory, however, is that, with extreme care and expert knowledge in the selection and administration of food, it is safe to provide enough nourishment to keep up the patient's weight and strength. Scientific knowledge of foods, combined with understanding of the bodily requirements, is essential.

The new machine gives a full and exact report of the bodily requirements instead of the rough estimates that have prevailed. It is called the respiration calorimeter, and its duty is to report how much heat is manufactured by the body of a patient. Food is turned into heat by the body, and it is already known exactly how much heat will be manufactured by the body out of an ounce of any common article of food.

Thus, if the doctor finds out how much heat is being manufactured by the body of a typhoid fever patient, he can easily figure out how much food—to the fraction of an ounce—must be supplied to keep up that heat production without drawing on the reserve forces of the patient and causing a gradual weakening. The digestive organs may be expected to handle the proper amount of food readily—provided, of course, the right kind of food is selected as well as the right quantity. Any extra food would overtax the digestive organs.

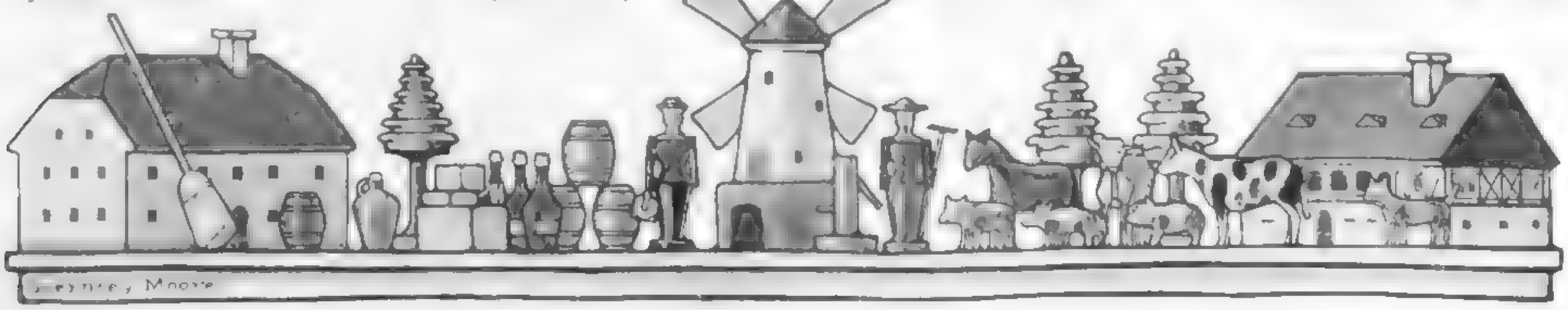
The respiration calorimeter consists of a big box, in which the patient is placed for two or three hours, with a set of instruments that will record every vestige of heat produced inside the box. Arrangements are made to keep it at an even and comfortable temperature and to supply good ventilation. The record will show, for instance, a heat production at the rate of a certain number of calories a day, weight and size making much difference between normal individuals.

A certain allowance must then be made for activity by the person, including the activity of digestion. If the person is a typhoid fever patient, and consequently is confined to bed, with only slight activity—such as sitting up in bed occasionally—the extra allowance will be small and easily estimated.

The heat production in a day is thus known, and the necessary food for this individual can be prescribed by the doctor down to the fraction of an ounce. Without the calorimeter it is possible to estimate the heat production of any person, though not with assurance of great accuracy.

The machine at Bellevue Hospital cost five thousand dollars and is expensive to operate. Few persons can have the benefit of this one at the present time, but others may come into use in all well-equipped hospitals. In any event the records made at Bellevue ought to furnish enough exact knowledge of heat production to help doctors estimate more correctly in similar cases.

In the same way records of heat production by healthy persons will be accumulated, in order to make it easier for doctors to prescribe the exact amount of food a healthy person of a certain weight and size may eat without growing fatter or leaner.



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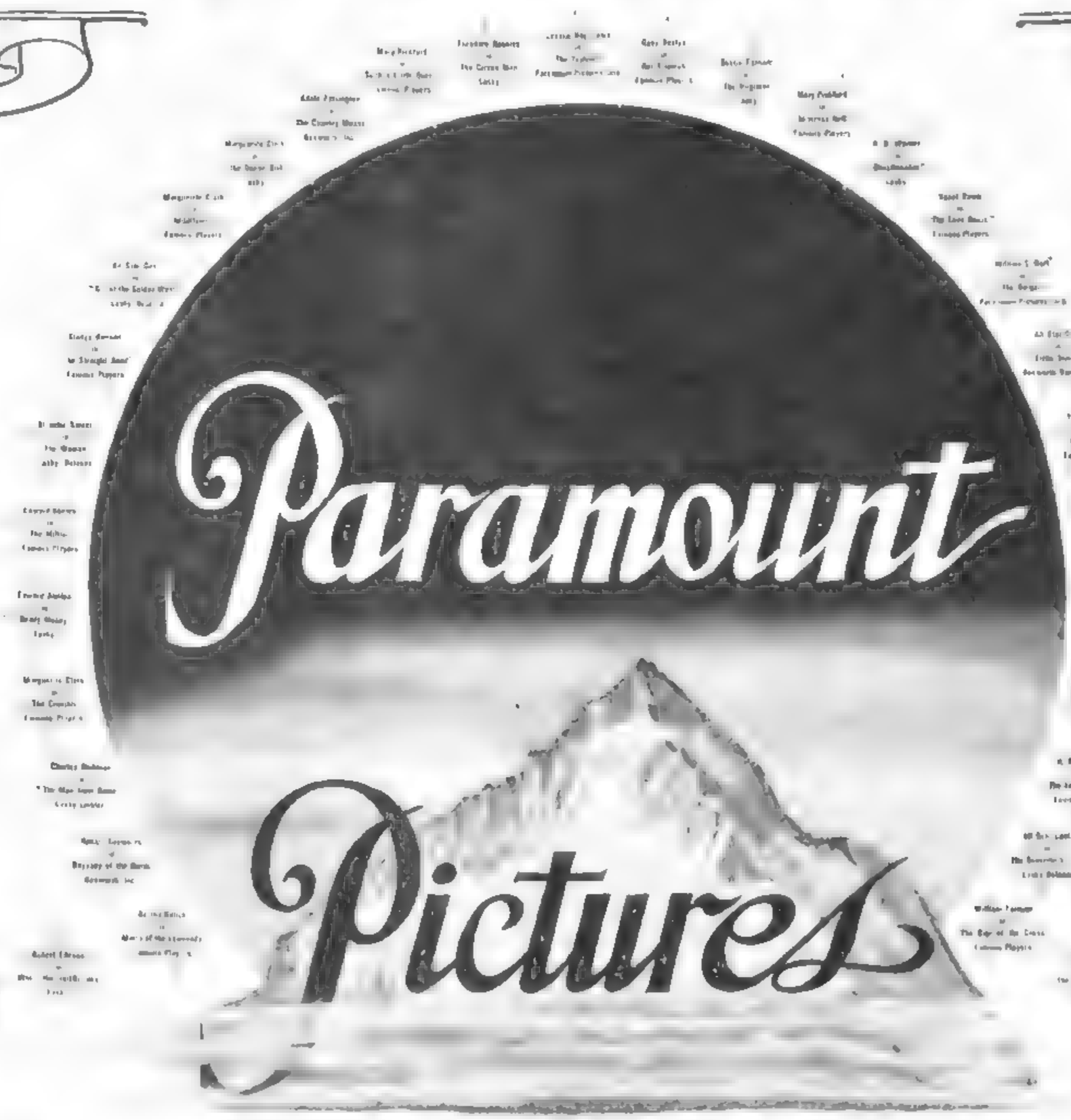


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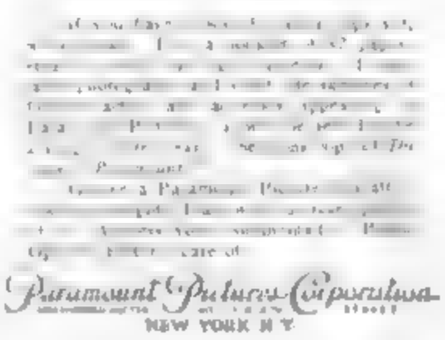

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The New Oakland

# THE FOREHANDED MAN

## By Will Payne

FAKES and wildcats seem to compose the only branch of the investment business not paralyzed by war. Here, for example, is a letter inquiring whether six per cent debentures issued by a speculative and dubious land-development scheme would be a good investment—at a time when short-term notes of the International Harvester Company could be bought on a basis yielding six and a quarter per cent interest, or six and three-quarters per cent interest might be made by buying notes of Amalgamated Copper, or over seven per cent by buying notes of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad; or when New York City's six per cent short-term bonds could be had at a very small premium.

If there was ever a time when investors need pay no attention to doubtful, unproved, little-known, experimental stuff that time is now; because there is hardly a doubt that for some time to come standard securities issued by great, thoroughly established and well-known concerns may be had on a very attractive interest basis.

Two months after the declaration of war the only important security issue in this country consisted of a hundred million dollars of six per cent one, two and three year bonds, put out at par by the city of New York. As I explained in a former article this was really a forced loan, all the banks in the city subscribing to the bonds not because they wanted the investment, but in order to save the city's credit.

### *Extravagant New York*

These bonds, it may be noted, are exempt from the Federal income tax and exempt from all taxation in the state of New York, except for state purposes. They are available for use by banks as collateral for emergency currency under the Vreeland-Aldrich Act and as security under the Workmen's Compensation Act of New York; also they are a legal investment for savings banks and trustees in New York and other Eastern states.

In September the banks offered at par about half of the bonds to the public. Subscriptions exceeded the amount offered, and the bonds went to a premium ranging from a fraction of one per cent for the one-year to over two per cent for the three-year.

One reason for the success of the issue if it can be called success when America's greatest city sells six per cent bonds at par—was that the contract between the city and the bank syndicate put a strong brake on future borrowing by the city.

Next to the Federal Government the city of New York has been about the most conspicuous spender in the country. The consolidation that created Greater New York became effective at the beginning of 1898. Greater New York's budget for that year amounted to seventy-seven million dollars. This year it amounts to one hundred and ninety-three million, a two-and-a-half-fold increase. The net debt of Greater New York at consolidation was two hundred and thirty-two million dollars. It now exceeds one billion, which is a little greater than the interest-bearing debt of the United States.

This net debt now amounts to nearly two hundred dollars a head, which is rather more money than about half the heads could individually produce. In ten years, adding increase of net debt to budgets, the city has spent over two billion dollars. The outbreak of the war found it—with eighty-odd million dollars of short-term obligations maturing abroad—in a situation so uncomfortable that extraordinary measures were necessary to save its credit. In agreeing to take a hundred million dollars of city bonds the bank syndicate stipulated for a restriction on future borrowings.

To carry out that agreement, the Board of Estimate, which is virtually the city government, adopted resolutions as follows, providing: That revenue-producing public improvements, such as subways, docks, railroad and water terminals, and waterworks, be paid for, as in the past, by issues of fifty-year bonds; that all nonrevenue-producing improvements authorized during the remainder of this year and in 1915 be paid for, one-fourth out of taxes levied the succeeding year and three-fourths by issues of fifteen-year bonds, to be amortized or to mature serially in equal yearly installments—so that in each case the issue should be extinguished at the end of fifteen years; that nonrevenue-producing improvements authorized in 1916 be paid for, one-half out of the next year's taxes and one-half by fifteen-year amortized or serial bonds; that nonrevenue-producing improvements authorized in 1917 be paid for, three-quarters out of the next year's taxes and one-quarter by fifteen-year bonds; that in 1918 and thereafter all nonrevenue-producing improvements be paid for out of the subsequent year's taxes.

This plan, it [illegible] retrenchment [illegible] suggests that economy [illegible] a popular word [illegible] States. Recently, for the first time within my recollection, we have seen a really significant bit of economy practiced at Washington. In fear of an outraged public opinion Congress, while levying a hundred million dollars of emergency taxes, actually pruned many million dollars of profligate appropriations from the pork-barrel Rivers and Harbors Bill.

In the fiscal year that ended with June the net ordinary expenditures of the Federal Government exceeded seven hundred million dollars for the first time since the Civil War.

Ordinary expenses include practically all expenses of the Government except payments on principal of the public debt, on account of the Panama Canal, and postal disbursements that are met by postal revenues. They include, of course, all war and navy expenses; and last year they amounted to nearly a hundred million dollars more than in the year of the Spanish-American War. For another comparison, they were double the expenses of the Government in the last year of Cleveland's Administration.

That many of the increased expenses are for highly useful purposes no one denies; nor does any well-informed person deny that, as a whole, they involve huge waste. It is as certain as any undemonstrated thing can be that the entire hundred million dollars to be raised by the emergency taxes could be saved by intelligent economy without at all impairing the usefulness of the Government.

The hundred million dollars of extra Federal taxes is only a part of what we are bound to lose in the current fiscal year by the present European War; and it is possible that the war, before we are done with its effects, may make economy popular in the United States. It has always been popular in theory. A man with a town house, a country place, a dozen or twenty servants, and a flock of automobiles never tires of preaching it to farmers and mechanics.

### *Economy for the Other Fellow*

I have seen men sitting at food that certainly cost not less than ten dollars a plate nearly burst into tears over the awful way in which farmers were buying automobiles and over the wicked extravagance of plumbers in feeding their families with beefsteak.

On the other hand, I have seen wage-earners, while emptying their own pockets for drink, grow purple in the face and unprintable in language over the sinful extravagance of Fifth Avenue. We have all heard pork-barrel statesmen denounce wastes that brought no grist to their mill.

By economy the shock of this war can be easily absorbed—but not by the familiar and bogus economy that consists in telling somebody else to retrench.

The people of the United States, I believe, are about to have the best opportunity for profitable and reasonably safe investment of capital that has been seen in many years. Turn back to the quotations of 1896 and 1897—if you can withstand the pangs of remorse for a few minutes—and see for what many securities which were actually good could have been bought at that time. I see no likelihood that we shall have any such business and industrial prostration as preceded 1897; but Europe has something worse, and, so far as investment goes, her condition is bound to react on us.

It is true that by retrenchment, particularly in the matter of armaments, Europe can partly offset her war losses. She spent last year much more than a billion dollars on armies and navies, and that sum would pay the interest on twenty billion dollars of five per cent bonds; but, whatever future retrenchments there may be, a great part of the expenses of the war will have to be met by bond issues.

A government, broadly speaking, never has any money. Income for the year is calculated in advance at just about enough to meet known expenditures. When any large unforeseen expenditure arises it must immediately resort to borrowing, and its borrowings absorb that much investable capital; so, even though war involved no actual destruction of capital at all, it would create a great demand for investable capital.

We all know war does involve destruction of capital. In France, Germany, Belgium and Austria-Hungary, at least, it largely stops the production of capital. A great part of the labor of those countries—and that the most efficient part—is withdrawn from all productive industry. In a somewhat less degree that is true of Russia. In a still smaller degree it is true of England; but even England is preparing to put nearly one and a half million soldiers in the field. Canada and Australia are sending volunteers and may send more.

### *A Great Year for Bargains*

South America is burdened with moratoriums and a trade demoralization much more acute than ours. We, too, have our war handicaps in tight money, unmarketable cotton, and so on; but production of capital can go on here more freely than anywhere else in the world, for even Italy, Switzerland and Holland, though not engaged in war at this writing, have mobilized troops and so withdrawn an important portion of their labor from productive industry.

It is hardly too much to say that, in an investment way, we have the world on a bargain counter; and that, of course, must affect our home securities. How far we shall take advantage of the opportunity will depend in good part on how much we save; and that is the individual problem in exactly the same way that it is the national problem.

Practically it comes to this: How much are you going to save and invest? Will an unusual opportunity for investment induce you to forego the country place, the limousine, the parlor furniture, the new hat, or whatever other extravagance you have in mind?

I have heard a good many discussions of what constitutes genuine economy, but as a matter of fact, the point does not need discussion, for every man with sufficient intelligence to make a living knows in his heart whether a given outlay is an extravagance for him or not. There can be no possible rule about it.

Only the other day, for example, I heard a very intelligent man argue that all automobiles were an extravagance because they produced nothing and nobody had to have one. But he would not admit that for nearly everybody, except railroad men, watches are an extravagance because they produce nothing and nobody except railroad men has to have one.

A given suit of clothes would be rank extravagance for a day laborer with a family to support. On the other hand, it would be extravagance for a salesman to appear before his customers in the day laborer's overalls and brogans.

And one of the greatest extravagances in this extravagant country is the purchase of wildcat securities. Turn down the doubtful thing. Good things will be offered to you at attractive prices. Will you have the money with which to buy them?

## Surgical Magnets

POWERFUL magnets are aiding physicians in the military hospitals of Europe because of the character of the ammunition that is causing most of the wounds in the land battles. Shrapnel shells have been used to a greater extent than ever before, so that a very large proportion of wounds are from bits of shrapnel.

In the hospitals of France magnets have been developed that will draw fragments of shrapnel to the surface from a depth in the flesh of even six inches, and steel-jacketed bullets have been drawn out from a depth of more than two inches.

"Hello! What's your hurry?"

"Want to fix up my fire insurance. It expires at noon today!"

"What company are you in?"

"Oh, I don't bother about such details."

"Don't know the company's name?"

"Can't say I do."

"Do you ever take notes from your customers?"

"Sometimes."

"Ever take a note without knowing either name or rating of the man who made it?"

"Well, I guess not!"

"What is a note, anyway?"

"What are you driving at?—A promise to pay, of course."

"What's a fire insurance policy?"

"Why, it's a—"

"Promise to pay, isn't it?"

"By George! I guess it is. A promise to pay if you have a fire."

"Exactly. And you're paying your good money for a promise to pay when you don't even know the name of the company that promises!"

"Say, what company are you in?"

"A company that has promptly paid every just claim for over half a century—the good, old, fire-proof, panic-proof Hartford Fire Insurance Company."

"Enough said. I'm off. The Hartford for mine!"

**The Hartford Agent in *your* town is a good man to talk to. We shall be glad to send you his name.**

**The Hartford Fire Insurance Company**
Hartford Conn.

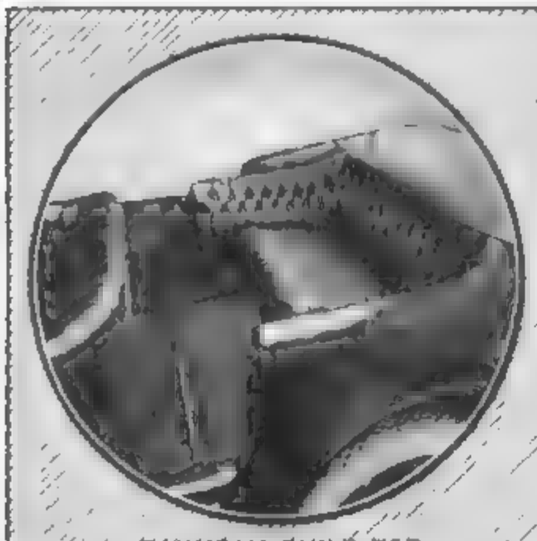
COUPON—SIGN—TEAR OFF—MAIL

*The Hartford Fire Insurance Company,*
*P-1 Hartford, Conn.*

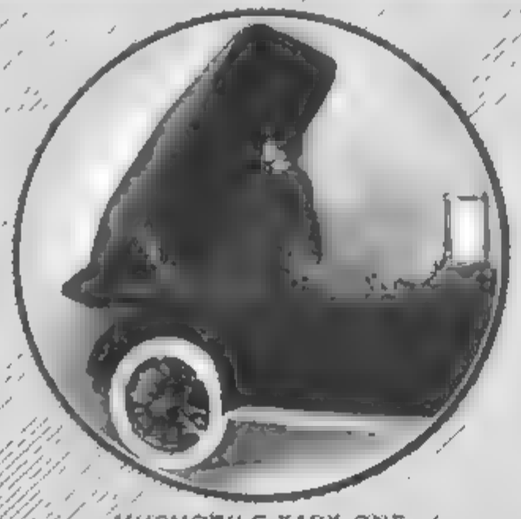
*Gentlemen:—Send me "Fire Insurance and Fire Prevention," your booklet suggesting ways of preventing fires.*

*Name* _____

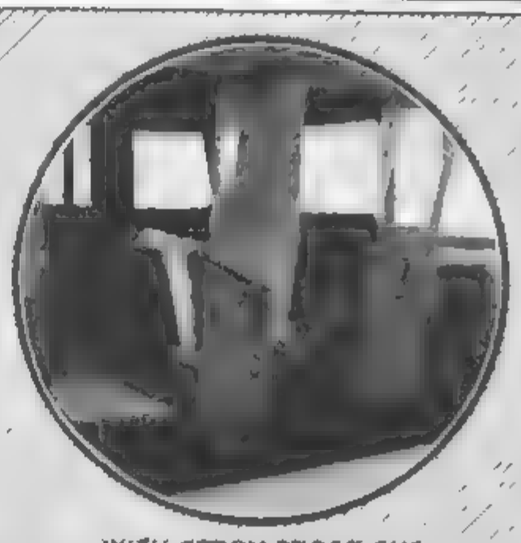
*Address* _____



TONNEAU BUILT FOR ROOMY COMFORT



HUPMOBILE EASY ONE-MAN TOP



WITH STORM-PROOF CURTAINS ON DOORS

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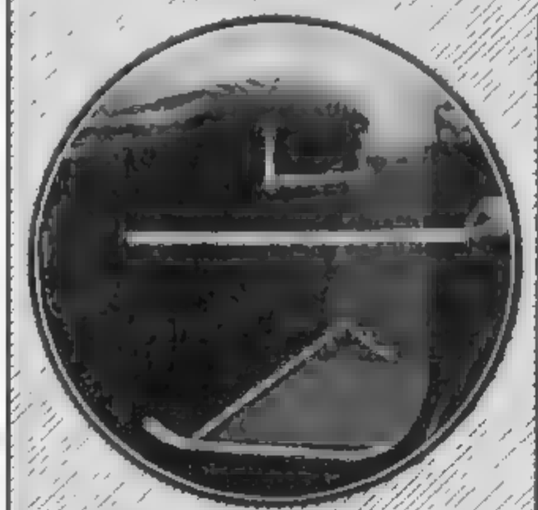
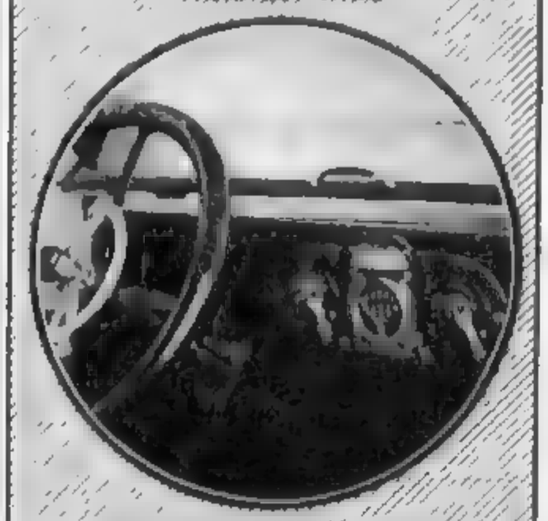
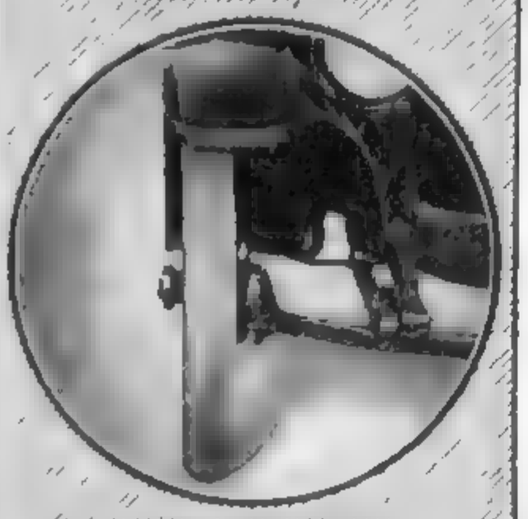


HUPMOBILE DOORS ARE EXCEPTIONALLY WIDE



HUPMOBILE THIEF-PROOF LOCKING DEVICE



WHEEL ANGLE MAKES EASY STEERING

# This Car Leaves Nothing

No man-made product—such as a motor car—can ever be entirely free from competition.

It is not desirable that it should be, because competition is a spur and an incentive.

But the more deeply a car is rooted in the good opinion of its owners, the less the stress of rivalry.

You must be conscious that this is strikingly true of the Hupmobile.

Competition between other cars swirls all around and about it.

But the great central zone of Hupmobile ownership remains practically untouched — and entirely unperturbed.

The Hupmobilist cannot be jarred loose from his allegiance.

Others may think of their cars in terms of what they *paid* — he thinks of his Hupmobile with grateful remembrance of what he *gets*.

A Hupmobile is something more to hi merely a motor car.

It is a form of service-rendered.

It is a continuous voucher of value-receive

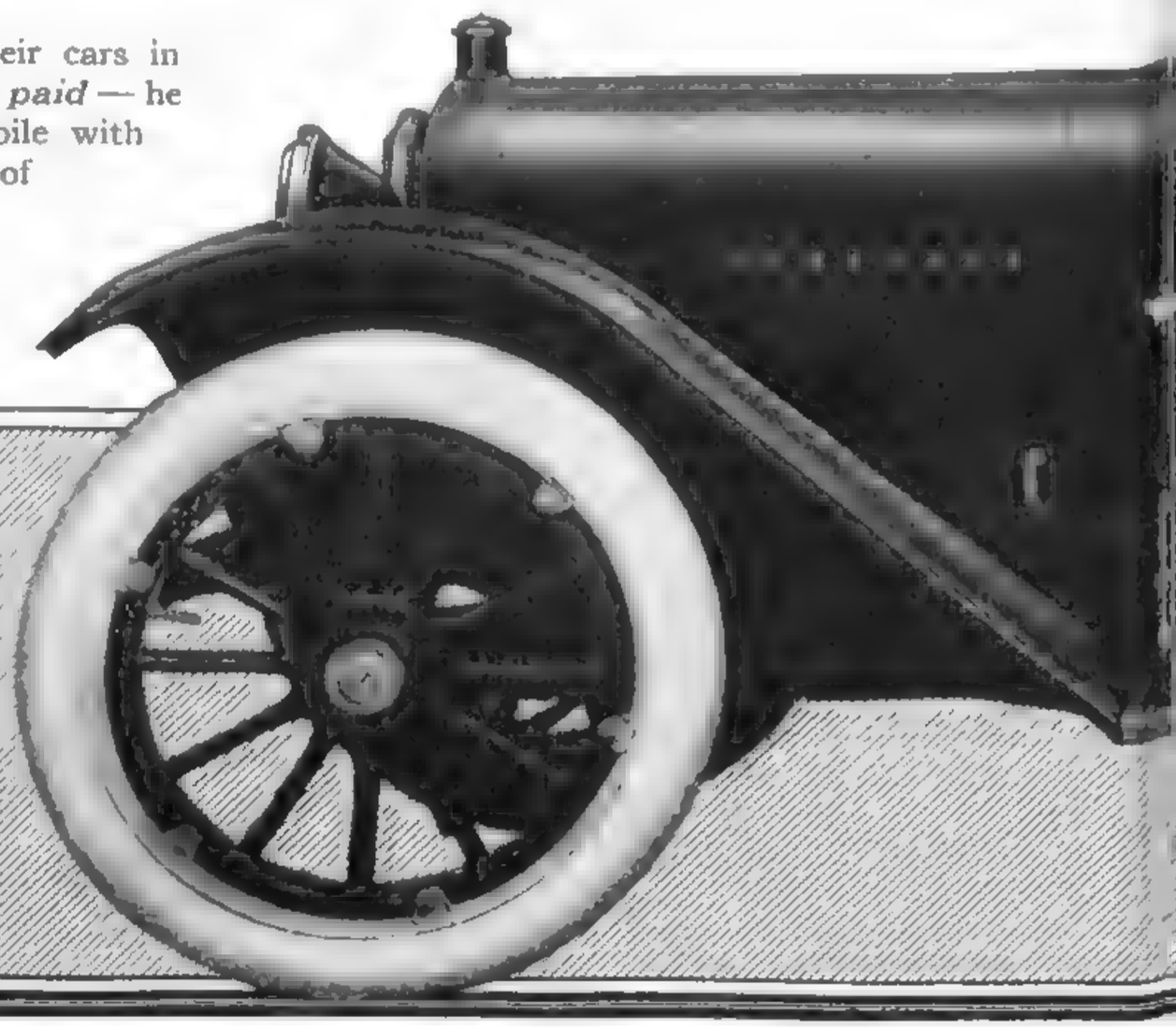
It is a high rate of interest returned on a investment.

He would no more think of discarding it would think of discharging an invalu employee whom he could not replace.

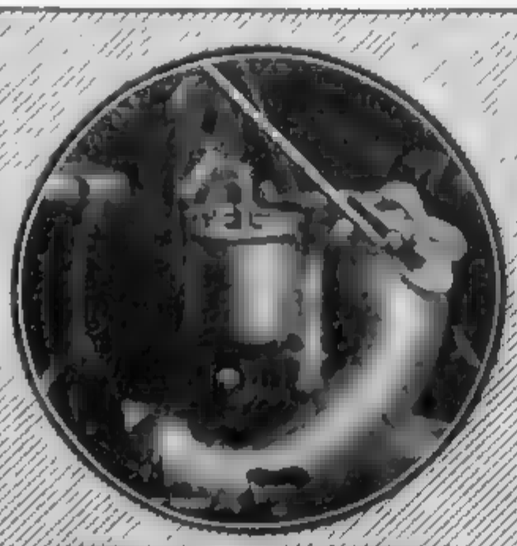
He would as soon flout a faithful friend abandon his Hupmobile.

He would as soon substitute an untried in vestment for one tried and proven.

This is the true explanation of Hupmobil



FLOATING AXLE EASILY ACCESSIBLE



HUPMOBILE ZENITH ECONOMY CARBURETOR

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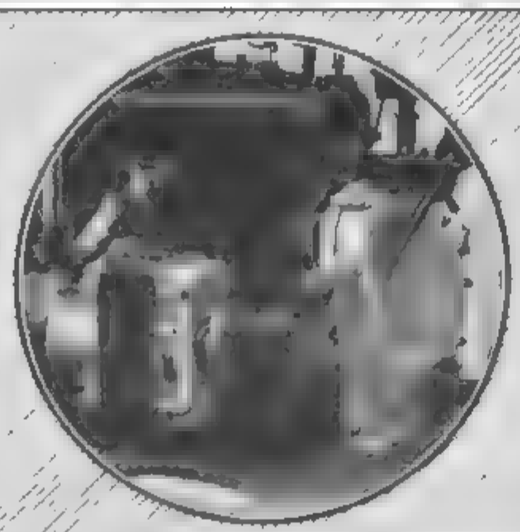
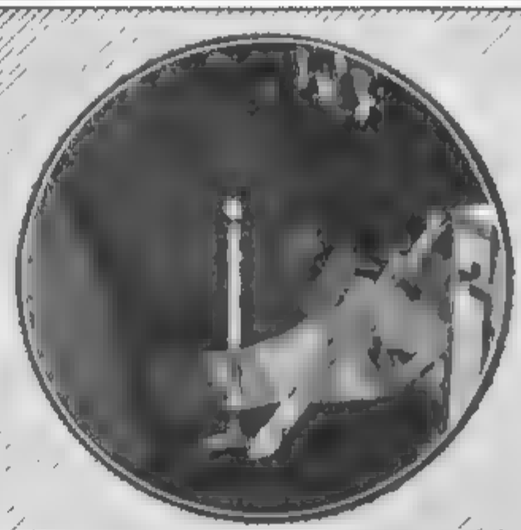
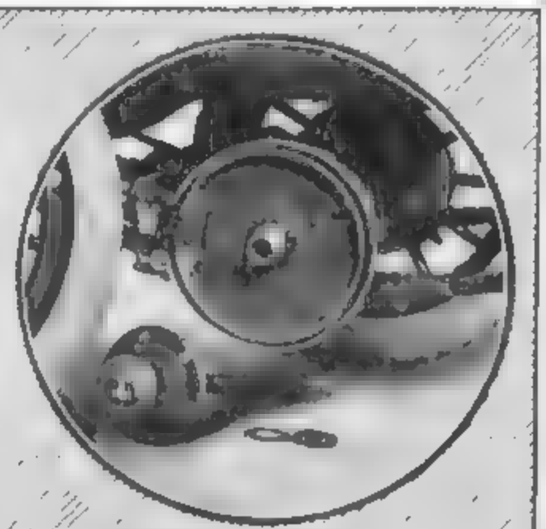

NON-STALLABLE LONG STROKE MOTOR


RIGHT HAND CONTROL: LARGE FOOT PEDALS


PERFECT CONTROL: OVER SIZE BRAKES

# to be Desired

than

sales solidity all over America, and all over the world.

*It leaves nothing to be desired in the mind of the man who owns it.*

That is why it is the car of the American family.

That is why you should own a Hupmobile.

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# $1200

*Five-passenger Touring Car or Roadster*
*Complete f. o. b. Detroit*

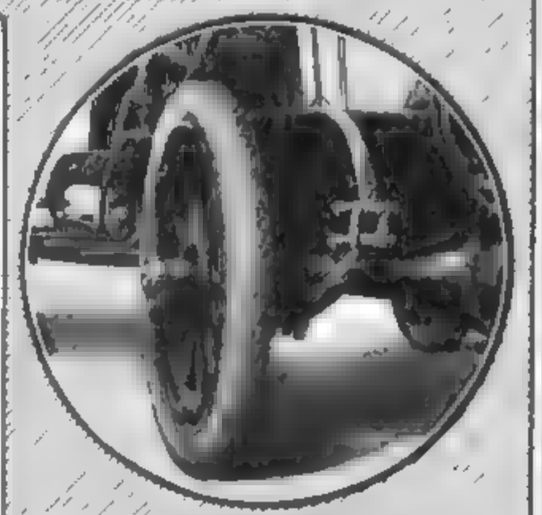
***In Canada, $1400 f. o. b. Windsor***

**Sedan Top for Touring Car . $165**
**Coupé Top for Roadster . . $125**
*f. o. b. Detroit*

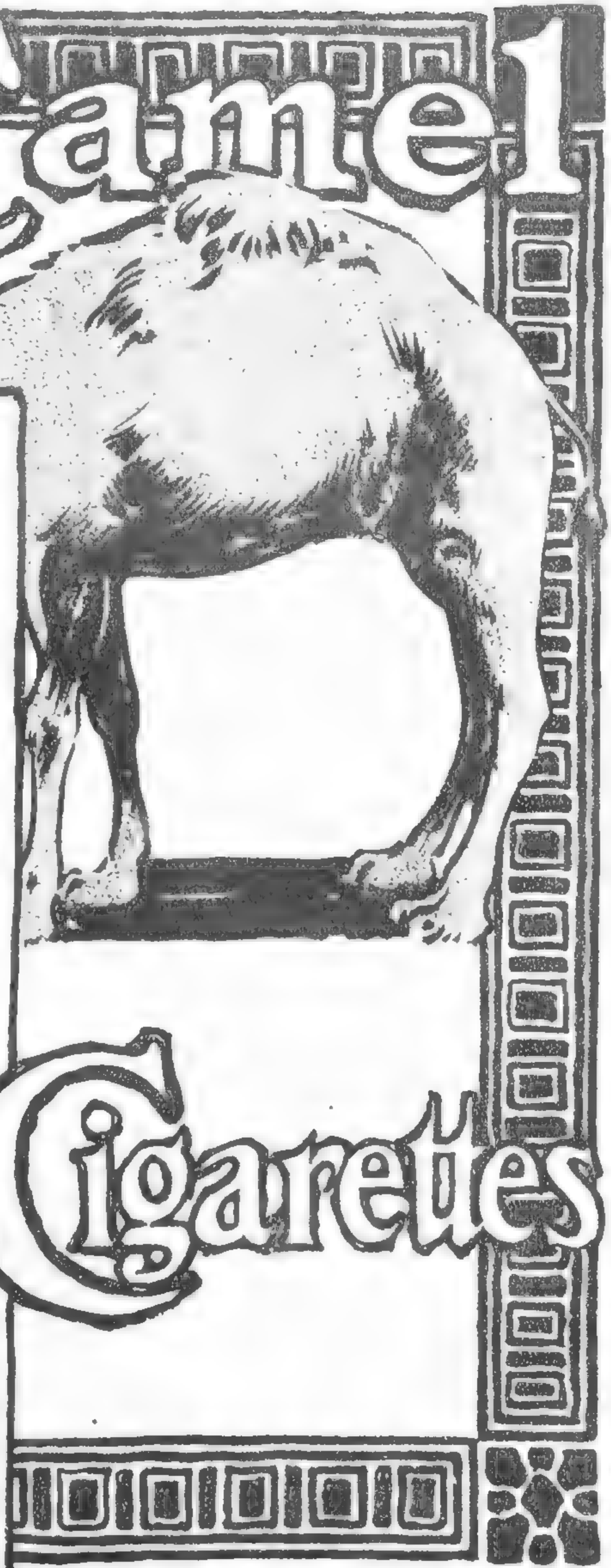
**Sedan Top for Touring Car . $200**
**Coupé Top for Roadster . . $150**
*f. o. b. Windsor, Ont*

Brief Specifications: Long-stroke motor (3½x5 ), Westinghouse electric starting and lighting ventilating rain-vision windshield, tires 34 x 4, non-skid on rear, demountable rims, extra rim, wheelbase, 119"

**Hupp Motor Car Company, Detroit**


BIG PATENTED SPRINGS GIVE COMFORT

# Camel



# Cigarettes

## It's the Blend

The superiority of CAMEL Cigarettes is all in the expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos. Smoke a CAMEL and you, too, will vote it a more pleasing smoke than either straight Turkish or straight Domestic cigarettes. You can't buy a more delightful smoke than CAMELS. There's no tongue-sting nor unpleasant, cigaretty after-taste.

Money cannot buy a better smoke than CAMELS. The cost of the tobaccos used in CAMELS prohibits our giving premiums in any form. We have put all the value possible into these cigarettes and their quality is their own premium. 20 for 10c everywhere.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

*If your dealer can't supply you, send 10c for one package or $1.00 for a carton of ten packages (200 cigarettes), sent postage prepaid. If after smoking one package you are not delighted with CAMELS, return the other nine packages and we will refund your dollar and postage.*

# IN THE RUT OF WAR

(Continued from Page 7)

"It was very fine," he added. "Very glorious."

"Did you have any losses in the charge?" asked one of our party.

"Oh, yes," he answered, as though that part of the proceeding was purely an incidental detail and of no great consequence. "We lost many men here—very many—several thousands, I think. Most of them are buried where you see those long ridges in the second field beyond."

In a sheltered corner of a redoubt, close up under a parapet and sheathed on its inner side with masonry, was a single grave. The pounding feet of many fighting men had beaten the mount flat, but a small wooden cross still stood in the soil, and on it in French were penciled the words:

"Here lies Lieutenant Verner, killed in the charge of battle."

His men must have thought well of the lieutenant to take the time, in the midst of the defense, to bury him in the place where he fell, for there were no other graves to be seen within the fort.

It was late in the short afternoon, and getting close on to twilight, when we got back into the town. Except for the soldiers there was little life stirring in the twisting streets. There was a funeral or so in progress. It seemed to us that always, no matter where we stopped, in whatsoever town or at whatsoever hour, some dead soldier was being put away. Still, I suppose we shouldn't have felt any surprise at that. By now all Europe was one great, vast funeral.

Daily in these towns back behind the firing lines a certain percentage of the invalided and the injured, who had been brought thus far before their condition became actually serious, would die; and twice daily, or oftener, the dead would be buried with military honors. So naturally we were eyewitnesses to a great many of these funerals. Somehow they impressed me more than the sight of dead men being hurriedly shoveled under ground on the battle front where they had fallen. Perhaps it was the consciousness that those who had these formal, separate burials were men who had come alive out of the fighting, and who, even after being stricken, had had a chance for life and then had lost it. Perhaps it was the small show of ceremony and ritual which marked each one—the firing squad, the clergyman in his robes, the tramping escort—that left so enduring an impress upon my mind. I did not try to analyze the reasons; but I know my companions felt as I did.

I remember quite distinctly the very first of these funerals that I witnessed. Possibly I remember it with such distinctness because it was the first. On our way to the advance positions of the Germans we had come as far as Chimay, an old Belgian town just over the frontier from France. I was sitting on a bench just outside the doorway of a parochial school conducted by nuns, which had been taken over by the conquerors and converted into a temporary receiving hospital for men who were too seriously wounded to stand the journey up into Germany. All the surgeons on duty here were Germans, but the nursing force was about equally divided between nuns, and Lutheran deaconesses who had been brought overland for this duty. Also there were several volunteer nurses—the wife of an officer, a wealthy widow from Düsseldorf and a school-teacher from Cologne among them. Catholic and Protestant, Belgian and French and German, they all labored together, cheerfully and earnestly doing drudgery of the most exacting and unpleasant sorts.

### The Cologne Lady's Quest

One of the patronesses of the hospital, who was also its manager *ex officio*, had just left with a soldier chauffeur for a guard and a slightly wounded major for an escort. She was starting on a three-hundred-mile automobile run through a half subdued and dangerous country, meaning to visit base hospitals along the German frontier until she found a supply of anti-tetanus serum. Lockjaw, developing from seemingly trivial wounds in foot or hand, had already killed six men at Chimay within a week. Four more were dying of the same disease. So, since no able-bodied men could be spared from the overworked staffs of the lazarets, she was going for a stock of the serum which might save still other victims. She meant to travel day and night, and if a bullet didn't stop her and if the automobile didn't go through a temporary bridge she would be back, she thought, within forty-eight hours. She had already made several trips of the sort upon similar missions. Once her car had been fired at and once it had been wrecked, but she was going again. She was from near Cologne, the wife of a rich manufacturer now serving as a captain of reserves. She hadn't heard from him in four weeks. She didn't know whether he still lived. She hoped he lived, she told us with simple fortitude, but of course these times one never knew.

It was just before sundown. The nuns had gone upstairs to their little chapel for evening services. Through an open window of the chapel just above my head their voices, as they chanted the responses between the sonorous Latin phrases of the priest who had come to lead them in their devotions, floated out in clear sweet snatches of sound, like the songs of vesper sparrows. Behind me, in a paved courtyard, were perhaps twenty wounded men lying on cots. They had been brought out of the building and put in the sunshine. They were on the way to recovery; at least most of them were. I sat facing a triangular-shaped square, which was flanked on one of its faces by a row of shuttered private houses and on another by the principal church of the town, a fifteenth-century structure with outdoor shrines snuggled up under its eaves. Except for the chanting of the nuns and the braggadocio booming of a big cock-pigeon, which had flown down from the church tower to forage for spilt grain almost under my feet, the place was quiet. It was so quiet that when a little column of men turned into the head of the street which wound past the front of the church and off to the left, I heard the measured tramping of their feet upon the stony roadway fully a minute before they came in sight. I was wondering what that rhythmic thumping meant, when one of the nursing sisters came and closed the high wooden door at my back, shutting off the view of the wounded men.

### The Soldier Without a Wreath

There appeared a little procession, headed by a priest in his robes and two altar boys. At the heels of these three were six soldiers bearing upon their shoulders a wooden box painted a glaring yellow; and so narrow was the box and so shallow-looking, that on the instant the thought came to me that the poor clay inclosed therein must feel cramped in such scant quarters. Upon the top of the box, at its widest, highest point, rested a wreath of red flowers, a clumsy, raggedy wreath from which the red blossoms threatened to shake loose. Even at a distance of some rods I could tell that a man's clumsy fingers must have fashioned it.

Upon the shoulders of the bearers the box swayed and jolted.

Following it came, first, three uniformed officers, two German nurses and two surgeons from another hospital, as I subsequently learned; and following them half a company of soldiers bearing their rifles and wearing side arms. As the small cortège reached a point opposite us an officer snapped an order and everybody halted, and the gun-butts of the company came down with a smashing abruptness upon the cobbles. At that moment two or three roughly clad civilians issued from a doorway near by. Being Belgians they had small cause to love the Germans, but they stopped in their tracks and pulled off their caps. To pay the tribute of a bared head to the dead, even to the unknown dead, is in these Catholic countries of Europe as much a part of a man's rule of conduct as his religion is.

The priest who led the line turned my way inquiringly. He did not have to wait long for what was to come, nor did I. Another gate farther along in the nunnery wall opened and out came six more soldiers, bearing another of these narrow-shouldered coffins, and accompanied by a couple of nurses, an officer and an assistant surgeon. At sight of them the waiting company brought their pieces up to a present, and held the posture rigidly until the second dead man in his yellow box had joined the company of the first dead man in his.

Just before this happened, though, one of the nurses of the nunnery hospital did a thing which I shall never forget. She must have seen that the first coffin had flowers upon it, and in the same instant realized that the coffin in whose occupant she had a more direct interest was bare. So she left the straggling line and came running back. The wall was draped with woodbine, very glorious in its autumnal tintings. She snatched a trailer of the red and yellow leaves down from where it clung, and as she hurried back her hands worked with magic haste, making it into a wreath. She reached the second squad of bearers and put her wreath upon the lid of the box, and then sought her place with the other nurses. The guns went up with a snap upon the shoulders of the company. The soldiers' feet thudded down all together upon the stones, and with the priest reciting his office the procession passed out of sight, going toward the burial ground at the back of the town. Presently, when the shadows were thickening into gloom and the angelus bells were ringing in the church, I heard, a long way off, the rattle of the rifles as the soldiers fired good-night volleys over the graves of their dead comrades.

On the next day, at Hirson, which was another of our stopping points on the journey to the front, we saw the joint funeral of seven men leaving the hospital where they had died during the preceding twelve hours, and I shan't forget that picture either. There was a vista bounded by a stretch of one of those unutterably bleak backways of a small and shabby French town. The rutted street twisted along between small gray plaster houses, with ugly, unnecessary gable-ends, which faced the road at wrong angles. Small groups of townspeople stood against the walls to watch. There was also a handful of idling soldiers who watched from the gateway of the house where they were billeted.

Seven times the bearers entered the hospital door, and each time as they reappeared, bringing one of the narrow, gaudy, yellow boxes, the officers lined up at the door would salute and the soldiers in double lines at the opposite side of the road would present arms, and then, as the box was lifted upon the wagon waiting to receive it, would smash their guns down on the bowldered road with a crash. When the job of bringing forth the dead was done the wagon stood loaded pretty nearly to capacity. Four of the boxes rested crosswise upon the flat wagon-bed and the other three were racked lengthwise on top of them. Here, too, was a priest in his robes, and here were two altar boys who straggled, so that as the procession started the priest was moved to break off his chanting long enough to chide his small attendants and wave them back into proper alignment. With the officers, the nurses and the surgeons all marching afoot marched also three bearded civilians in frock coats, having the air about them of being village dignitaries. From their presence in such company we deduced that one of the seven silent travelers on the wagon must be a French soldier, or else that the Germans had seen fit to require the attendance of local functionaries at the burial of dead Germans.

### More of the Yellow Boxes

As the cortège—I suppose you might call it that—went by where I stood with my friends, I saw that upon the sides of the coffins names were lettered in big, straggly black letters. I read two of the names—Werner was one, Vogel was the other. Somehow I felt an acuter personal interest in Vogel and Werner than in the other five whose names I could not read.

Wherever we stopped in Belgium or in France or in Germany these soldiers' funerals were things of daily, almost of hourly occurrence. And in Maubeuge on this evening, even though dusk had fallen, two of the inevitable yellow boxes, mounted upon a two-wheeled cart, were going to the burying ground. We figured the cemetery men would fill the graves by lantern light; and knowing something of their hours of employment we imagined that with the first job disposed of they would probably turn to and dig more graves that night, making them ready against the needs of the following morning. The new graves always were ready. They were made in advance, and still there were rarely enough of them, no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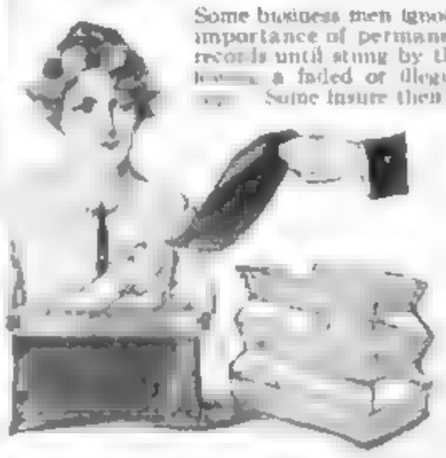

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# Your Boy's Spending Money

Wouldn't it have been better if your boy had earned his Christmas money instead of having had it given to him? Any manly boy would rather get his money that way. The fun and feeling of independence which a boy has in spending "his own money" are quite different things from spending what has been given to him.

*The Saturday Evening Post* has already solved the problem for thousands of the brightest and manliest boys in America. These boys sell *The Saturday Evening Post*. They get a lot of fun out of it, earn their own spending money, and without interfering with school duties get a moral and business training, the value of which cannot be reckoned in money.

Everything necessary for trying the experiment we will furnish without cost. As soon as a boy starts work he receives one of the most novel volumes ever prepared for boys, being a clever book brightened with 250 illustrations telling of the experiences of an army of red-blooded boys who have "made good." It is really an unusual book on salesmanship and high-grade business methods brought down to the level of the average boy. Any boy who wants to try the plan and to earn his own spending money can do so. Address your letter to

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matter how long or how hard the diggers kept at their work. At Aix-la-Chapelle, for example, in the principal cemetery the sexton's men dug twenty new graves every morning. By evening there would be twenty shaped mounds of clay where the twenty holes had been. The crop of the dead is the one sure crop upon which embattled Europe may count this winter and next spring. That harvest will not fail the warring nations, however scanty other yields may be.

In the towns in occupied territory the cemeteries were the only actively and constantly busy spots to be found, except the hospitals. Every schoolhouse was a hospital; indeed I think there can be no schoolhouse in the zone of actual hostilities that is not serving such a purpose. In their altered aspects we came to know these schoolhouses mighty well. We would see the wounded going in on stretchers and the dead coming out in boxes. We would see how the blackboards, still scrawled over perhaps with the chalked sums of lessons which never were finished, now bore pasted-on charts dealing in nurses' and surgeons' cipher-manual, with the bodily plights of the men in the cots and on the mattresses beneath. We would see classrooms where plaster casts and globe maps of the world and dusty textbooks had been cast aside in heaps to make room on desktops and shelves for drugs and bandages and surgical appliances. We would see the rows of hooks intended originally for the caps and umbrellas of little people; but now from each hook dangled the ripped, bloodied garments of a soldier—gray for a German, brown-tan for an Englishman, blue-and-red for a Frenchman or a Belgian. By the German rule a wounded man's uniform must be brought back with him from the place where he fell and kept handily near him, with tags on it, to prove its proper identity, and there it must stay until its owner needs it again—if ever he needs it again.

### *Melting a Frozen Bow*

We would see these things, and we would wonder if these schoolhouses could ever shake off the scents and the stains and the memories of these present dolorous visitations—wonder if children would ever frolic any more in the courtyards where the ambulances stood now with red drops trickling down from their beds upon the gravel. But that, on our part, was mere morbidness born of the sights we saw. Children forget even more quickly than their elders forget, and we knew, from our own experience, how quickly the populace of a French or Flemish community could rally back to their old sprightliness, once the immediate burdens of affliction and captivity had been lifted from off them.

From a jumbled confusion of recollection of these schoolhouse-hospitals sundry incidental pictures stick out in my mind as I write this article. I can shut my eyes and visualize the German I saw in a little parish school building in the abandoned hamlet of Colligis near by the River Aisne. He was in a room with a dozen others, all suffering from chest wounds. He had been pierced through both lungs with a bullet, and to keep him from choking to death the attendants had tied him in a half erect posture. A sort of hammocklike sling passed under his arms, and a rope ran from it to a hook in a wall and was knotted fast to the hook. He swung there, neither sitting nor lying, fighting for the breath of life, with an unutterable misery looking out from his eyes; and he was too far spent to lift a hand to brush away the flies that swarmed upon his face and his lips and upon his bare, throbbing throat. The flies dappled the faces of his fellow sufferers with black dots; they literally masked his.

I preserve a memory which is just as vivid of certain things I saw in a big institute in Laon. Although in German hands, and nominally under German control, the building was given over entirely to crippled or ailing French prisoners. These patients were minded and fed by their own people and attended by captured French surgeons. In our tour of the place I saw only two men wearing the German gray. One was the armed sentry who stood at the gate to see that no recovering inmate slipped out, and the other was the surgeon-general of the staff of Over-General von Heeringen, commanding the German center, who was making his daily round of inspection of the hospitals and had brought us along with him. Of the native contingent the person who appeared to be in direct charge was a handsome, elderly lady, tenderly solicitous of the frowziest Turco in the wards and exquisitely polite, with a frozen politeness, to the German officer. When he saluted her she bowed to him deeply and ceremoniously and silently. I never thought until then that a bow could be so profoundly executed and yet so icily cold. It was a lesson in congealed manners.

As we were leaving the room a nun serving as a nurse hailed the German and told him that one of her charges was threatening to die, not because of his wound, but because he had lost heart and believed himself to be dying.

"Where is he?" asked the German.

"Yonder," she said, indicating a bundled-up figure on a pallet near the door. A drawn, hopeless face of a half-grown boy showed from the huddle of blankets. The surgeon-general cast a quick look at the swathed form and then spoke in an undertone to a French regimental surgeon on duty in the room. Together the two approached the lad.

"My son," said the German to him in French, "I am told you do not feel so well to-day."

The boy-soldier whispered an answer and waggled his head despondently. The German put his hand on the youth's forehead.

"My son," he said, "listen to me. You are not going to die I promise you that you shall not die. My colleague here"—he indicated the French doctor—"stands ready to make you the same promise. If you won't believe a German, surely you will take your own countryman's professional word for it," and he smiled a little smile under his gray mustache. "Between us we are going to make you well and send you, when this war is over, back to your mother. But you must help us to do it; you must help us by being brave and confident. Is it not so, doctor?" he added, again addressing the French physician, and the Frenchman nodded to show it was so and sat down alongside the youngster to comfort him further.

As we left the room the German surgeon turned, and looking round I saw that once again he saluted the patrician French lady, and this time as she bowed the ice was all melted from her bearing. She must have witnessed the little byplay; perhaps she had a son of her own in service. There were few mothers in France last fall who did not have sons in service.

### *Evening at Maubeuge*

We might safely assume that the hospitals and the graveyard of Maubeuge would be busy places that evening, thereby offering strong contrasts to the rest of the stagnated town. But I should add that we found two other busy spots, too, the railroad station—where the trains bringing wounded men continually shuttled past—and the house where the commandant of the garrison had his headquarters. In the latter place, as guests of Major von Abercron, we met at dinner that night and again after dinner a strangely mixed company. We met many officers and the pretty American wife of an officer, Frau Elsie von Heinrich, late of Jersey City, who had made an adventurous trip in a motor ambulance from Germany to see her husband before he went to the front, and who sent regards by us to scores of people in her old home whose names I have forgotten. We met also a civilian guest of the commandant, who introduced himself as August Blanchertz and who turned out to be a distinguished big-game hunter and gentleman aëronaut. With Major von Abercron for a mate he sailed from St. Louis in the great balloon race for the James Gordon Bennett Cup, and came down in the Canadian woods and nearly died of hunger and exposure before he found a lumber camp. Their balloon was called the Germania. There was another civilian, a member of the German secret-service staff, wearing the Norfolk jacket and the green Alpine hat and on a cord about his neck the big gold token of authority which invariably mark a representative of this branch of the German espionage bureau; and he was wearing likewise that transparent air of mystery which seemed always to go with the followers of his profession.

During the evening the mayor of Maubeuge came, a bearded, melancholy gentleman, to confer with the commandant regarding a clash between a German underofficer and a household of his constituents. Orderlies and attendants bustled in and out, and somebody played Viennese waltz songs on a piano, and altogether there was quite a gay little party in the parlor of this handsome house which the Germans had commandeered for the use of their garrison staff.

At early bedtime, when we stepped out of the door of the lit-up mansion into the street, it was as though we had stepped into another country. Except for the tramp of a sentry's hobbed boots over the sidewalks and the challenging call of another sentry round the corner the town was as silent and seemingly as empty as a town of tombs. All the people who remained in this place had closed their forlorn shops where barren shelves and emptied showcases testified to the state of trade; and they had shut themselves up in their houses away from sight of the invaders. We could guess what their thoughts must be. Their industries were paralyzed, and their liberties were curtailed, and their businesses were dead or the same as dead, and every other house was a riddled, worthless shell. Among ourselves we debated as we walked along to the squalid tavern where we had been quartered, which of the spectacles we had that day seen most fitly typified the fruitage of war—the shattered, empty forts lying now in the moonlight beyond the town, or the sullen, conquered, half-destroyed town itself.

I guess, if it comes to that, they both typified it.

## *Illuminating Ideas*

THE daylight illuminating engineer is the latest specialist in the newest profession—illuminating engineering. His duty is to design buildings so that they shall make the best possible use of daylight.

All architects pay more or less attention to this subject, but the daylight specialist is developing tricks of his own to justify his existence. The interference of neighboring buildings, the effect of direction of windows, architectural decorations, and a score of similar points, are studied, with the idea of suggesting changes that increase the amount of daylight for every room.

Two such engineers have applied their ideas to the new courthouse in the city of New York. First, they constructed a large model of the building in pasteboard, taking great care to have the windows and the outside architectural trimmings exact. With this model the effect of direct sunlight for every day of the year is studied.

Wires are stretched on a curve above the model so that a lamp, traveling along the wires in imitation of the daily passage of the sun, will throw its rays into the windows just as the sun will do in the finished building. As the sun's course in summer is very different from that in winter a great many such wires are required to give all the variations of sunlight.

From the information obtained by this model it will be entirely possible for the engineers to make up a schedule of just what lights will be needed in the building every clear day of the year. For instance, they can decide by the model that on December second, in a certain room, daylight will be sufficient until four-fifteen in the afternoon, when one fifty-candle-power lamp should be switched on. The immediate value of the model, however, is to suggest slight changes in design that will improve daylight advantages.

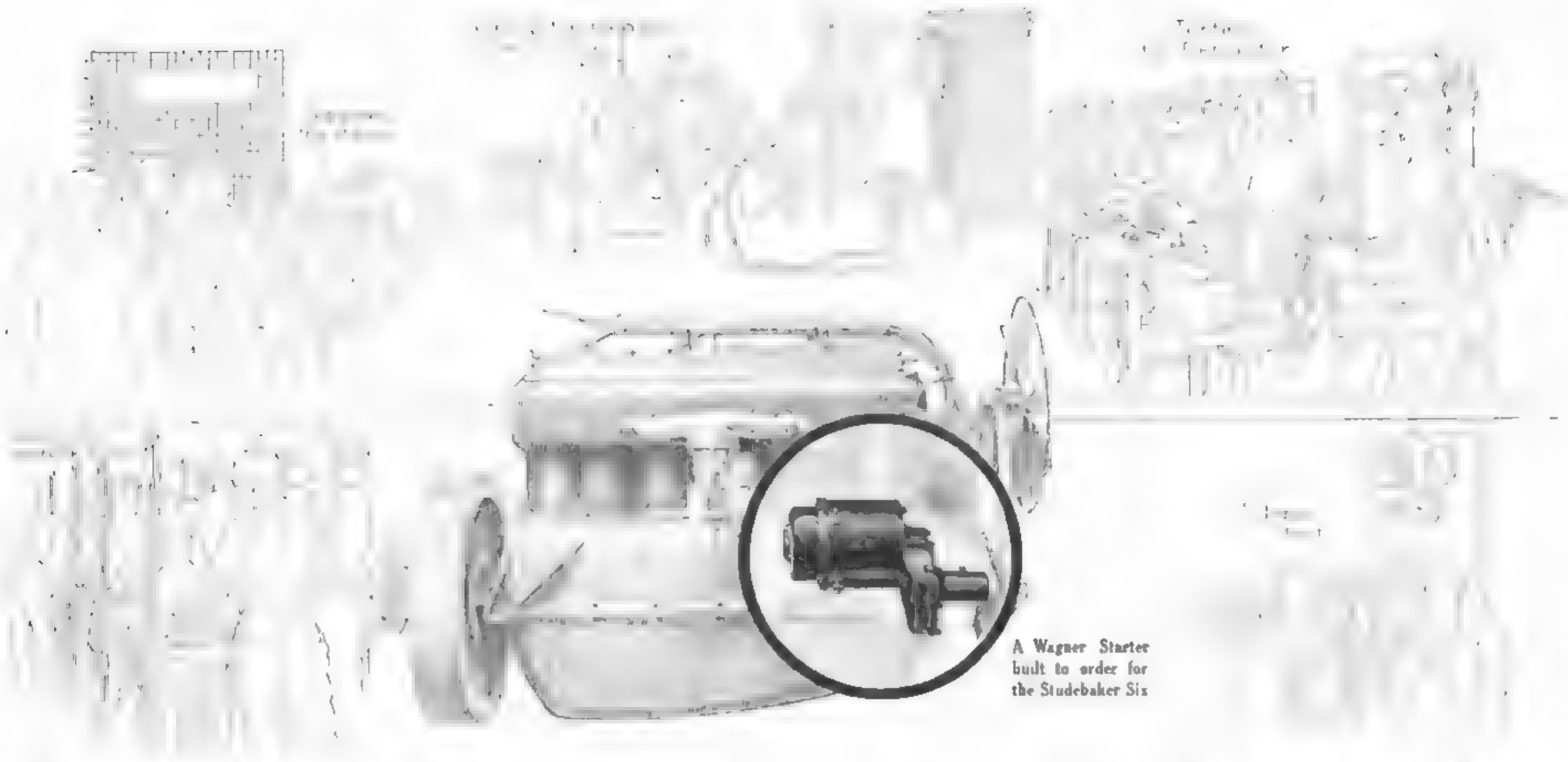
## *Ozonized Air*

OZONE has a new use—as a stimulant for public speakers. Premier Asquith, of Great Britain, has been delivering many vigorous but fatiguing speeches in English cities, to urge recruiting, and the ozone idea was developed to help him. An electric generator of ozone is set up in an anteroom, and a pipe is run under the floor to the speaker's stand or to the table from which he is to speak. The ozone is then poured into the air round the speaker.

Whether or not the ozone actually does invigorate Mr. Asquith he has not said, but it might do so; and in any event the presence of ozone gives a feeling of freshness and tang to the air.

In the past year doctors, chemists and electricians of the United States have conducted a spirited controversy over the beneficial effects of ozone, some doctors declaring that it neither helped nor hurt, and some chemists and electricians declaring that it was of real value in ventilation.

That ozone will kill disagreeable odors seems to be well established, and the advocates of it claim much more for it.

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is built by expert engineers who have had 24 years' specialized training in the development of motors, generators, transformers, converters, rectifiers, and electrical instruments of precision. Their skill has made the term Wagner, Quality the sterling mark of the electrical world and it has made the Wagner Company third in size among the great electrical machinery manufacturers of America. Everywhere, from the largest central lighting and power plants down to the smallest factories, you will find Wagner Motors and other Wagner, Quality apparatus doing efficient work. It must be evident that a Wagner Starter designed and made by such an organization must be right.

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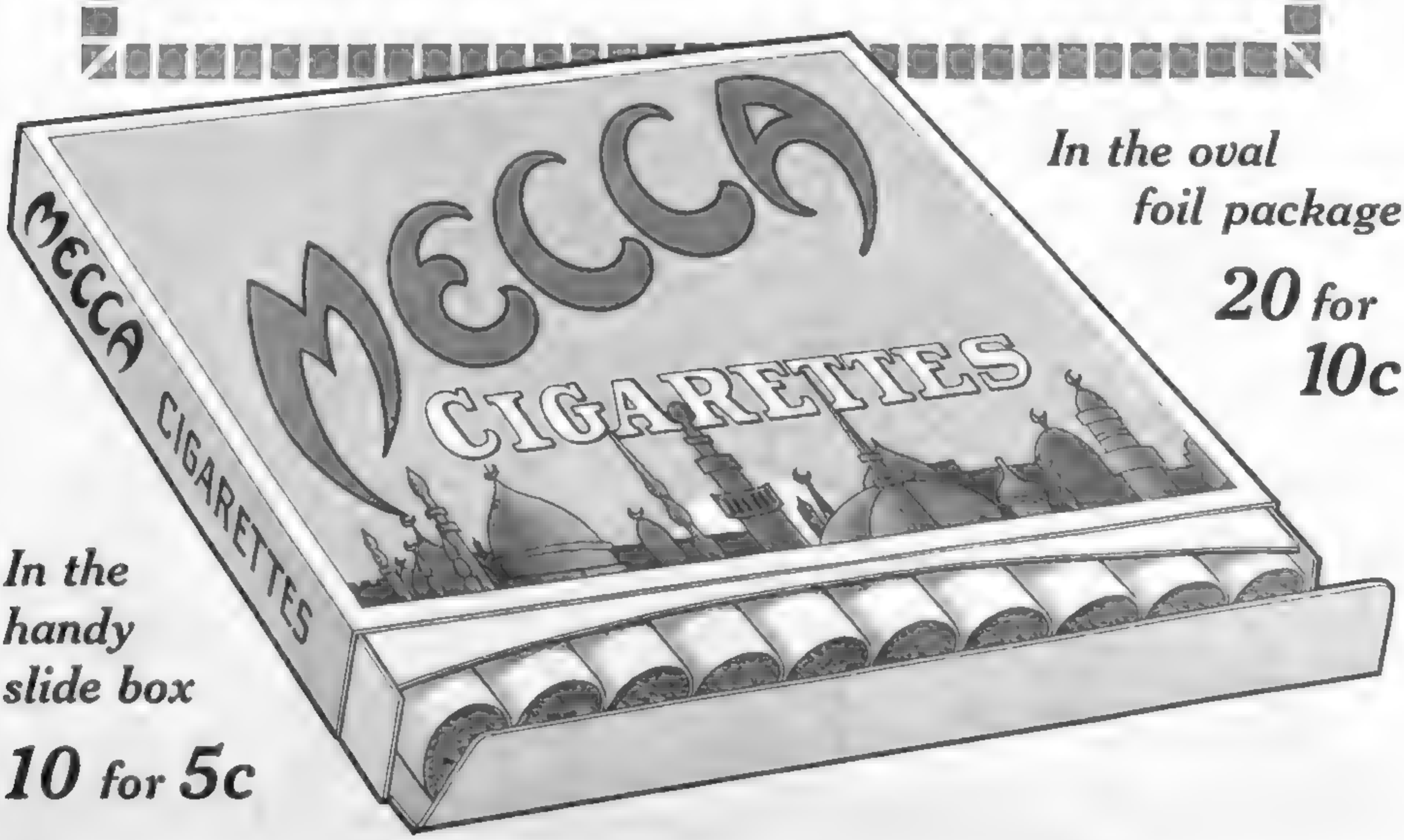
The cigarette is making history in the greatest war of the ages—bringing cheer and inspiration to the millions of men engaged. An English Air Scout at the front writes in a letter printed in the London Daily Mail, October 7th: "Will you send me some cigarettes every week?" An army nurse, speaking of the wounded, writes: "The one thing they enjoy more than anything else is a cigarette." Throughout Germany thousands of civilians are abstaining from smoking in order to send more cigarettes to the soldiers, who are inveterate smokers in battle.

Quality has made MECCA the largest selling brand of cigarettes in America today. Quality is the sole reason for MECCA success. MECCA has proved to millions of smokers that the highest quality of blend and of Turkish leaf *is* possible at a very moderate price. MECCA Quality always gives "Perfect Satisfaction."

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**20 for 10c**

*In the handy slide box*

**10 for 5c**

# THE ALCHEMISTS

(Concluded from Page 10)

himself on this trip, as I came over the rail, and I am adding him to your party."

He beamed on young Mr. Barnes, at which that individual drew a long sigh and looked hopelessly at Calder, who was taking in the scene with a variety of emotions.

"I half expected," went on the official, with the same smile, "to find the Tortugas had had an eventful trip up from the Isthmus. But, aside from the wholly irrelevant fact that General John Bannon and General Federico Iglesias were found knocked out by chloral poisoning three mornings ago, nothing of note seems to have occurred."

Again he played his little eyes over the group, whose members continued silently shifting from one foot to the other.

"It of course was wholly a coincidence, Mr. Wilson," he said, addressing the red-haired gambler, "that you accidentally tipped over the deck steward carrying supper to those two aged gentlemen the night before."

The red-haired man began a mumbling protest.

"However," pursued the official, pulling at his walrus mustache, "there seems to have been no damage done. The two old generals insist on blaming each other. I am merely mentioning this incident to let you know that if anything turns up missing we shall know where to find you. Your train is the ten-eight, Ogden Special. I am going to expedite you through customs, so by any chance you won't miss it. You may consider yourselves detained in your cabins until my men come for you."

The four wandering knights, whose fate seemed to be passed on from one port to another, silently filed out.

"Who are you?" queried the official sharply, catching sight of Calder leaning against a stanchion.

"My name is ——"

"Calder!" put in the man in blue; and with a bound he sprang to his feet, seizing Calder by the hand. "My name is McNamara—Inspector McNamara. I have a line from your friend Facey to look out for you. Look out for a friend of old Facey! My word! That's my middle name! Can I do anything for you, Mr. Calder? I am yours to command."

Calder produced a handkerchief and carefully mopped his brow.

"That's mighty kind of you—and Facey," he began uncertainly. Then, with sudden inspiration: "You might expedite my baggage, inspector, if it can be done without inconvenience. And if you can give me, say, an hour ashore, I think I can interest you in your particular line."

"Nothing simpler," responded McNamara. "Facey and I were side-partners our first year in the detective bureau. I'll meet you on the pier just as soon as I have taken care of our four particular friends. For the moment," he added with a sly wink, "they are my middle name."

A friendly customs inspector had just concluded a peep under the covers of Calder's two cases of sample type when the genial McNamara came along, and in another moment they were off in a taxi with the baggage stowed forward. The taxi drew up at the Empire Bank.

"Here is my card," said Calder to the cashier. "There are plenty of business men in town who can vouch for me."

"No need of it," said the banker. "Unless I am mistaken we have been handling your commercial paper off and on for the last ten years. They tell me, Mr. Calder, that you are one of our few business men who have the Central American trade by the ear."

"I have a strangle hold on it. That's why I am here to-day. I'd like a lawyer—a good lawyer—Mister Cashier, and an able-bodied porter to carry in these boxes and open them for me. They contain specie which I wish to deposit in the name of Don Francisco di Catera."

The cashier and the inspector looked at Calder in surprise.

"We heard only yesterday that old Catera was making ready for a getaway and was shipping gold out of the country to prepare for old age," said the banker. "But I did not know you were his fiscal agent, Mr. Calder."

"I am not," said Calder, "that is, as a regular thing. On this trip, however, circumstances over which I have no control —— Ah! Here we are!"

The two boxes marked "Thirty-point old-style Caxton" lay open on the table. Each displayed an expertly packed top layer of type.

"Since when," asked the banker, picking up a bit of type and examining it critically, "has old Catera found the secret of debasing gold into lead?"

"He can do better than that," laughed Calder as he began to scoop up the type by the handful. "He can turn lead into sand. He did it to me once—only once. Look at that!"

He had removed two layers of type. Under the second, protected by a cardboard layer, was a nest of paper rolls honeycombed together. He picked one roll out of the box and tore off the paper. Twenty double eagles, coin of the realm, fell out. McNamara drew his chair over to the table.

"Well! Well!" exclaimed the astonished cashier. "A most ingenious way of transporting gold, I should say." He looked significantly at the police inspector, who was immersed in the task of counting the collection of rolls as Calder stacked them on the table, and making a mental calculation. Suddenly, however, he looked at his watch and picked up the desk telephone and called for a number.

"Jasper," he said into the receiver, "Bailey put four card-sharps off the Tortugas aboard the Ogden Special. Wire to the first stop and have them brought back." He set down the telephone and looked expectantly at Calder.

"It is rather an ingenious way of carrying gold," said Calder smiling. "But not of my choosing I can assure you. I came aboard the Tortugas with two perfectly good cases of sample type as baggage. General Bannon and old Iglesias came aboard the Tortugas with two perfectly good boxes marked type as baggage. Through some hocus-pocus our baggage got turned round in our staterooms; and I strongly suspect that about now they are sweating blood on the wharf wondering how their gold turned into lead. In any event, here I am with their loot, depositing it for them. It is perfectly simple and perfectly regular. You accept it on deposit for its rightful owner, do you not, Mister Cashier?"

Inspector McNamara suddenly exploded.

"Barnes!" he cried. "That's a typical Barnes trick. But how did he know that you had boxes of lead, duplicates, that he could swap for the boxes of bullion?"

"Barnes and I struck up quite a friendship aboard ship," began Calder, his eyes twinkling. "He visited me in my cabin, and I didn't have a chair handy, so he sat on a box of type. And—quite by accident I assure you—and not realizing his real nature, I confided to him my suspicions that the two old pirates were making a getaway with Catera's pile. Old Catera is a fox who would select two agents who hated each other like sin, so they wouldn't get together and divvy."

McNamara fell to tugging at his mustache and grinning with an expression of ineffable delight, first at Calder, then at the rolls of coin, then at the banker.

"Barnes got me to sleep on deck—stuck closer to me than a flea to a dog. His friends and the chloral in the old gentlemen's soup did the rest."

"Undoubtedly it was robbery," put in the banker, who with difficulty was following the train of thought pursued by the others. "But what I can't make out is this: If they robbed the agents of Catera of their gold, why did they put the gold in your possession, Mr. Calder, to bring ashore through the customs?"

"For just that reason," explained the New Yorker; "to bring ashore for them. I suppose they calculated I could pass it through as type—seeing they had obligingly doctored the top layer for customs inspection and ashore they could deal with me at their leisure. I suspect my four friends planned to wait for me in some dark alley with a sock full of birdshot. You know, they thought I was one of them."

And Calder, turning to McNamara, told in detail the circumstances of his receiving at Panama the mysterious dismissal at the hands of Facey.

"Now, gentlemen," said Calder, rising, "having deposited my loot in neutral hands, with your permission I shall depart. I have a little matter of business to attend to, and I shall be back after lunch to get the count of this stuff."

"I think I'll trot along with you," said McNamara, rising and adjusting his hat. He was examining Facey's friend doubtfully.

"You will be conferring a great favor on me if you will," said Calder imperturbably. "In the first place, we will pick up that lawyer."

Clerks were at work sorting the mass of coin into eagles, sovereigns and lire as the two left the bank.

It was two o'clock that afternoon when the type-founder and his escort returned. They were accompanied by a crabbed-looking person in dusty black. McNamara was smiling with an appearance of well-fed content. Calder was smoking a cigar, cocked at a jaunty angle. Only the third person looked serious. He was the lawyer.

"What is the count?" asked Calder through the cashier's window.

"Twenty-eight thousand seven hundred and forty—less fifteen sixty-four exchange."

"Mr. Briggs," said the lawyer, stepping up to the window and clearing his throat, "I wish to file an attachment against the funds of Don Francisco di Catera in this bank to the amount of two thousand four hundred and eighty-seven dollars and sixty-three cents, in favor of the Acme Type-Founding Concern, Incorporated, of New York, New York, as per itemized bills for merchandise, rendered July 14, 1913, and April 7, 1914, copies of which are attached. This is a true copy of the order of the court. I thank you, sir."

Briggs, the cashier, took the proffered paper and examined it critically, the while he scratched his head. When he finally looked up he let his eyes fall on Calder and stay there for some time.

"And yet they say," he began in a far-away voice, "that American business men haven't the wits to grab the South American trade now that it is waiting for them to come and get it. I am assuming, Mr. Calder," he added, changing his tone, "that this stolen property, which you have just taken occasion to attach, came into your hands through no design of your own."

Calder and McNamara looked at each other solemnly for a moment. Then they burst into a roar of laughter.

"Ain't Facey the bird!" cried the inspector exultantly. "Of course," he added with a quick assumption of dignity, "as an officer of the law I must frown on you as an accessory before the fact. But as a private party who has just taken lunch with a friend of Facey's, I must say that I simply love that man Facey!"

The banker looking puzzled, McNamara hastened to relieve his perplexity.

"You remember Facey, Briggs?" he began. "Well, Facey knew old Catera had bilked Calder here to a jig tune. And he knew old Catera was shipping loot out of the country on the Tortugas. So he set the stage, threw in a bunch of deep-sea card-sharps for good measure, and left his friend Calder to his own devices. And I must say, Mr. Calder, you are some deviser!"

"By the way," put in Calder, "have you notified old Bannon and his pal yet about their baggage? I understand they hit the ceiling when their boxes were opened."

"I am just now sending a messenger to advise them," said Briggs, who was gradually coming to his senses.

"I'd like to send a little message of my own," said Calder. "I am going to beg the gift of those two empty type boxes."

An hour later patient porters laboriously delivered boxes marked "Thirty-point old-style Caxton" to rooms located on the upper floors of sky-scraping hotels, in which were interned separately General John Bannon and General Federico Iglesias. Each box, on being opened, was found to contain sand, on top of which lay a note, reading:

"*Excellency:* There has been deposited to the account of Don Francisco di Catera, or his accredited agents, the sum of $28,740, less exchange, at the Empire Bank of San Francisco, subject to a writ of attachment, in favor of the Acme Type-Founding Concern, Incorporated, of $2,487.63, as per itemized accounts.

"We trust to be honored with further evidence of your esteemed custom in the future, and are taking the liberty of enclosing a sample of our specialty, which we can set down f. o. b. San Francisco at rock-bottom prices. Respectfully,

"THE ACME TYPE-FOUNDING CONCERN,
"Incorporated."


## Will You Be Like This Scotchman Mr. Pipe Smoker?

His nephew took him to the races and persuaded him to bet a shilling on a long-shot horse that won. When the bookmaker handed Sandy sixteen shillings as his winnings, the old man turned to his nephew and in a dazed voice said, "Tell me, lad, how long has this thing been going on?"

Sir, if you do not smoke Edgeworth until some friend happens to offer you some, you may wait a long while for a great pleasure. You may wonder as you taste your first pipeful how you have smoked for years and never smoked Edgeworth. You may ask, "How long has tobacco so good been on the market?"

We say you may, because the chances are you are thinking you would do no such thing.

But just try smoking a little Edgeworth in your pipe and note how it warms up to the new tobacco. We wouldn't ask you to try Edgeworth without doing a little something on our part to make the trial easy. We are desirous of sending you a package of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed Smoking Tobacco Free.

The risk in smoking Edgeworth is all taken out by an unpatented process.

You risk nothing the first time you smoke it because you can get free a package containing a sample so big that after you are through smoking it you have no doubts as to whether you want more or not.

And there's no risk about buying Edgeworth, because every package sold is unqualifiedly guaranteed.

We don't want any man ever to feel that he risks anything when he buys Edgeworth.

Our confidence in Edgeworth is supported by the great number of smokers who cling to it. Doesn't this confidence bespeak a trial of Edgeworth by you?

Write to us for the Sample Package. Ask any dealer when you want to buy.

The original Edgeworth was a Plug Slice wrapped in gold foil and sold in a blue tin. Edgeworth now comes also in Ready-Rubbed that may be bought in 10c and 50c tins everywhere and in handsome $1.00 humidor packages. Edgeworth Plug Slice, 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Mailed prepaid if your dealer has none.

Write to Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well-known Qboid—granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is easy to roll into a tight, round cigarette. In a cigarette it is slightly milder than in a pipe, and the flavor of an Edgeworth cigarette is refreshingly different.

*To Retail Tobacco Merchants*—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Bro. Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen carton, of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed, by prepaid parcel post at the same price you would pay jobber.

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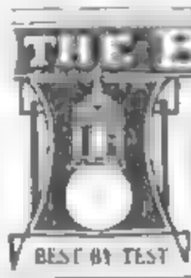

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All Stewart Products are sold with the understanding if not satisfactory after 30 days' trial the purchase money will be refunded. All Stewart Products are Fully Guaranteed.

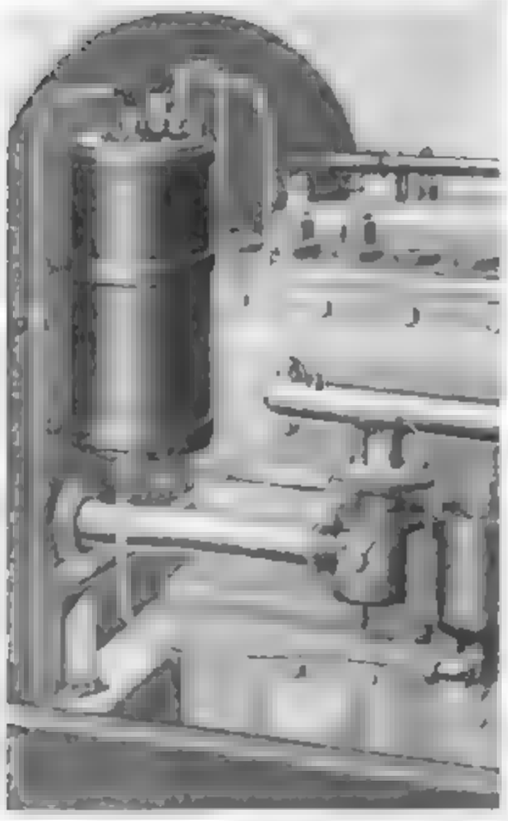
90 per cent. of manufacturers use the magnetic type speedometer.

1,300,000 in use all over the world.

Made in U.S.A.

The magnetic type speedometer is the selection of most car manufacturers building on a *quality basis.* They can buy some types cheaper but they willingly pay the difference. The value of the accessories indicates the quality of the entire car.

## Stewart Speedometer
MAGNETIC PRINCIPLE



This outfit will pay for itself very shortly—in saving of gasoline alone. Can be installed in an hour's time on any car—old or new—at any garage or at any of our Branches.

THE STEWART MAGNETIC Speedometer, built on the *proven Magnetic Principle,* is permanently accurate under all conditions, outlasting the car.

A principle which calls for *only one* moving part, traveling at very low speed, only 1000 revolutions per mile.

This saves wear, therefore permanent accuracy.

The magnetic principle makes it possible to indicate the slightest movement of the car. You can't even push the car across the floor by hand without the Stewart Speedometer indicating the correct speed.

The Magnetic type speedometer is costly, but years of service and permanent accuracy make it worth considerably more.

The beautiful silver etched dial, heavy French plate glass enclosed in a highly polished nickeled bezel and set in a jet lacquered flange, makes it ideal equipment on the highest priced cars.

It indicates speed up to 65 miles per hour in large figures that can be read from even the rear seat of the car.

The direct drive mechanism in the Stewart Odometer makes failure to register an utter impossibility.

The season mileage registers up to 100,000 miles and repeat; trip mileage registers up to 100 miles and repeat and can be instantly reset to any tenth of a mile—an exclusive feature.

## Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System

Unheard of a year ago, the Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System is now used as standard equipment by over 25% of all car manufacturers.

This phenomenal success is due to its entirely overcoming all the uncertainties, annoyances and disadvantages of gasoline pressure feed systems and gravity systems.

Greatly increases gasoline mileage. Enables car manufacturers to adopt the low stream-line body designs now so fashionable.

**$10**

This self-contained system is installed under the hood either on dash or motor. It is connected to the manifold, carburetor and gasoline reservoir.

The suction of the engine draws the gasoline from the reservoir and supplies it to the carburetor.

The flow is even, *not forced* through the carburetor wastefully.

More efficient carburation is secured through heating the gasoline because of this system being under the hood close to the motor.

Permits carburetor to be placed close to the manifold where it can be easily gotten at. It eliminates the pressure feed motor pump, hand pump, dash gauge, air lines and the use of air tight tanks.

In recent tests under the sanction of the American Automobile Association a car equipped with this system showed an increase in mileage of over 15%. Write for complete list of these cars and full particulars of tests.

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# Stewart Equipment
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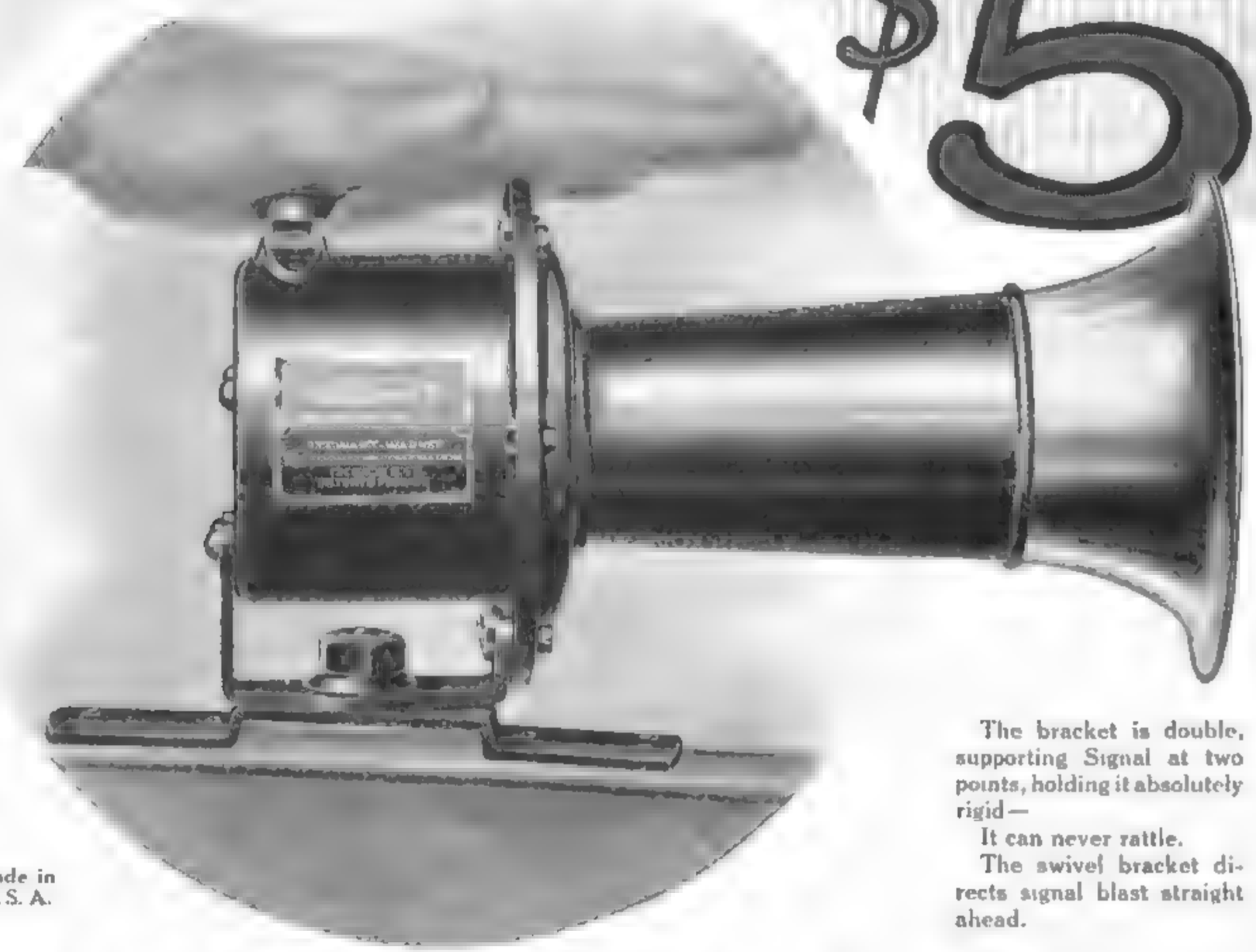

The price $5. is made possible by our policy of producing Stewart Products in tremendous quantities and a further saving because we require no separate organization or plant to market this warning signal.

Made in U. S. A.

The bracket is double, supporting Signal at two points, holding it absolutely rigid—

It can never rattle.

The swivel bracket directs signal blast straight ahead.

## The First High Grade Hand Operated Warning Signal Offered at $5

THE NEW STEWART Warning Signal marks a real advance in horn construction, operation and action. It is big, beautiful and better. The slightest touch of your hand or elbow sounds the warning—clear, loud, long and penetrating.

You can now devote your battery to starting and lighting exclusively, a conservation particularly necessary in cold weather when starting is harder and night lighting longer with less opportunity to recharge on account of shorter runs, low speeds and frequent stops.

Easiest operated Warning Signal—quick as a push button, with no feeling for a button nor holding it down.

The projector is all brass, which is more costly, but it gives a clearer and more penetrating sound. The diaphragm is extra large and of high-grade Swedish steel.

Highest finish—handsome black enamel and nickel, or black and brass. Graceful, symmetrical lines.

The Stewart *felt pad* oiler retains the oil and lubricates properly, without waste, nuisance or frequent oiling. Lubrication requires little or no attention.

The gears are cut, *not stamped*, from the highest grade steel, are wide faced and case hardened. They are carried in a frame with each gear mounted on double bearings, each bearing mounted in a hardened steel bushing. This insures positive *alignment*, ease of operation and *eliminates* wear.

## Let the *Stewart* Tire Pump do your Hard Work

The dirtiest and most laborious job about a car is pumping tires by hand.

The Stewart Tire Pump is the solution. It completes the pleasure of motoring. The Stewart Tire Pump is mounted on and driven by the motor.

It will fill any size tire in a few minutes.

It is beautifully constructed. Base is of aluminum; the cylinder is lapped and polished to a mirror finish; made with exterior fins to insure cooling; piston is hardened and polished and fits the cylinder perfectly.

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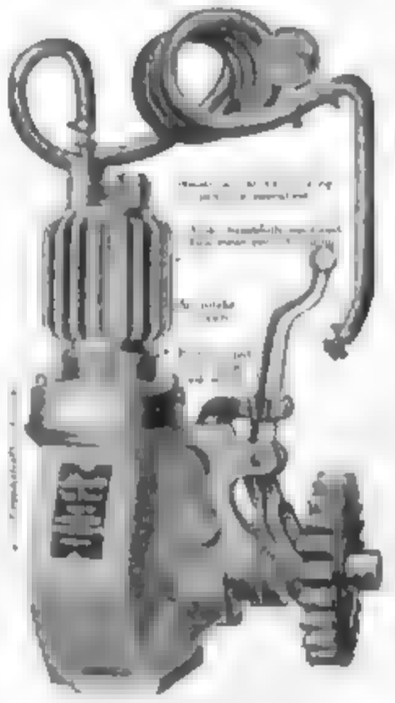
The Stewart Tire Pump not only saves your back, but also money, because improperly inflated tires quickly wear out. Tire companies report that over 90% of all tire troubles are due to insufficient inflation.

Price complete with 15 feet of highest grade hose, accurate air gauge with bracket and gear, ready for immediate installation— **$15**



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# GRAY & DAVIS

## STARTING - LIGHTING SYSTEM

*Price Complete,* $75 *(F. O. B. Boston)*

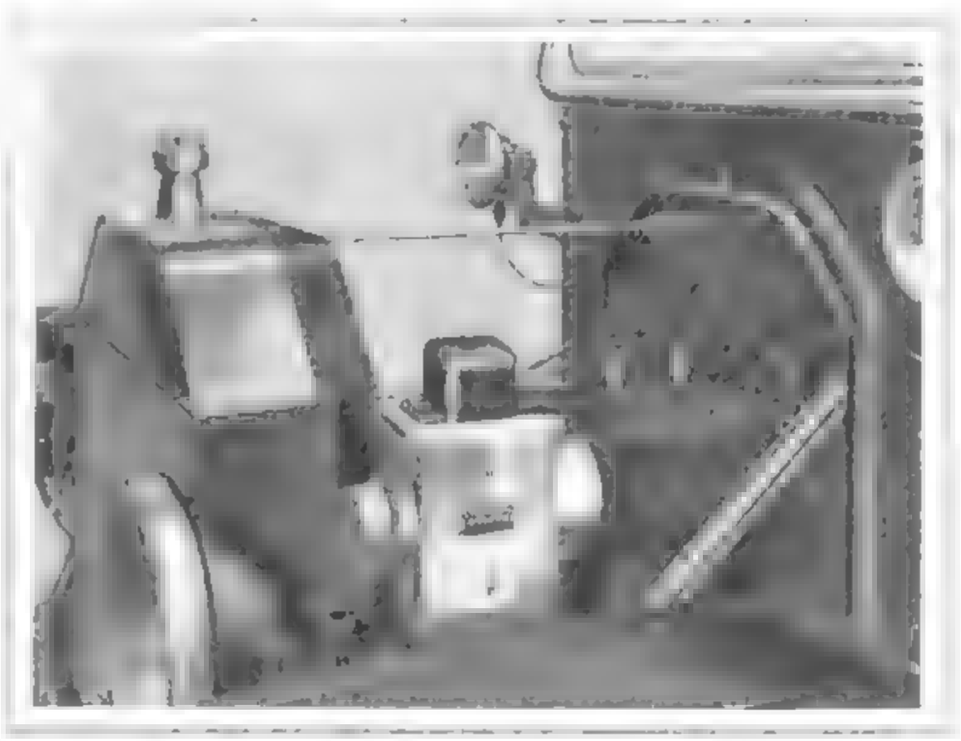
Long ago we realized the wide demand among Ford owners for electric starting-lighting equipment—providing a system of proved reliability could be obtained at a moderate price.

For nearly two years the Gray & Davis engineers have been engaged in studying the requirements of the Ford car. Exhaustive experiments and months of careful testing were part of the development of this system.

The result is a powerful, dependable starting-lighting device—a typical Gray & Davis system—identical in material and workmanship with systems found on expensive automobiles.

As is well known, Gray & Davis starting-lighting systems are carried as standard equipment on leading American cars in every price class up to $4,000 and over. These systems have been time-tested and time-proven, and the equipment we now offer Ford owners equals this same high standard.

The Ford system is simple, compact, light in weight, and can quickly and easily be installed on any Model T. A 6-volt battery, battery box, indicator, switches, wiring and all necessary connections are included. The complete equipment ready for installation is furnished for $75 (F. O. B. Boston). Any garage, machine shop or owner with mechanical ability, can install the system in a few hours.



*How it adds value to your Ford car*

You can easily imagine the convenience, safety and intrinsic value this system adds to the present splendid service of your Ford, when you realize that

it starts the engine by pressing a pedal.

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by turning a switch the road is flooded with brilliant, dependable electric light

it spins the "stalled" engine.

it serves you steadily, quietly, powerfully—asking less than a half hour's care each month.

—it brings the convenient use of your car to your wife and daughters.

*In these extra-services the Gray & Davis System quickly repays its cost*

### *How to Purchase*

Below we print a list of our distributors. Your local supply man, dealer or agent can secure delivery for you by ordering from the nearest distributor. If you have any difficulty in obtaining a system, we will see that you are promptly supplied.

Write us *today* for descriptive catalog. You will naturally wish to know all about this equipment.

The Gray & Davis System for Ford cars will be demonstrated at both the New York and Chicago Automobile Shows. If it is possible for you to attend either of these shows, be sure to visit the Gray & Davis section.

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## GRAY & DAVIS Inc., BOSTON, MASS.

# THE REFUGEES

(Continued from Page 13)

"Come here!" So I went, and Norah gave me a weak hug and told me: "It's all right for a boy to be round me."

She could only talk pretty low, but made me understan' that she didn't mind her villy bein' gone to the devil any more, or bein' a refygee, or even a beggar. She just wanted to be so any boy frien' wouldn't have to stay 'way from her.

The gold bag was on the floor, empty, and the coal box was empty too; so I went down to the cellar and got some coal and kindlin'. The lan'lady squalled; but I told her I'd knock off her bean with a chunk o' coal and come back in the night and set the house on fire, and she let me 'lone.

After the fire was burnin' I went down and got some tea and toast, and told the lan'lady I'd pay her if she'd let Norah be quiet. I knew better'n to treat 'em like pore Pa used to.

Course I went ever' day to see how Norah was gettin' 'long; and after the doctor came I didn't have to sit up more'n two nights to give the med'cine. Norah said she'd only let me help out 'cause I was a miser anyhow, with money in bank. But Maurice had needed that and I'd gambled what I made since in the rag cellar; so now I had to hustle.

One of the nights I sat up to give med'cine I found Norah watchin' me, with her eyes cool and gray, like they used to be, 'stead o' that hot, bright blue. She'd stopped mutterin' to herself and spoke quiet:

"Brownie, you look like a bum!"

"Sho!" I told her; and she frowned, thinkin' it over.

"You're troubled 'bout somethin'," she said; "and that's what makes you so thin and wild lookin'. Is it 'bout your Pa bein' took off?"

I hadn't noticed any troublin' 'cept a kind o' low feelin' in my chest when I wasn't hustlin' and had to think to myself; but now I guessed it must be 'count o' 'memberin' 'bout pore Pa.

"Well, we can't bring them back who has went away, by worryin'," she said; "and you must quit it and brace up."

I nodded; and after a while she told me she'd worried till it nearly put her on the bum.

"Was it for Louie?" I asked, and she shook her head.

"No, Brownie; it wasn't Louie."

She couldn't worry over a crook and never wanted to see him any more; it was only 'cause she'd b'lieved he was all right, and the truth 'bout him, comin' out, made her think the whole world was bad and 'gainst her. After splainin' this she went to mutterin' agin and I had to hold her head under my arm to give her some o' the dope.

Well, my chest ached, goin' up to my street corner; and I knew that 'memberin' 'bout Pa was puttin' me on the bum. I thought 'bout it all day; and then in the evenin', when I was hustlin' hard, a thin man with a gray beard gave me a penny for a paper—and it was Pa himself!

I dropped my bundle all over the walk and grabbed his hand, and he looked on, smoothin' his beard.

"What d'ye mean by hidin' out from me and sellin' papers and wastin' the money?" he asked. "I might 'a' needed it."

"I thought you give up the ghost," I splained. "I've seen it come up in the night." My, I was glad to have him back!

He wasn't in a good humor, though, over the ghost.

"Never mind 'bout that," he said; "never mind at all! I reckon I'd last a hundred years if I had a son who'd take the right kind o' pride in me."

Well, I managed so as to get him in the saloon; and we sat in the back room, and he stirred toddies a while and forgot 'bout the ghost. He'd only been sick in the hospittle, and there the money had come from the South —— Here he stooped stirrin' an frowned.

"But it's all gone by this time," he said; "and you'd better be out there on the paper job, 'stead o' wastin' time in a saloon."

So I went out and sold 'em all, and took him right home with me after supper. He didn't take to the rag cellar; and when the tough guy come in to see if I'd gamble Pa motioned me outside.

"You a Ca'lina Brown," he said, "and livin' here with low ginks!"

Well, he had more pride, and I was walkin' off, till I whispered for him just to hang round the corner till I got a home for him. Then I hurried back and had my biggest job for that day fightin' the tough guy out o' the cellar, and clear off the street, so he wouldn't never come back.

"Go 'way!" said Pa when I met him in the back room. "You sho look like a ruffyan, with muddy clo'es and two black eyes. Give me the key to the door and I'll be there by the time your business hours is through."

Well, I had to hurry down to see 'bout Norah; and I couldn't tell her pore Pa had come back.

"You been worryin' 'bout him agin," she said, soon as I come in, "or you wouldn't go round with them blue lamps and lookin' like the ashman's pride. Brownie, you got to quit it!"

I promised then that I wouldn't worry no more, and she was so much better that she put on her cloak, while I went down after her tea and toast. Then we sat round the fire and had a good time talkin' o' times on the beach. I thought:

"I've got to get some more kindlin' and coal to-morrow!" And then I went home to Pa, and we talked 'bout Ca'lina, which I'd never seen, till 'bout midnight.

After that he sat in the back room o' afternoons while I sold papers on the corner, and once in a while he'd knock on the window at me and I'd take him a paper. Those were better times than we'd ever had, 'cause there wasn't any movin' on.

He wondered why I didn't make more money; so I lied, and hustled round to steal some coal and kindlin', which you don't mind after you once get goin'. And Norah and me roasted some chestnuts and ate 'em.

Them was good times too.

I ought to have 'joyed ever' minute of it; but I'd get to thinkin' to myself. There wasn't any use tryin' to keep from it any more; workin' or lyin' or stealin', I'd be thinkin':

"He used to follow me round all the time and want to play. And he stood up to Louie, with his arms folded, and brought red streaks into the man's face. He kep' Norah from marryin' a crook." I was 'memberin' Maurice.

Well, Maurice was movin' on and on now, somewhere, 'cause he didn't know how to make money, and it takes a wise guy to get a place to rest his feet in this town. He'd have been better off in Beljum.

Pa showed me his letter which said that he'd have money from the South pretty soon. He thought I was treatin' him like a lan'lady; so I give him what I had and stole a ham from a grocer wagon as a Thanksgivin' present for Norah.

That evenin' she was smilin' at it, and sayin' it was lucky she had a rich frien', when there come a quick, hard trampin' up the stairs. It stopped 'fore our door, and the knock meant somethin' fierce was there which couldn't be kep' out.

Norah was on her feet, white as chalk; I was edgin' to the window, with the ham, so as to take the drop 'fore the cop could collar me.

"Come!" said Norah, and gave a kind o' scream.

A man stood inside, with his back set 'gainst the door. He was bony and almost black, with a long, ragged cloak buttoned round him. Norah couldn't speak—only press both hands to her chest.

"Now," said the man, "the boy Maurice hasn't got anything on me."

"You squared it up—no—it's a lie!" Norah was fierce and 'fraid and cryin' all at once. "Tell him to go!" she said, holdin' to my shoulder.

"I have squared it up," he said agin.

"Louie! Louie! What's wrong?" She pointed, and he held up his left sleeve, laughin'. It was empty!

"Now you will give me some ham," he told us. "I am no longer traitor to you—to me—to Beljum!"

That's what Maurice had held 'gainst him, and the arm had been shot off in battle.

After a while, when we sat together cuttin' up pieces o' the grocer's ham so Loue could eat, he told how once he'd got a good meal by stealin' from the enemy's wagons.

"It was foragin' in Beljum," he splained.

What was better than to have Louie come back like that? But now he had to get a one-armed job; and while he was lookin' round for one I had to get busy. At last Louie told me, comin' way from Norah's one evenin':

"I mustn't keep some good feller from goin' with Norah and marryin' her; 'cause she couldn't ever marry a one-armed man who couldn't get a livin' job."

Next evenin' I told Norah 'bout it and she made him listen when he came in.

"What d'ye mean—won't marry me?" she said. "And I been waitin' on you till I lost all my beauty!"

Louie had come back a cool, quiet man who didn't laugh much.

"I wanted to see you and let you know I'd made good," he answered; "and that's all."

"Is it?" Norah asked him. "If it wasn't for that arm buried in Beljum I never would have felt just right 'bout you." She held out her arms. "Here's two more like Sandow's. We'll wait, but we'll win out."

It was the next week when Louie got his job, and I couldn't go see 'em after that. I didn't want 'em ever to find out I was crooked.

When ragged people come slinkin' out o' doorways, or cripples dragged their feet by like refygees, I'd be 'fraid it was Maurice. I didn't ever want to see him agin. I'd turned him out on the town 'fore he could take care o' himself; but now it wouldn't do him no good to learn lyin' and stealin' from me.

I did like to 'member 'bout him, though, and 'bout Louie, too, and the way they'd acted; and ever' night I read what I could in the papers 'bout the Kink o' the Beljuns. Marchin' on and on he was, with no place to rest. The towns tumbled down red round him, and he never minded, but always faced back into the roar o' the cannons. I'd think:

"He's the Kink o' all the refygees—'cept me. He wouldn't want a crook 'mong his Beljuns."

It was so cold and snowy those days that Pa had to stay close in his back room; and one night, when a fire broke out two or three squares up the avenue, I thought I'd go and get warm. The trucks had been smashin' by for half an hour and crowds o' people who wanted to warm up had already gone.

I'd never thought 'bout ourselfs bein' burned out till I got to the line o' cops 'cross our own street and saw the old house we lived under puffin' out smoke. Two others was about down; the crowds had been swep' back for a whole square to leave room for trucks and ingines and the firemen wrestlin' the hose lines.

An ambylance broke through the crowd where I was and I was pushed to the top o' some doorsteps.

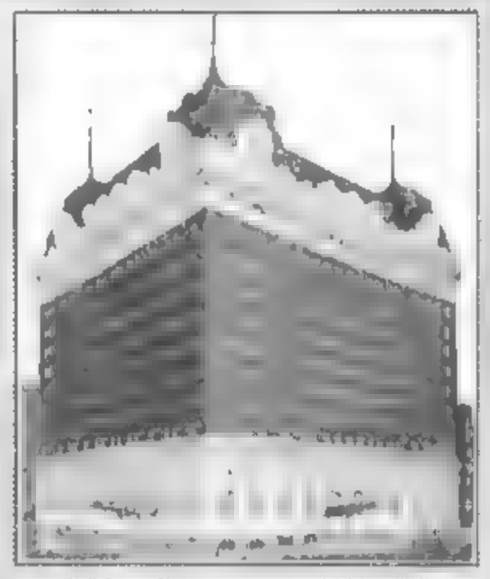
I was pretendin' that the street down there was Beljum; floors and roofs roared down like shells, and the firemen were cryin' out to each other as the smoky walls shook above 'em. Then, comin' down the middle o' the street, inside the fire lines, I saw a boy. He was walkin' slow and lookin' at the burnin' buildin's—not 'cited or scared, or payin' 'tention to the firemen who yelled at him.

I saw him plain in the clear, red light—even his eyes, which was too big and black for his face. 'Fore a cop who ran for him could catch up, he crossed over to the door o' our cellar and went inside. It seemed a long time 'fore he came out, stumblin' in a cloud o' smoke.

The cop had him. They broke through the line at the foot o' my steps and I squirmed through, yellin' to let him go—but the cop held on; so I bit his hand and then there was a scramble. Then we come out, with the cop swearin' and holdin' to my collar; and pretty soon I was run in. Maurice had got loose; but at the p'lice station he come in as if nothin' had happened, and we sat talkin'. The cop had gone to the back room to have his hand tied up.

I was tryin' to make Maurice understan' that he ought to beat it quick, but he laughed and answered in 'Merican, plain as I could. He had been 'fraid Pa or me was at home, asleep in the cellar, and had only stopped to look.

"How'd you know 'bout Pa and where we lived, while searchin' round the streets?" I asked; and he said that, since findin' me, he'd come visitin' to the corner lots o' times—only he'd stayed out o' sight, thinkin' maybe I wouldn't like to have him followin'

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me round. He had met Louie somewhere, too, but hadn't told where I was.

I had to tell him I didn't want him round. I tried to splain why, but couldn't do it - just said, "I wisht you'd let me 'lone," and wouldn't look at him any more. After he'd gone away I was wrote down in a book and locked up.

I was still sittin' there, wonderin' what would become o' Pa, when the cop I'd bit come in to take me to court or jail. It must have been pretty late when the wagon let us out; and the cop said, "Good night, y' little imp!" and shoved me through a door. A man inside the door locked it behind me and went away.

I thought this must be court; and goin' toward a light down the hall I come to a big room where Pa and the old Beljun was stirrin' toddy.

"What did they pinch you for?" I asked. And at this minute Norah and Louie came into the room. Maurice had found Pa at the saloon, and then turned out the others this late at night to get me out o' jail.

"He's a fine boy," said Pa, "and has a job with my hono'ble Beljun frien' here. Your health, sir! I'm goin' to make a Ca'lina Brown out o' him by law." Maurice was goin' to be my brother.

"No!" I said. "No!" And Pa frowned to think I'd hold it 'gainst a boy like Maurice for bein' a furriner.

"Tain't that," said Norah. "Tell me, Brownie!"

So I jus' told 'em; and they sat listenin' with their faces white, and looked at me as ever'body looks at a thief.

After a while the old Beljun got up and motioned Louie to him.

"This man, Grammong," he said, "fought a machine gun at a bridge till his regiment got out of a death trap. And when the deed was known this was pinned to his breast on the field." The old Beljun took a piece o' dirty ribbon from Louie's coat and, cuttin' it with his knife, pinned a piece to me. "For what you done for these two Beljun refygees," he said, "and for this woman, the wife of a Beljun."

I asked what it was and he called Maurice in to answer. The ribbon was honor from the greatest and bravest of all the refygees.

"From the King," said the old Beljun; "if he was here he'd do what I have done."

Pa dropped his spoon; and durin' all the time he's been livin' with the Grammongs and Maurice and me he never has stirred no more toddies.

# TURNING ROUND ON A SMALLER MARGIN

(Concluded from Page 11)

Real decrease in costs would probably have been secured by moderate balancing of the work force in relation to the old equipment, such as hiring more men to run it, or paying higher wages to a better class of men.

In some ways the pendulum of progress has swung a little too far toward "Machine" and is now dropping back toward "Man." Yesterday the tendency was to have one man run as many machines as possible, while to-day, in lines of industry where production has been most highly specialized, the tendency is to speed up each machine and let one first-class man devote all his time to it. This not only lowers costs by increasing the output a machine but decreases the spoiled and defective work, which has been a large item of loss in much of our specialized manufacturing. In some plants the change to this new idea has been so marked that within a single year, with almost no increase in equipment, the work force has been doubled and sometimes trebled.

Much labor loss occurs in every large organization where there is lack of balance between departments. Indeed, shrewd foremen and superintendents in a poorly balanced organization will often show apparent economy by shifting costs on to another department. In railroad track construction and repairs it is often necessary to order out a work train to carry laborers and materials. Such a train costs fifty to one hundred dollars a day for wages of the crew, fuel, charges on equipment, and like expenses. If fifty laborers man the train there is an added expense of one to two dollars a day for each man, and with this costly overhead against him the roadmaster is naturally anxious to get things done as quickly as possible. But unless he has the backing of other departments he may be powerless to accomplish this.

A railroad company decided to elevate its tracks in a large city. When the project was put before the chief engineer he spent several months organizing a properly balanced work force. Other departments of the road were enlisted cooperatively, to facilitate handling the immense quantities of material that would be used, and the track-elevation gangs were planned on a flexible scheme of wages that would create friendly rivalry and permit the payment of men according to their accomplishments. Before the work was started the value of good balance was shown in a most striking way, for the railroad got bids on the whole job from the best contractors, and the chief engineer bid against them like an outsider. His bid was lowest, so that in open competition he landed his own job.

A telephone company had to lay a new cable. An estimate of the labor cost was made, based on past experience in that kind of work, and the job handed over to a superintendent. By way of demonstrating what could be done by nice balance he laid out the work ahead. The specifications were checked up to see that every detail was practical; the route inspected to make sure that no unforeseen emergencies would arise to waste time; all the material checked, routed and scheduled to assure its being in the right place at the right time; all tools examined and put in perfect working order; and the construction gang coached in advance, so that before the word was given to begin each man knew what he was expected to do and how he was to do it. When that job was finished a cost saving of twenty per cent over the original estimate was shown as a result of preventing delays.

Some estimates have lately been made in various large organizations to gauge the loss a business sustains by the shifting of a poorly balanced work force. The cost of hiring and breaking in each new employee, when an old one resigns or is discharged, is estimated at from twenty-five to fifty dollars. Even the cost of switching an operative from one machine to another in highly specialized manufacturing will be five to ten dollars. In one big plant it was found that changes in the work force amounted to two hundred per cent a year—that is, figuratively, by the end of one year every employee in the place at the beginning of the year had left, to be replaced by a green recruit, and the recruit in turn had been replaced. On the force of more than one thousand employees, therefore, a loss of from fifty to seventy-five thousand dollars a year was being sustained. Measures were taken to reduce this obscure, wasteful turnover of labor. Employees were hired with more judgment, trained more intelligently, and handled with a view to making them permanent factors in the organization. Foremen and superintendents were coached in methods of management, shown how to shift troublesome workers from job to job until the man and the work were in harmony, and compelled to send back to headquarters any man they could not keep to advantage.

Frequent meetings of both bosses and workers were held, to infuse corps spirit into the organization. Within a year the turnover of employees was brought down to fifty per cent, and is still being reduced.

Under the grim necessity for doing business on smaller margins, labor must yield its share of saving in costs. So work forces to-day are being knit together and coached like athletic teams. The aim is not only to make each employee more capable, but to make his or her work more interesting and profitable. When the new policy is clearly worked out at the executive end of the business, with intelligent plans backed up by sympathetic supervision, employees respond loyally, as a rule, and there is better feeling between management and men. For the new conditions bear directly on employees, too, and they can see that there is a choice of either running the business economically or going out of business altogether.

Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of articles by James H. Collins. The fourth will be published in an early issue.

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# THE CROW'S NEST

(Continued from Page 5)

circumstances a safe place to invest their savings and buy homes. A whole lot of people have invested their savings. But there has been no dividend for over a year. There are rumors that the association has been mismanaged and looted and wrecked. We can manufacture plenty of rumors as we go along. A lot of these poor people are discouraged and ready to sacrifice their stock. Some of them are sacrificing their stock. You can show 'em that stock you and Suds have bought and tell 'em members have put it in your hands to sell at fifty cents on the dollar. Make 'em think hundreds of members are in a great commotion. Get up some harrowing stories about distracted stockholders and rub that in. Tell 'em there are charges of loot and graft, and some members want to go into court and appeal to the newspapers. Tell 'em some members are saying that the directors are holding back the dividends because they want to buy up the stock cheap. We can write 'em a lot of anonymous letters and post cards from members. I'll have Suds show 'em bunches of letters that members are writing to the office. I'll get some items put in this Swedish newspaper out here. I'll have Pete the bartender drum up half a dozen fellows who can learn a speech and will go call on Swanson and Perkins as a committee from members who are employed in the chair factory. We can hire half a dozen women to put shawls over their heads and go round to Swanson with tales of family tribulation due to the absence of dividends on Pyramids stock." Over that conception Furbush himself grinned

"And then, you see," he went on, "you must argue that the only way they can quiet this commotion and prevent these distracted members from sacrificing their investment is to declare a dividend. A dividend will satisfy 'em that the association is all right. The directors must take a broad view of their duty, you see. The only way they can prevent members from sacrificing their savings is to declare a dividend, and they ought to do it because the object of the association is to protect savings. With Swanson running for Congress and Perkins running his store and Thompson in a blue funk, anyway, we can put it across. Suds can sell stock to you one day and you can sell it to me the next and I can sell it to Suds the third—so we can report a great sacrificing of stock. It will be like a run on a bank, you know, when broad-minded, heroic measures are necessary."

Three days later Furbush called upon Judge Grogan in his chambers, having made the appointment by telephone. He had first met the Judge in connection with a little proceeding that grew out of the scandalous failure upon the Board of Trade. As the nature of that failure was disclosed the Judge's brow had darkened and from the bench he had looked sternly down upon the culprit.

But the culprit had returned the look with eyes so steady and steely and challenging that the rebuke had someway died out on the judicial lips, just faded away in a muttered "Um-m-m" as the Judge's eyes returned to the papers before him. Their next meeting had occurred in the back room of the Red Lion Saloon.

"I suppose you're getting busy with the campaign for reelection, Judge," said Furbush pleasantly as he sat down quite at ease.

"Yes," said Judge Grogan suspiciously, having a poor opinion of Furbush. But this opinion was more or less neutralized, so to speak, by certain knowledge that Furbush had seen him drunk at least three times.

"Well, I'm pretty busy myself with a little scheme that's going to make me some money," Furbush went on amiably. "That's why I want you to draw my will for me; but I'll have to ask you to wait a bit for the fee. I brought a memorandum of the will with me." He took a large envelope from his inner pocket and tossed it across the desk.

Judge Grogan opened the envelope and his coppery face turned some shades lighter. The brief memorandum directed that the testator's estate be left to a certain hospital. Inclosed with it was Furbush's simple note of hand promising to pay Thomas P. Grogan fifty thousand dollars one year from date. The Judge's thick and pendulous lower lip visibly trembled as he gaped down at the note, and for a moment he seemed paralyzed. Then his brow contracted. He looked threateningly across at Furbush and said harshly: "What nonsense is this? Do you think any crooked business will go here?"

But Furbush was quite at ease—leaning back in the big chair, his legs crossed and his arms folded; and his deep-set eyes looked calmly into the other's paling face.

"Pshaw!" said he lightly. "Nothing crooked about drawing a will, is there? Just get it straight, Judge. You draw my will, and there's your fee. You're entitled to something extra, you know, for waiting a year and taking chances with a note no better than mine."

He spoke so lightly and looked so steadily that Judge Grogan's confused eyes dropped. He muttered "Um-m-m," frowning, and laid the note on his desk.

"I know a good many people on the West Side," Furbush observed pleasantly. "If there's anything I can do to help your campaign, just call on me. Getting rotten hot, ain't it?" He arose, smiling sociably, said "So long" lightly, and walked out.

Judge Grogan stared helplessly after him; then gaped down at the note, his coppery face an unpleasant yellow and his pendulous lower lip trembling. In the depths of his heart he knew that drink had become the most important problem in the world for him. It was ruining him. The secret sprees were not so secret any longer. More and more people knew about them.

Many years he had served John P. Tell faithfully, as a tolerably honest man could, and had his meager reward in the judgeship. But he was a poor man and his vice would surely cost him the judgeship. This year he would not have been renominated if John P. Tell had not loyally insisted upon it. The whispered word that he was a drunkard circulated against him. Even John P. Tell had warned him that he might possibly be defeated. Drink was ruining him, and he watched the ruin come on in a sort of nightmare paralysis. Every time he awoke from a spree he had a horrible sense of being nearer the brink. And in the depths of his heart he had lost all faith in his ability to resist. Without the judgeship and its salary he would be over the brink, in the abyss. He felt a horrible degradation, a terrible fear. Clammy perspiration broke out on his broad brow. With a hand that shook he put Furbush's note in his pocket. And immediately, as though his degradation roused itself, a fiery thirst assailed his vitals. His rule was never to drink before six o'clock, but after a brief torment he put on his hat and hurried out, although it was only half past four.

The directors of the Pyramids Building and Loan Association met on the eighth. Furbush and Lowden, waiting in their back office, heard high voices beyond the closed door, and the meeting lasted over an hour. Then "Lowdy," lounging in their office door and looking down the hall, announced aside: "Here come Jones and Hodges, looking mad as two wet hens." He said it triumphantly, for Jones and Hodges were the two directors whom he had expected to oppose the dividend.

A little later Furbush heard the clump of heavy feet coming down the hall and Director Swanson's voice, raised excitedly: "Let 'em be as mad as they like! We did the right thing! It was our duty to keep these poor fellows from sacrificing their investment!" Whereupon Furbush gleamed up at Lowdy with a rather wolfish smile.

Still a little later the door between their office and the Pyramids Building and Loan Association opened cautiously and the moon face of Ulysses Pettingill appeared there, awe-stricken and solemn. "They declared the dividend—three per cent, payable the first of the month," he said under his breath, being, in fact, considerably frightened by recent developments.

Furbush's smile warmed and broadened. Deliberately extending his limbs, he stretched with slow luxury, like a big, rousing animal. Then he burst out laughing, sprang up, threw an arm over Ulysses' fat shoulder and shouted so he might have been heard downstairs: "Come on, Sudsy, old man; let's have some beer!"

It was only four o'clock, so this suggestion was against all rules. But Furbush's bold heat struck into Ulysses as the rays from a sunglass might penetrate an oyster. "Don't care if I do!" he said recklessly, and put his fat hand over his mouth and tittered into it.


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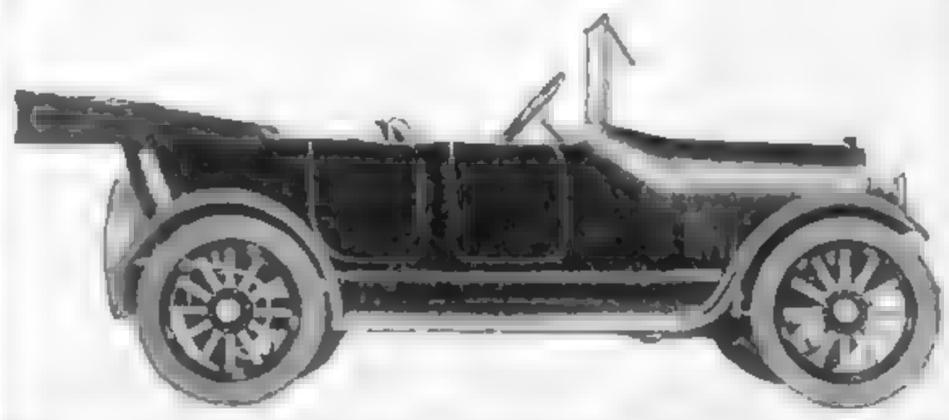

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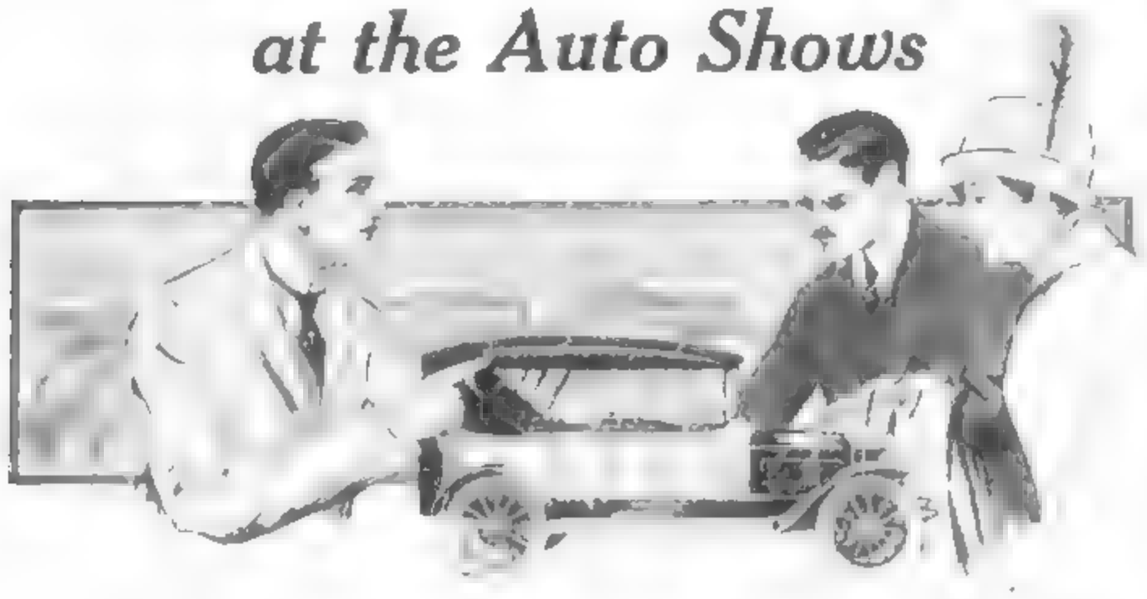

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The dividend was duly paid on the first of the month, and on the tenth Judge Grogan appointed Ulysses Pettingill receiver of the Pyramids Building and Loan Association.

In declaring the association insolvent and putting it into the hands of a receiver the Judge severely condemned the directors. Many of the loans which they had made were in default. The association was loaded down with unsalable property. Their loan of forty thousand dollars on the Westminster Apartments was particularly scandalous. But above all they had paid a dividend in flagrant violation of the law, and their cheap trick of marking up the value of the Westminster Apartments on the association's books and calling that a profit was simply shocking. Moreover, they had caused the association to borrow seventeen thousand dollars for the purpose of paying this unlawful dividend. Plainly the concern was no longer safe in their hands.

Having delivered this scathing opinion Judge Grogan retired to his chambers and immediately bathed his face, for a clammy perspiration had come out on his brow. Then he sank into a chair, with hands that trembled slightly on his big knees, his pendulous lower lip drooping and his gaping eyes fear-stricken, to try to think it over again. He had been trying to think it over all these five days since Elmer Furbush proposed the receivership to him. And always his trying came back with a sort of desperate helplessness to the same thing, substantially as Furbush himself had put it to wit: the association was in poor condition; the dividend was legally unjustified; there was plausible judicial warrant for appointing a receiver; any other judge, under the same circumstances, might have done the same thing. If he were attacked, the records of the association and the law would be his ample defense. But who would attack him? People were wary about attacking judges. The directors, with poor management and that unlawful dividend staring them in the face, would be cowed and discredited. The thousand and one members were a mere headless flock of sheep. It was really for their interest, Furbush had insisted, that the association be put in the hands of a receiver and some of their investment saved. It all sounded quite plausible; but in the depths of his heart he knew his own degradation, and this accursed depravity seemed someway to be twin brother of that other and still more accursed one—for he was raging with thirst and it was only half past three. He fought a few minutes, then seized his hat and rushed out.

A receiver being appointed, Furbush bent his own and Lowden's energies to finding a cash purchaser for the Westminster Apartments. One was soon found at thirty-five thousand dollars, which involved a sacrifice on the association's part of over ten thousand dollars, including accrued interest, taxes and costs. Judge Grogan directed Receiver Pettingill to sell the property at that price, and when the sale was made Furbush borrowed the money from his perplexed friend "Suds" without troubling himself to get the court's consent. With that money in the bank he gave Lowden a check book and sent him out among the members—gurgling to the babies, squeezing the hands of the comely women, talking sympathetically to the men, and offering twenty-five cents on the dollar for stock of the Pyramids Building and Loan Association.

The little stockholders—unassociated, headless, frightened by the receivership, by Judge Grogan's picture of bad management, by the discouraging reports of Receiver Pettingill—mostly verified Elmer Furbush's prediction that they would prove a mere flock of sheep. Properly organized and led they could have made effectual resistance. But the directors, discredited and frightened by Judge Grogan's denunciation and having little personal stake in the outcome, merely sulked. Industrious little "Lowdy" gathered in the shares—sometimes at twenty-five cents on the dollar; sometimes, where it seemed worth while, paying more.

When the thirty-five thousand dollars was spent Furbush had more than a hundred thousand dollars of stock. He took that to a loan shark, and by putting it up as collateral and paying one and a half per cent interest monthly borrowed another thirty-five thousand on it. Meanwhile more loans were in default. Property which the association had taken over was out of repair and tenantless. Unpaid taxes were piling up. Receiver Pettingill's reports pictured an increasingly gloomy condition. More and more members sold their stock.

Young Mills was almost the last member to give up. Reporting the purchase of his shares at thirty-five cents on the dollar, Nicholas Lowden observed sentimentally: "I felt sorry for 'em too; on my word, I did." Stroking a side whisker he cooed: "That little woman is sweet as a mountain flower, with big brown eyes like a gazelle. Her beautiful brown eyes filled with tears and she said, 'We worked so hard for the money!' On my word, I nearly cried myself." The little man swallowed a sigh and looked as though he still might weep over it.

Furbush's face was unsmiling; but a grin lurked in the depths of his deep-set eyes. He was perfectly acquainted with the sentimental side of his friend's character which never, however, interfered with business—and with the tragically unrequited passion for a saleslady in Perkins' store that had been consuming his buttery heart for quite ten days.

Furbush and Lowden having nearly all the stock, Judge Grogan ordered that the assets of the association be sold to them at a block. transaction, of course, whatever they paid for the assets came back to themselves as holders of the stock, the money that went out of the right-hand pocket coming back to the left-hand pocket, after making provision for the few shares they did not own. They calculated that after liquidating the assets and replacing the money they had used to buy stock with the loot would come to something over four hundred thousand dollars.

"I suppose I've got to pay Grogan fifty thousand dollars if gin don't kill the old goat before the eighteenth of this month," Furbush grumbled. "I hate those chicken-hearted thieves. He wanted the swag, you know, but didn't have the nerve even to tell himself that he was a crook; had to have everything all fine and plausible on the surface; had to babble to me that I must give the stockholders a fair deal and not take advantage of my position; scared to death all the while and keeping up his courage on booze."

Thus morosely delivering himself Furbush's eyes turned darkly upon Ulysses Pettingill. Before that ominous look Ulysses' heart sank rapidly into his boots and he visibly squirmed in his chair, pursing his little mouth so that it looked like a pucker in a cheese. For his ponderous mind was penetrated by a suspicion that he also had been a chicken-hearted thief, driven along affrighted and bewildered before Furbush's remorseless will, and always anxious to keep a plausible face upon the affair.

"I'll pay Grogan," said Furbush. "That will leave three hundred and fifty thousand or better. I'll take two hundred thousand and give you and Lowdy seventy-five thousand apiece."

Nicholas' impassioned heart was wrung then. Nothing had been said about it, but he had rather hoped for an equal share. His eyes fell and he foolishly stroked a side whisker, while Ulysses, with pursed-up mouth, looked off at the wall.

"That's liberal, ain't it?" Furbush demanded savagely. "I put the deal across, didn't I?"

And before his menace they both quailed. "Why, you did the headwork, Furby," Nicholas hastened to say; while Ulysses promptly announced: "I'm satisfied."

Out in the hall they accused him of taking advantage of them; while he frowned and reproached himself:

"I was a sucker to give them that much. I ought to have cut it down to fifty thousand apiece."

But the enterprise was as good as finished, and he folded his arms and leaned back in the chair with a cynical little grin in his deep-set eyes. There was Grogan, degraded and rapidly killing himself with gin; there was ponderous, empty Ulysses; there was busy, useful little "Lowdy" with his sentiment and absurd love affairs. There were some hundreds of little stockholders like the Millses, mourning the hard-won savings he had robbed them of. He felt a mighty contempt for all these pawns in his game.

"They don't last! They don't last!" he told himself. "Gingerbread people! All gingerbread people! A man like me can eat 'em up!"

He clasped his hands and extended his arms above his head, stretching with a slow luxury, a lupine smile on his face. And abruptly he decided to buy an automobile.

Editor's Note—This is the first of four stories by Will Payne. The second will appear in an early issue

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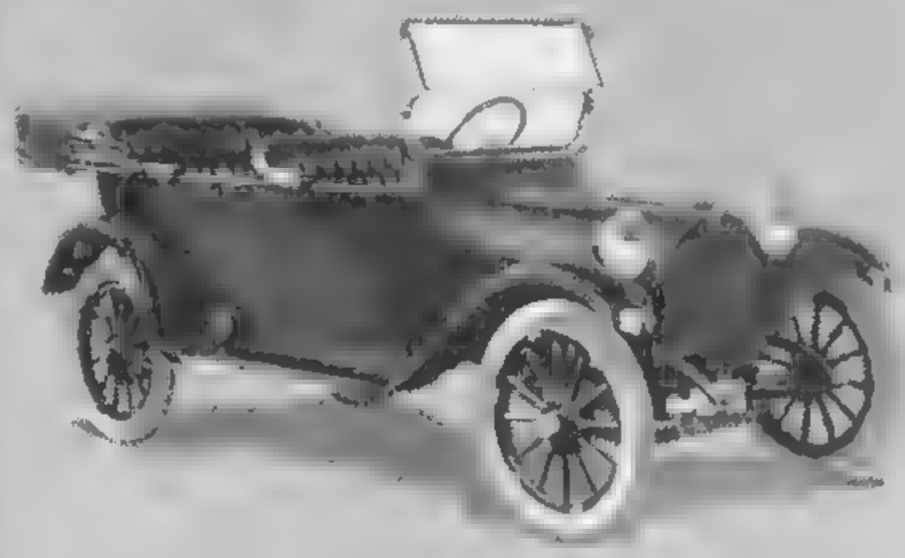

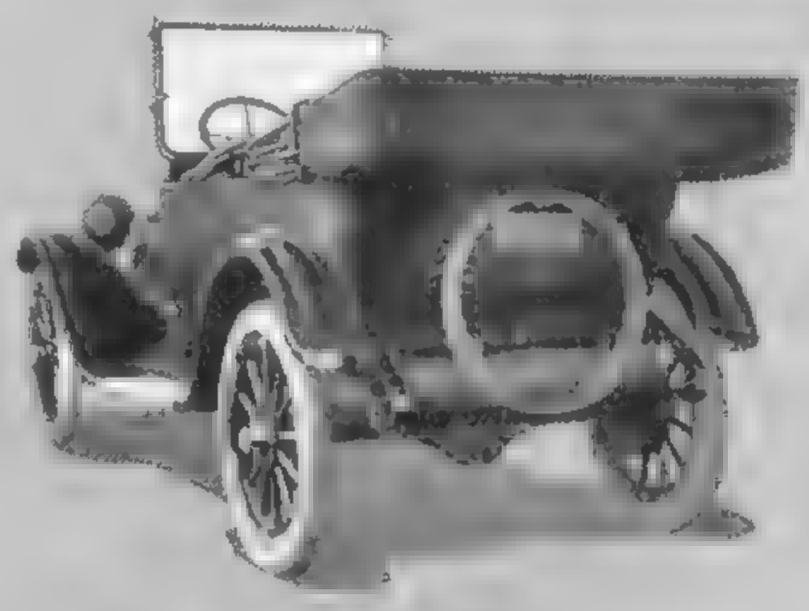

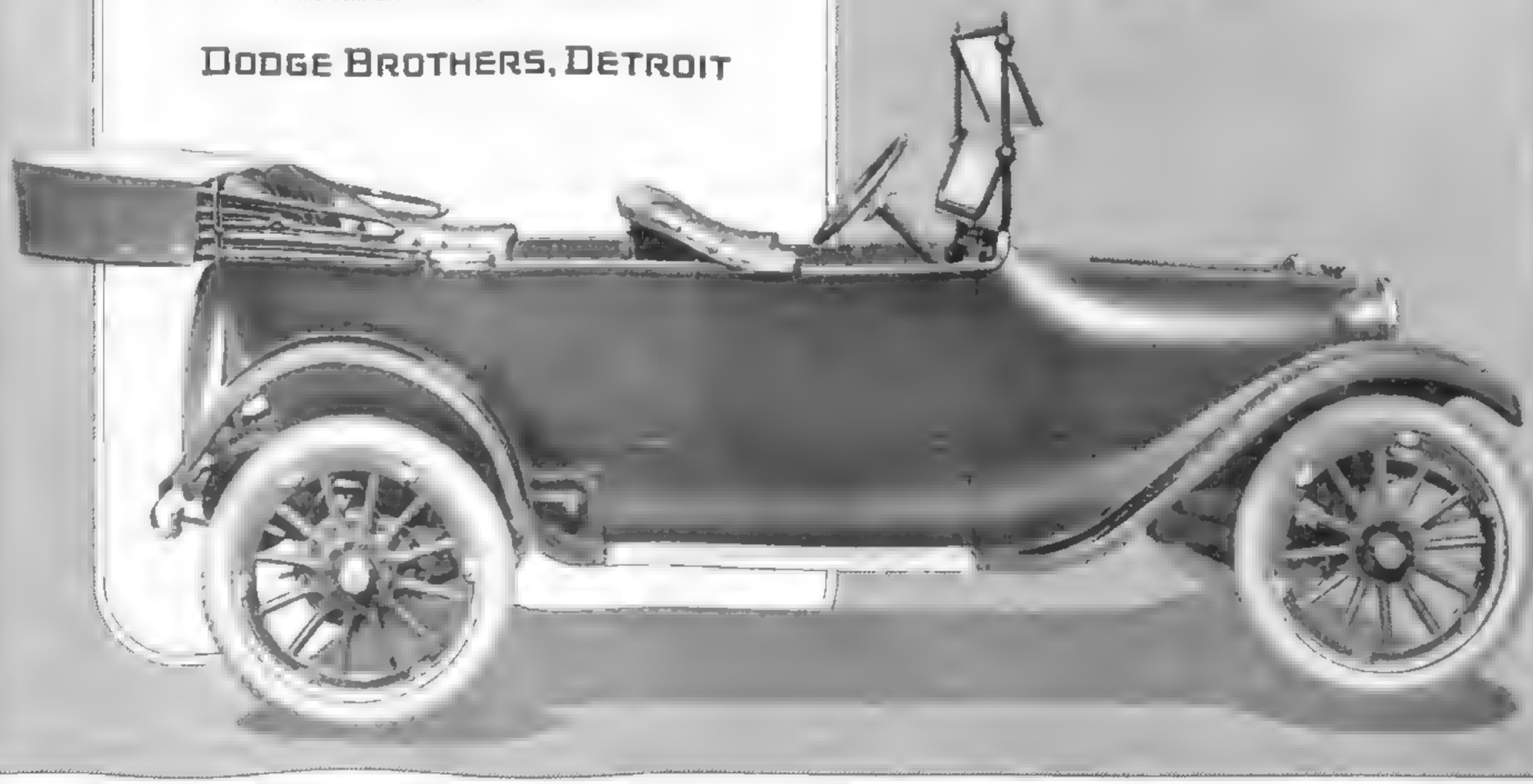

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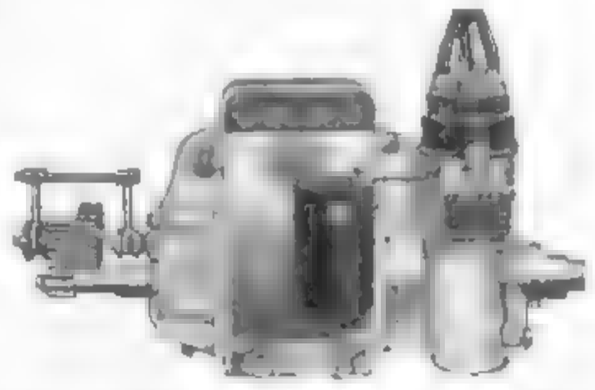

# MAJOR MILES AND THE HUMMING BIRD

(Continued from Page 16)

an' Saturday night I'll put him an' Jodey on th' car an' start 'em on their way home. How will that suit you?"

"Absolutely, suh, absolutely," replied the major heartily. "I have every confidence both in your intelligent an' ability to perform any task you undertake. But I want you to remembah again all I told you about this colt. Try to get a good hold of his head afah th' break-away an' rate him along in the bunch until he hits th' head of th' stretch; then if he kicks him a couple of times he'll run through 'em like water through a sieve. They won't know which way he went.

"Anothah thing, Mistah Hummin' Bird. If I was you I cert'nly would have a bet down. It is not likely that you'll use much of th' money I'm givin' you, if in fact mo' than fo' or five dollahs of it, an' you have my entiah authority an' consent to bet th' balance of it. Th' winnings can be all yours. It's an opportunity you should almost fo'ce yoreself to take advantage of."

The Humming Bird yawned to suppress a smile. "Still in th' optimistic class, major? There's one thing about it, anyway, they can't say they discouraged you round here. But so long, I'll do th' best I can, an' it may be that I'll have a bet down on th' colt."

As the major turned to go the Bird added in mental reservation to himself:

"Sure I'll have a bet on him, if I go crazy between now an' Saturday."

Shooting Star was entered in the third race on the succeeding Saturday. Long before the bookmakers had ascended their stands for the day's business the Bird was circulating busily about the betting ring. It was get-away day and the last possible chance for him to acquire a winter's bank roll.

"What's doin'?" inquired Ikey Goldfine, of the big-noise book, as the Bird flitted past.

The latter threw his hands before him, palms outward.

"Don't know, Ikey. My meal ticket left th' day before yesterday. I've just got one chance left. I'm trainin' a beagle that's in th' third race an' I might get a live one to bet on him. I'm desperate enough to fight a man in an alley for a five-dollar bill."

"What horse you got?" queried the bookmaker.

"Why, you know him—that Shootin' Star trick. I guess you took some money off him already, but I didn't see none of it comin' my way. Th' old guy that owned him had to go home, but he's got Sheridan to ride him. There should be a lot of outside money fallin' in on him with that jock up to-day."

"He ain't improved none, has he?"

"Improved? He's gone back! Th' only way he'll ever run fast enough to win a race will be if they tie a trolley to him, an' then he'd be liable to dog it. But say, Ikey, if I dig up a real subscriber to-day an' lead him to you will you split th' sheet with me? I gotta have some money, an' I ain't goin' to do business with nobody who won't give me a divide."

"Why, sure, Hummin' Bird, sure. I'll give you th' regular take-off," protested Goldfine. "Ain't I always been lib'ral with you? That last couple a times th' colt ran there was only a few joking bets on him—not enough to signify. But you're smart enough an' you're there with th' language. Bring along somethin' that makes a noise like th' real thing an' you're in with ev'ry cent of it—even up."

"You want to make him a good price," cautioned the Bird. "Make th' odds plenty long enough. I never saw a sucker yet that wasn't stung by th' get-rich-quick bug. It's th' chalk marks that catches 'em. You could make him a thousand to one if you wanted to an' th' only chance you'd be takin' would be that the rest of 'em would fall down."

"I guess it's the Overland for me or shanks' mare," soliloquized the Humming Bird as he tore up and down the lawn in front of the grand stand, busy as a humming dog, looking for a prospective subscriber.

He had almost given up the quest as fruitless and retraced his steps disconsolately to the paddock where Shooting Star was awaiting the saddling bell, when his attention was attracted to an individual who stood before the racer's stall regarding the horse with considerable interest. That he was not a regular attendant at the races was immediately apparent to the Bird's practiced eye. He knew them all, both regulars and occasionals. He had never seen this man before. In an infinitesimal space of time the Bird had appraised the stranger. The monogram worked in green silk letters on the lapel of his waistcoat, the blue-white diamond hanging pendent from the golden pick and shovel that decorated his scarf, proclaimed to the wide, wide world that the owner of them was a small-town sport with money. The Bird edged closer.

"How do you like him, boss?" he queried. "Looks like th' goods, don't he?"

"Yep," admitted the stranger with an air of conservatism, "he looks all right. Is his owner or trainer about?"

"Was you thinkin' about bettin' on him?"

"Oh, yes, I'd risk a dollar or two if I could get the right kind of dope. The best place to do business, though, is at headquarters."

"Well, here you are—you're right at 'em," responded the Humming Bird. "I'm both owner and trainer, an' I'm worried to death. There was a party from th' city promised to come out an' bet a thousand for me to-day on him an' he ain't showed up yet. It looks like as if he's goin' to make a bingle, an' here I've had this colt bottled up all through the meetin' waitin' to make a killin'. But I ain't goin' to turn him loose unless I get th' money down. Now, looka here, stranger, there's Shorty Sheridan, th' best jock on the race track, standin' inside that stall ready to straddle that horse. You can hear me give him his instructions if you'll promise me to bet two or three hundred an' give me a piece of money out of th' winnin's. Talk quick! We ain't got but a few minutes."

The stranger nodded an assent: "I'll bet th' money. Now come on an' let's hear that jockey spiel."

The Bird beckoned to the little rider. "Shorty," said he, "this here friend of mine is puttin' a swell bet on th' colt. If he wins you have somethin' comin' to you. Now, all you got to do is to take a good hold of his head when th' barrier lifts an' rate him along in th' bunch till you hit th' head of th' stretch; then kick him a couple of times an' he'll leave 'em like as if they was tied to a post. Do you get me, Shorty?"

"Sure I do, Bird," replied the jockey. "Don't you never fear, I'll boot him home."

"This colt, I suppose, is of stake class," remarked the stranger as the Bird steered him toward the betting ring.

"Stakes? He's in all th' big stakes this fall. I'm goin' to ship him to 'Frisco when this meetin's over," volunteered the Bird. "He's in th' Grass Stakes there, an' th' Daisy Futurity an' th' Expectation—not to mention th' Calamity Handicap. Sure, he's in 'em all. Now, you want to bet your money on his nose. He'll win by a Sabbath day's journey. There ain't anythin' in that race that he can't run away an' hide from. Look over there at the big-noise book! They have forty to one agin him. Better make a bee line for it an' grab."

The Bird slipped his hand under the stranger's elbow and almost pushed him against the man on the block.

"Bet him a couple a hundred," he whispered, as the latter reached for his roll.

A glance of swift meaning passed between Ikey Goldfine and the Bird as the stranger bent to extract two one-hundred-dollar bills from a well-filled pocketbook.

"This is pikers' day for fair," chortled the bookmaker, as he threw the bills carelessly into the cash box behind him and droned out the odds to the ticket-writer. "Better take some more of it, stranger. There's all you want of it, and the price is liberal enough."

The newcomer hesitated a moment, but a nudge and a whispered torrent of advice from the Bird appeared to decide him.

"I'll take two hundred more," he said quietly, "and you might give me the same amount, place and show. How does that suit you?"

"Right-o," responded the man on the block, "come round an' see me after th' race is over—I'll buy you a bottle of wine. That goes. I mean it."

"Oh, I'll be here all right," laughed back the man who was not a regular.

Having once accomplished his design in getting a bet down of which he was assured a profit, the Humming Bird left the stranger to his own devices and stayed out on the lawn to watch the race. The horses were over at the post and he viewed them with lazy interest as they cavorted about, endeavoring to line up for the start. Finally the barrier lifted. A mass of kaleidoscopic color broke through, and the race was on. The Bird felt thirsty, he stuck his hands deep in his pockets and with a sigh of contentment turned back toward the bar at the far end of the stand.

He had almost reached the haven of thirsty souls when a roar from the stand apprised him of the fact that the horses had turned into the head of the stretch and that the contest was really on. The Bird chuckled to himself. He wondered where Shooting Star was placed at this stage of the game, and a feeling of curiosity that he could not quite diagnose arrested his steps. He lifted his race glasses and peered through them at the oncoming racers. He put them down almost instantaneously and, polishing the lenses briskly with his handkerchief, again placed them to his eyes. What the Bird saw caused him to drop the binoculars on the ground with a crash. The favorite and Shooting Star were halfway down the home stretch, running head and head, but while the jockey on the former was driving with whip and spur Sheridan on Shooting Star was sitting as still as death, crouching over his horse's neck and looking sideways at the futile efforts of his opponent.

In a time the Humming Bird had seen the finish of many races. He needed no expert testimony to apprise him of the fact that it was all over. And even as he stood rooted to the ground in a semi-trance, Shooting Star had reached the drawgate and on being shaken up slightly by his rider moved away with long graceful strides and passed under the wire a winner by two open lengths.

The Bird had scarcely recovered from the shock of this untoward happening when he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder, and the eyes of Ikey Goldfine, blazing with righteous indignation, looked into his.

"You done me up, you done me up, you lobster!" hissed the bookmaker. "That outfit of yours made th' biggest killin' that's been made in years. Every book in th' ring has been stung, good and plenty too. I lose nearly twenty thousand myself, an' there ain't one of th' gang that isn't touched up from two to five. We'll get you yet!"

"S'elp me," protested the Bird, "s'elp me, Ikey, I'm as innocent as a canary. I didn't know nothin', s'elp me I didn't. I wasn't in with th' play, nor no part of it. I'm all tangled up. I don't know what to think of it. I can't figure it out noway."

"Go on, go on," growled the bookmaker wrathfully; "go on and hand that to some one else. You tossed me in th' air, an' worse than that you made a hick out of me to th' rest of th' bunch, because when th' play came in on this horse I passed round th' information you handed me as th' real gimmick. There isn't a man in there that wouldn't like to assassinate me this minute, an' half of 'em will think that I framed for 'em. But on your way. Some day I'll put a brand on you that'll never come off. There's a couple of your co-conspirators over there, figurin' up how much they won. You'd better hurry up and join them an' get your divvy."

The Bird's gaze followed the shaking finger of the bookmaker as he pointed over to a corner of the betting ring where the stranger of the pick-and-shovel scarf pin and the monogrammed waistcoat was engaged in animated conversation with no other person than Major Agamemnon Miles! The Bird's jaw dropped, but true to his natural instincts he slid swiftly over and stood behind them. In both men's hands were bunches of tickets that, as the Bird explained afterward in his picturesque way, looked like twin pinochle decks. He was about to pursue his investigations further, when the major wheeled and saw him.

"Why, Mistah Hummin' Bird," he exclaimed, "heah you are, just in time to join in th' festivities! We cert'nly have to thank you fo' th' mannah in which you looked aftah th' colt—he did you proud to-day, that's what he did. I told you he was a good colt all along, didn't I? What he needed was a strong ridah, an' he had one aboard to-day. Don't be afraid, I won't forget you in th' general accountin'."

"I thought you had went home?" broke in the Humming Bird; "I thought you was in Kentucky by this time. I ain't got it

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all yet—if you was goin' to pull anythin' like this, why didn't you put me in it?"

"As to that part of it," said the major, evading the first part of the question, "I am very shuah you have nothin' to cavil at. I told you frequently an' again that this colt was a good one an' that he would win when th' time came. If you didn't believe me I cert'nly can't help it. If you remembah, I even gave you money to bet on him.

"But, changing the subject, by th' way, I want to introduce you to my friend Believille D. Smithers, president of the Nodville Hardware Company. From what he tells me I guess you an' he have already met, but there is no reason why you should not know each othah in a mo' fo'mal mannah. Mr. Smithers and I were once in th' ice business, but it didn't prove to be a very payin' venture. I always assured him I would pull him out even, an' I guess I've done it to-day."

"That's what you have," assented Smithers. "You've sure done it, major, and I want to tell you that you're a trump."

"I'm in Dutch with everybody on th' race track," mourned the Humming Bird. "It'll be tough sleddin' for me from now on. But th' worst of it is how it hurts my feelings to think I was toutin' your partner, major, an' never fell for it."

"That's all right, that's all right. Th' less said, soonest mended," replied the major. "You won't lose anything by it. If a thousand or so will help you out, it's heah fo' you. An', furthahmo', you'd bettah come on down home with me an' rest up until these folks roun' heah cool off. You ain't th' first man I evah met with a kitful of tools that didn't know how to use 'em."

"P'raps I'll come some time, major. P'raps I'll get down to see you before th' snow flies. You've got a heart in you as big as a house, an' I'm willin' to string with you. But it's a pillow to a pitchfork that I'll make one journey first."

"Where to? Where to?" inquired the major solicitously.

"I'm a-goin' to take some of that money you've give me," concluded the Bird solemnly—"I'm a-goin' to take fifty per cent of it an' hike for th' Bloomingdale Asylum to try an' find out from them doctors what's th' matter with me nut."

# SENSE AND NONSENSE

### *Hardly Worth Mentioning*

AS AL STEWART, who runs a hotel in New Orleans, tells the tale, a ninety-year-old negro man, who was homeless, penniless, infirm and crippled, crawled into a hayloft in a strange neighborhood to spend his last hours.

The darky who owned the hay saw a suspicious figure slinking into his stable and came with his shotgun to make the intruder a prisoner. Cautiously entering the stable he detected a rustling in the hay and, aiming his gun in the direction whence the sound came, yelled out:

"I got you! Dog-gone you, I got you!"

The expiring wanderer raised his head and, as he gazed down the gun barrels, replied wanly:

"An' a great git you got!"

### *Fair Exchange*

HARRY BURKE, of the editorial staff of the New York Evening World, has a friend on the New York East Side who, in turn, has a friend who is alleged to have lately arrived from Russia, after serving as color bearer of a Russian regiment in the campaign in Eastern Prussia.

When the newcomer reached the congenial atmosphere of a Yiddish café on Allen Street he wore a large medal on his breast, which he explained had been given to him by the express command of the Czar. Shortly after receiving the decoration he had become ill and was mustered out of service; hence his appearance in America.

"What did you do to win a medal?" inquired Burke's friend.

"I brought in a German battle flag," said the ex-soldier with becoming modesty.

"No wonder you got a medal!" said the East Sider. "Were you shot in getting it?"

"No."

"Didn't you have to kill any Germans to get it?"

"No."

"Didn't you run great personal danger in getting it?"

"No."

"Well, how did you get it, then?"

"Well," said the hero, "I was in the Russian trenches with my regiment, and in the trenches just in front of us was a German regiment; and I saw the man who was carrying their battle flag, and he looked like a good business man. So I waited that evening until everything was quiet and then I went over, all by myself, when nobody was looking—and we traded flags."

### *A Fair Proposition*

ACCORDING to the story they are telling in New York, the German Kaiser was complimenting a soldier named Einstein, who had distinguished himself on the field of battle.

"I am told," so the Kaiser is quoted as saying, "that you are a very poor man and the only support of your aged parents. Because of your poverty you shall have your choice between taking the Iron Cross or a hundred marks."

"Your Majesty," inquired the canny hero, "what is the cross worth in money?"

"Not much," said his emperor; "it is the honor that makes it valuable. It is worth perhaps two marks."

"Very well, then," said Private Einstein, drawing himself up to his full height and saluting. "I will take the Iron Cross and ninety-eight marks in cash!"

### *The Belated Truth*

THE funeral was over, so Sinclair Lewis says. The elderly widower, having returned from the cemetery, sat on the front porch of his small New Hampshire cottage, whistling softly to himself. A neighbor passed, and saw the solitary figure in the shadow of the porch, and halted his team.

"Well, Uncle Gil," he said, striving to put sympathy into his tones, "how air you bearing up?"

"Fust-rate, Eth," said the supposedly bereaved one cheerfully. "Dun't know as I ever felt better."

"I thought mebbe you'd be missin'—her," said the startled neighbor. "She was a good wife—tuck keer of your home and raised your children, and always done mighty well by you durin' all the thutty years you lived together."

"Yas; I know that," stated the widower. "She done all them things and I lived with her thutty years, jest ez you wassayin'; hut, gol dern it, I never did like her!"

### *A Naval Calamity*

FOLLOWING the first outbreak of hostilities in Europe, great crowds gathered nightly before the offices of the New York newspapers to read the war bulletins. One evening two darkies stood in the crowd that was packed at the upper end of the Times Building. It will be remembered that His Holiness Pius X was then at the point of death.

Suddenly, in the midst of bulletins dealing with the fighting in Belgium, this line flashed out: "Pope Sinking!"

One of the negroes, evidently very pro-Allies in his feelings, let out a yell.

"Dar goes de biggest warship dem Germans is got!" he announced.

### *Perfect Mental Rest*

THE little group of men who make a living by serving as fishing and hunting guides to city sportsmen on the shores and waters of Great South Bay, which indents the sea side of Long Island, are a race unto themselves—uncommunicative, competent and tremendously silent. Not long ago Bozeman Bulger—who is by way of being the worst duck shot and one of the most persistent in the world—was in a blind with his favorite guide. He endeavored to draw out his companion.

"Tom," he said, "what do you fellows do down here when the bay freezes over and stops the hunting and fishing?"

"Well," said Tom, after a contemplative pause, "we git round the stove in the boathouse and just set and think. Sometimes we jest set."

### *The Admirable Towser*

"I'VE got the most wonderful dog in the world—the smartest, I mean," said one of a party camping in Canada last fall. "When I bring out my rifle he knows I'm going after deer and he never offers to follow me; but if he sees me reach for my shotgun he knows that means partridges, and when I get to the woods I find him there waiting for me. Actually that dog knows the difference between a rifle and a shotgun."

"That's nothing," said Frank Packard from his place at the other side of the fire. "You fellows have seen my little Towser, haven't you? Well, when I begin to get out my fishing kit Towser runs up behind the barn and begins digging worms!"

### *Not Even Standing Room*

A SMALL-TIME vaudeville actor lost his aged father. On the day after the burial a fellow professional met the bereft one on the street.

"Old man," he said, "I'm sorry I couldn't get to the funeral yesterday. Still, I understand all your father's old friends and most of your friends turned out to pay him the last respects."

"Did they?" said the son. "Did they? My boy, we turned 'em away!"

### *Real Quality Was Lacking*

WHEN Grantland Rice, who now writes verses and prose for one of the New York papers, came from Nashville to Manhattan to live he brought along his small daughter, Florence, then just five years old. The Rice family established themselves in an apartment uptown; and on the day after they got settled little Miss Florence was taken out for a walk by her negro nurse, also a Tennessee importation. The pair spent an hour on Riverside Drive.

"Well, Florence," inquired her mother when the small promenader returned, "how did you enjoy it?"

"Not very much," said Florence calmly.

"Didn't you see anything?" pressed Mrs. Rice.

"Only a lot of Northerners," said Florence.

### *Where Brother Jones Got Off*

A BISHOP of the African Methodist Episcopal Church in Tennessee was entertaining a number of his preachers at a chicken supper, following the holding of the Annual Conference.

Except one very small and very black presiding elder, all the guests were of an impressive size and bearing. In serving the plates the host overlooked the little man. Presently the time came for replenishing the plates, and now the bishop saw the small figure, wedged in behind two wide, broad-clothed forms.

"Brother Jones," he inquired in his best pulpit voice, "will you have more chicken?"

"More?" shrilled Brother Jones indignantly—"more? Huh! I ain't never had some yit!"

### *Everything to Match*

IN THE first few days of the European war the English War Office enrolled for drill service every ex-noncommissioned officer who still remembered the manual of arms. Among the veterans who answered their country's call was one grizzled Irishman who, according to Fred Grundy, made a sorry hash at roll call of some of the aristocratic names that appeared on the company muster.

Halfway down the column he halted over one name and spelled it painfully—M-o-n-t-a-g-u-e. Then he called out:

"Montaggy!"

No one answered. The sergeant scowled at the list and tried again.

"Montaggy!" he bawled.

"Probably you mean me," said a gentleman recruit standing in the second row with his hands at his sides and his monocle fixed in his eye. "My name happens to be Montague," he explained, giving the word its customary pronunciation.

"Is that so?" thundered the old noncom. "Very well, then, Mister Mon-ty-goo; you drop out of line and do two hours' fat-ty-goo!"

# RUGGLES OF RED GAP

Continued from Page 19

"Not me," he said. "I've been had too often. You're a good smooth talker and you may be all right, but I can't take a chance at my time of life."

"What's he want now?" asked the other.

"The old story," said Cousin Egbert: "come off and left his purse on the hatrack or out in the woodshed some place." This was the height of absurdity, for I had said nothing of the sort.

"I was looking for something like that," said the other. "I never make a mistake in faces. You got a watch there, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir," I said, and laid on the table my silver English half-hunter. They both fell to examining this with interest and presently the Tuttle person spoke up excitedly:

"Well, darn my skin if he ain't got a genuine double Gazottz! How did you come by this, my man?" he demanded sharply.

"It came from my brother-in-law, sir," I explained, "six years ago as security for a trifling loan."

"He sounds honest enough," said the Tuttle person to Cousin Egbert.

"Yes, but maybe it ain't a regular double Gazottz," said the latter. "The market is flooded with imitations."

"No, sir, I can't be fooled on them boys," insisted the other. "Blindfold me and I could pick a double Gazottz out every time. I'm going to take a chance on it, anyway." Whereupon the fellow pocketed my watch and from his wallet passed me a note of the so-called French money which I was astounded to observe was for the equivalent of four pounds, or one hundred francs as the French will have it. "I'll advance that much on it," he said, "but don't ask for another cent until I've had it thoroughly gone over by a plumber. It may have moths in it."

It seemed to me that the chap was quite off his head, for the watch was worth not more than ten shillings at the most, though what a double Gazottz might be I could not guess. However I saw it would be wise to appear to accept the loan and tendered the note in payment of the score.

When I had secured the change I sought to intimate that we should be leaving. I thought even the street fair would be better for us than this rapid consumption of stimulants.

"I bet he'd go without buying," said Cousin Egbert.

"No, he wouldn't," said the other. "He knows what's customary in a case like this. He's just a little embarrassed. Wait and see if I ain't right." At which they both sat and stared at me in silence for some moments until at last I ordered more drink, as I saw was expected of me.

"He wants the cabman to have one with him," said Cousin Egbert, whereat the other not only beckoned our cabby to join us, but called to two laborers who were passing and also induced the waiter who served us to join in the round.

"He seems to have a lot of tough friends," said Cousin Egbert as we all drank, though he well knew I had extended none of these invitations.

"Acts like a drunken sailor soon as he gets a little money," said the other.

"Three rousing cheers," replied Cousin Egbert, and to my great chagrin he leaped to his feet, seized one of the navvies about the waist and there on the public pavement did a crude dance with him to the strains of the Marseillaise from the steam orchestrion. Not only this, but when the music had ceased he traded hats with the navvy, securing a most shocking affair in place of the new one, and as they parted he presented the fellow with the gloves and stick I had purchased for him that very morning. As I stared aghast at this *faux pas* the navvy, with his new hat at an angle and twirling the stick, proceeded down the street with mincing steps and exaggerated airs of gentility, to the applause of the entire crowd, including Cousin Egbert.

"This ain't quite the hat I want," he said as he returned to us, "but the day is young. I'll have other chances." And with the help of the public house window as a mirror he adjusted the unmentionable thing with affectations of great nicety.

"He always was a dressy old scoundrel," remarked the Tuttle person. And then, as the music came to us once more, he continued: "Say, Sour-Dough, let's go over to the rodeo they got some likely looking broncs over there."

Arm in arm, accordingly, they crossed the street and proceeded to the carrousel, first warning the cabby and myself to stay by them lest harm should come to us. What now ensued was perhaps their most remarkable behavior of the day. At the time I could account for it only by the liquor they had consumed, but later experience in the States convinced me that they were at times consciously spoofing. I mean to say that it was quite too absurd—their seriously believing what they seemed to believe.

The carrousel being at rest when we approached, they gravely examined each one of the painted wooden effigies, looking into such of the mouths as were open and cautiously feeling the forelegs of the different mounts, keeping up an elaborate pretense the while that the beasts were real and that they were in danger of being kicked. One absurdly painted horse they agreed would be the most difficult to ride. Examining his mouth they disputed as to his age and called the cabby to have his opinion of the thing's fetlocks, warning each other to beware of his rearing. The cabby, who was doubtless also intoxicated, made an equal pretense of the beast's realness, and indulged, I gathered, in various criticisms of its legs at great length.

"I think he's right," remarked the Tuttle person when the cabby had finished. "It's a bad case of splints. The leg would be blistered if I had him.

"I wouldn't give him corral room," said Cousin Egbert. "He's a bad actor. Look at his eye. Whoa there—you would, would you!" Here he made a pretense that the beast had seized him by the shoulder. "He's a man-eater—what did I tell you? Keep him away."

"I'll take that out of him," said the Tuttle person. "I'll show him who's his master."

"You ain't never going to try to ride him, Jeff! Think of the wife and little ones!"

"You know me, Sour-Dough. No horse never stepped out from under me yet. I'll not only ride him but I'll put a silver dollar in each stirrup and give you a thousand for each one I lose and a thousand for every time I touch leather."

Cousin Egbert here began to plead tearfully.

"Don't do it, Jeff—come on round here. There's a big five-year-old blue roan round here that will be safe as a church for you. Let that pinto alone. They ought to be arrested for having him here."

But the other seemed obdurate.

"Start her up, professor, when I give the word," he called to the proprietor, and handed him one of the French bank notes. "Play it all out," he directed as this person gasped with amazement.

Cousin Egbert then proceeded to the head of the beast.

"You'll have to blind him," he said.

"Sure!" replied the other, and with loud and profane cries to the animal they bound a handkerchief about his eyes.

"I can tell he's going to be a twister," warned Cousin Egbert. "I better ear him." And to my increased amazement he took one of the beast's leather ears between his teeth and held it tightly. Then with soothing words to the supposedly dangerous animal the Tuttle person mounted him.

"Let him go," he called to Cousin Egbert, who released the ear from between his teeth.

"Wait," called the latter, "we're all going with you." Whereupon he insisted that the cabby and I should enter a sort of swanboat directly in the rear. I felt a silly fool, but I saw there was nothing else to be done. Cousin Egbert himself mounted a horse he had called a blue roan, waved his hand to the proprietor, who switched a lever, the Marseillaise blared forth and the platform began to revolve. As we moved, the Tuttle person whisked the handkerchief from off the eyes of his mount and with loud shrill cries began to beat the sides of its head with his soft hat, bobbing about in his saddle, moreover, as if the beast were most unruly and like to dismount him. Cousin Egbert joined in the yelling, I am sorry to say, and lashed his beast as if he would overtake his companion. The cabman also became excited and shouted his utmost, apparently in the way of encouragement. Strange to say, I presume on account of the motion, I felt the thing was becoming infectious and was absurdly moved to join in the shouts, restraining myself with difficulty. I could distinctly imagine we were in the hunting field and riding the tails off the hounds, as one might say.

In view of what was later most unjustly alleged of me I think it as well to record now that, though I had partaken freely of the stimulants since our meeting with the Tuttle person, I was not intoxicated, nor until this moment had I felt even the slightest elation. Now, however, I did begin to feel conscious of a mild exhilaration, and to be aware that I was viewing the behavior of my companions with a sort of superior but amused tolerance. I can account for this only by supposing that the swift revolutions of the carrousel had in some occult manner intensified or consummated, as one might say, the effect of my previous potations. I mean to say the continued swirling about gave me a frothy feeling that was not unpleasant.

As the contrivance came to rest, Cousin Egbert ran to the Tuttle person, who had dismounted, and warmly shook his hand, as did the cabby.

"I certainly thought he had you there once, Jeff," said Cousin Egbert. "Of all the twisters I ever saw, that outlaw is the worst."

"Wanted to roll me," said the other, "but I learned him something."

It may not be credited, but at this moment I found myself examining the beast and saying, "He's crocked himself up, sir—he's gone tender at the heel." I knew perfectly, it must be understood, that this was silly, and yet I further added, "I fancy he's picked up a stone." I mean to say it was the most utter rot—pretending seriously that way.

"You come away," said Cousin Egbert. "Next thing you'll be thinking you can ride him yourself."

I did in truth experience an earnest craving for more of the revolutions and said as much, adding that I rode at twelve stone.

"Let him break his neck if he wants to," urged the Tuttle person.

"It wouldn't be right," replied Cousin Egbert, "not in his condition. Let's see if we can't find something gentle for him. Not the roan. I found she ain't bridle-wise. How about that pheasant?"

"It's an ostrich, sir," I corrected him, as indeed it most distinctly was, though at my words they both indulged in loud laughter, affecting to consider that I had misnamed the creature.

"Ostrich!" they shouted. "Poor old Bill—he thinks it's an ostrich!"

"Quite so, sir," I said pleasantly but firmly, determining not to be hoaxed again.

"Don't drivel that way," said the Tuttle person.

"Leave it to the driver, Jeff, maybe he'll believe him," said Cousin Egbert almost sadly, whereupon the other addressed the cabby.

"Hey, Frank," he began, and continued with some French words, among which I caught vooley-voos, ally caffy, foomer and something that sounded much like kafooz-leum, at which the cabby spoke at some length in his native language concerning the ostrich. When he had done the Tuttle person turned to me with a superior frown.

"Now I guess you're satisfied," he remarked. "You heard what Frank said—it's an Arabian muffin bird."

Of course I was perfectly certain that the chap had said nothing of the sort, but I resolved to enter into the spirit of the thing, so I merely said: "Yes, sir; my error; it was only at first glance that it seemed to be an ostrich."

"Come along," said Cousin Egbert. "I won't let him ride anything he can't guess the name of. It wouldn't be right to his folks."

"Well, what's that then?" demanded the other, pointing full at the giraffe.

"It's a bally ant-eater, sir," I replied, divining that I should be wise not to seem too obvious in naming the beast.

"Well, well, so it is!" exclaimed the Tuttle person delightedly.

"He's got the eye with him this time," said Cousin Egbert admiringly.

"He's sure a wonder," said the other. "That thing had me fooled; I thought at first it was a Russian mouse hound."

"Well, let him ride it then," said Cousin Egbert, and I was practically lifted into the saddle by the pair of them.

"One moment!" said Cousin Egbert. "Can't you see the poor thing has a sore


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throat? Wait till I fix him." And forthwith he removed his spats and in another moment had buckled them securely high about the throat of the giraffe.

It will be seen that I was not myself when I say that this performance did not shock me as it should have done, though I was less entertained by it than were the remainder of our party and a circle of the French lower classes that had formed about us.

"Give him his head! Let's see what time you can make!" shouted Cousin Egbert as the affair began once more to revolve. I saw that both my companions held opened watches in their hands.

It here becomes difficult for me to be lucid about the succeeding events of the day. I was conscious of a mounting exhilaration as my beast swept me round the circle, and of a marked impatience with many of the proprieties of behavior that ordinarily with me matter enormously. I swung my hat and joyously urged my strange steed to a faster pace, being conscious of loud applause each time I passed my companions. For certain lapses of memory thereafter I must wholly blame this insidious motion.

For example, though I believed myself to be still mounted and whirling—indeed I was strongly aware of the motion—I found myself seated again at the corner public house and rapping smartly for drink, which I paid for. I was feeling remarkably fit and suffered only a mild wonder that I should have left the carrousel without observing it. Having drained my glass I then remember asking Cousin Egbert if he would consent to change hats with the cabby, which he willingly did. It was a top hat of some strange hard material brightly glazed. Although many unjust things were said of me later, this is the sole incident of the day which caused me to admit that I might have taken a glass too much—especially as I undoubtedly praised Cousin Egbert's appearance when the exchange had been made and was heard to wish that we might all have hats so smart.

It was directly after this that young Mr. Elmer, the art student, invited us to his studio, though I had not before remarked his presence and cannot recall now where we met him. The occurrence in the studio, however, was entirely natural. I wished to please my friends and made no demur whatever when asked to don the things: a trouserish affair of sheep's wool which they called chaps, a flannel shirt of blue—they knotted a scarlet silk handkerchief round my neck—and a wide-brimmed white hat with four indentations in the crown, such as one may see worn in the cinema dramas by cow persons and other Western-Coast desperadoes. When they had strapped round my waist a large pistol in a leather jacket I considered the effect picturesque in the extreme and my friends were loud in their approval of it.

I repeat, it was an occasion when it would have been boorish in me to refuse to meet them halfway. I even told them an excellent wheeze I had long known, which I thought they might not have heard. It runs, "Why is Charing Cross? Because the Strand runs into it." I mean to say this is comic provided one enters wholly into the spirit of it, as there is required a certain nimbleness of mind to get the point, as one might say. In the present instance some needed element was lacking, for they actually drew aloof from me and conversed in low tones among themselves, pointedly ignoring me. I repeated the thing to make sure they should see it, whereat I heard Cousin Egbert say, "Better not irritate him—he'll get mad if we don't laugh." After which they burst into laughter so extravagant that I knew it to be feigned. Hereupon, feeling quite drowsy, I resolved to have forty winks, and with due apologies reclined upon the couch, where I drifted into a refreshing slumber.

Later I inferred that I must have slept for some hours. I was awakened by a light flashed in my eyes and beheld Cousin Egbert and the Tuttle person, the latter wishing to know how late I expected to keep them up. I was on my feet at once with apologies, but they instantly hustled me to the door, down a flight of steps, through a courtyard and into the waiting cab. It was then I noticed that I was wearing the curious hat of the American Far West, but when I would have gone back to leave it and secure my own they protested vehemently, wishing to know if I had not given them trouble enough that day.

In the cab I was still somewhat drowsy, but gathered that my companions had left me to dine and attend a public dance hall with the cubbish art student. They had not seemed to need sleep and were still wakeful, for they sang from time to time, and Cousin Egbert lifted the cabby's hat which he still wore, bowing to imaginary throngs along the street which were supposed to be applauding him. I at once became conscience-stricken at the thought of Mrs. Effie's feelings when she should discover him to be in this state, and was on the point of suggesting that he seek another apartment for the night when the cab pulled up in front of our own hotel.

Though I protest that I was now entirely recovered from any effect that the alcohol might have had upon me, it was not until this moment that I most horribly discovered myself to be in the cow person's full regalia which I had donned in the studio in a spirit of pure frolic. I mean to say I had never intended to wear the things beyond the door and could not have been hired to do so. What was my amazement then to find my companions laboriously lifting me from the cab in this impossible *tenue*. I objected vehemently, but little good it did me.

"Get a policeman if he starts any of that rough stuff," said the Tuttle person, and in sheer horror of a scandal I subsided, while one on either side they hustled me through the hotel lounge—happily vacant of every one but a tariff manager—and into the lift. And now I perceived that they were once more pretending to themselves that I was in a bad way from drink, though I could not at once suspect the full iniquity of their design.

As we reached our own floor, one of them still seeming to support me on either side, they began loud and excited admonitions to me to be still, to come along as quickly as possible, to stop singing and not to shoot. I mean to say I was entirely quiet, I was coming along as quickly as they would let me, I had not sung and did not wish to shoot, yet they persisted in making this loud ado over my supposed intoxication—aimlessly as I thought—until the door of the Floud drawing room opened and Mrs. Effie appeared in the hallway. At this they redoubled their absurd violence with me and by dint of tripping me they actually made it appear that I was scarce able to walk, nor do I imagine that the costume I wore was any testimonial to my sobriety.

"Now we got him safe," panted Cousin Egbert, pushing open the door of my room.

"Get his gun first," warned the Tuttle person, and this being taken from me I was unceremoniously shoved inside.

"What does all this mean?" demanded Mrs. Effie, coming rapidly down the hall. "Where have you been till this time of night? I bet it's your fault, Jeff Tuttle—you've been getting him going."

They were both voluble with denials of this, and though I could scarce believe my ears, they proceeded to tell a story that laid the blame entirely on me.

"No, ma'am, Mis' Effie," began the Tuttle person, "it ain't that way at all. You wrong me if ever a man was wronged."

"You just seen what state he was in, didn't you?" asked Cousin Egbert in tones of deep injury. "Do you want to take another look at him?" and he made as if to push the door farther open upon me.

"Don't do it—don't get him started again," warned the Tuttle person. "I've had trouble enough with that man to-day."

"I seen it coming this morning," said Cousin Egbert, "when we was at the art gallery. He had a kind of wild look in his eyes, and I says right then, 'There's a man ought to be watched,' and —— Well, one thing led to another. Look at this hat he made me wear—nothing would satisfy him but I should trade hats with some cabdriver ——"

"I was coming along from looking at two or three good churches," broke in the Tuttle person, "when I seen Sour-Dough here having a kind of mix-up with this man because of him insisting he must ride a kangaroo or something on a merry-go-round, and wanting Sour-Dough to ride an ostrich with him, and then when we got him quieted down a little, nothing would do him but he's got to be a cowboy—you seen his clothes, didn't you? And of course I wanted to get back to Addie and the girls, but I seen Sour-Dough here was in trouble so I stayed right by him and between us we got the maniac here."

"He's one of them should never touch liquor," said Cousin Egbert; "it makes a demon of him."

"I got his knife away from him early in the game," said the other.

"I don't suppose I got to wear this cabman's hat just because he told me to, have I?" demanded Cousin Egbert.

"And here I'd been looking forward to a quiet day seeing some well-known objects of interest," came from the other—"after I got my tooth pulled, that is."

"And me with a tooth, too, that nearly drove me out of my mind," said Cousin Egbert suddenly.

I could not see Mrs. Effie, but she had evidently listened to this outrageous tale with more or less belief, though not wholly credulous. "You men have both been drinking yourselves," she said shrewdly.

"We had to take a little; he made us," declared the Tuttle person brazenly.

"He got so he insisted on our taking something every time he did," added Cousin Egbert. "And anyway, I didn't care so much, with this tooth of mine aching like it does."

"You come right out with me and around to that dentist I went to this morning," said the Tuttle person. "You'll suffer all night if you don't."

"Maybe I'd better," said Cousin Egbert, "though I hate to leave this comfortable hotel and go out into the night air again."

"I'll have the right of this in the morning," said Mrs. Effie. "Don't think it's going to stop here." At this my door was pulled to and the key turned in the lock.

Frankly I am aware that what I have put down above is incredible, yet not a single detail have I distorted. With a quite devilish ingenuity they had fastened upon some true bits: I had suggested the change of hats with the cabby, I had wished to ride the giraffe, and the Tuttle person had secured my knife, but how monstrously untrue of me was the impression conveyed by these isolated facts. I could believe now quite all the tales I had ever heard of the queerness of Americans. I went to bed resolving to let the morrow take care of itself.

Again I was awakened by a light flashing in my eyes, and became aware that Cousin Egbert stood in the middle of the room. He was reading from his notebook of art criticism with something of an oratorical effect. Through the half-drawn curtains I could see that dawn was breaking. Cousin Egbert was no longer wearing the cabby's hat. It was now the flat cap of the Paris constable or policeman.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Color-Blind Bugs

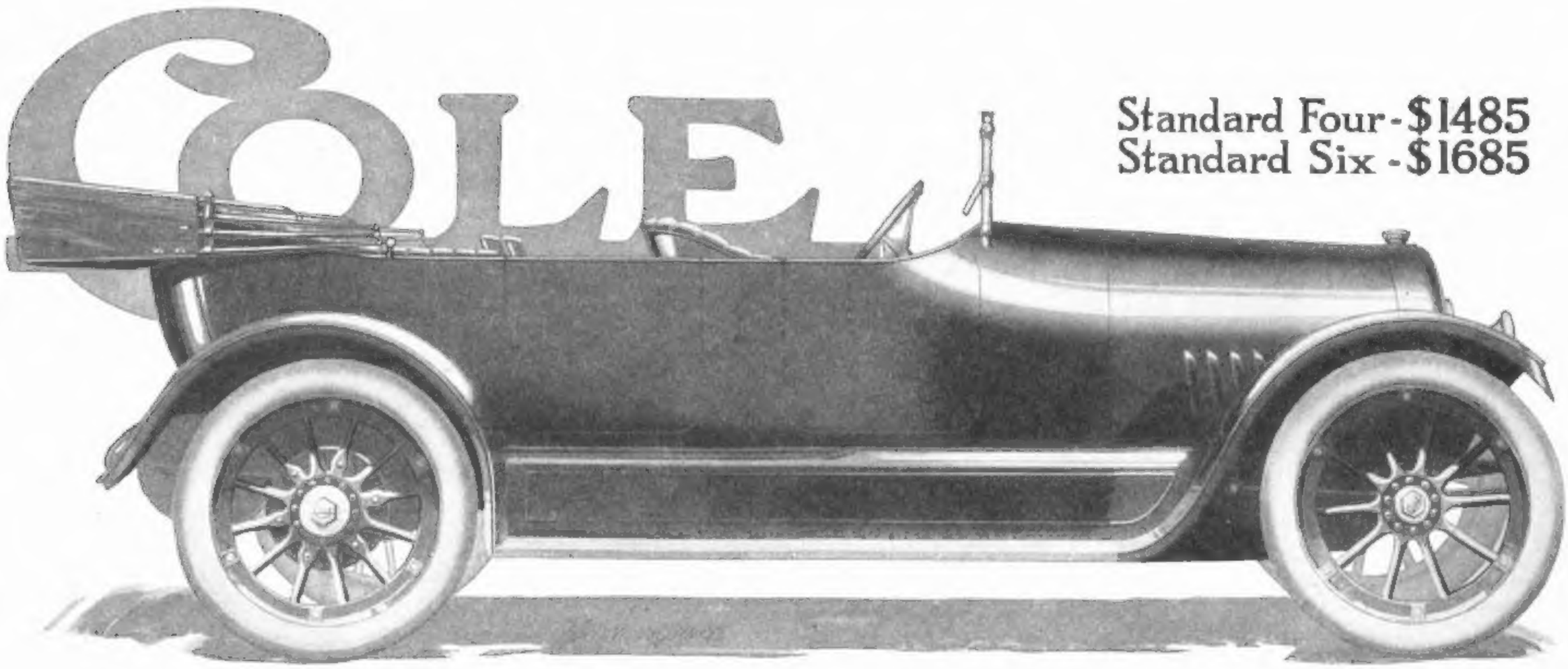
LAMPS that will not attract crawling bugs and flying insects at night are now proposed, and there is good reason to expect that experiments will show such lights to be practicable though not very economical. On summer nights the insect nuisance, due to the attraction of lights, is often so vexatious that the inconveniences of darkness are preferable. In the tropics the nuisance is almost constant.

The ideal outdoor light would be one that insects could not see with their limited powers of vision, but which would still give ample light for human beings. To some extent this result has already been accomplished by using red lights; and in the tropics lamps with ruby globes are not uncommon. Some insects cannot see red, and all insects seem to be more or less lacking in red sensation.

Bees, for instance, have no ability to detect red; in other words, to bees red is the same as black. A noted biologist recently determined exactly all the colors and shades of color bees can see, by feeding experiments. In a few hours bees would learn that the professor put sweets in blue or yellow dishes, but not in gray dishes; and by varying the details it was easily possible to discover the color senses of the bees. They were found to confuse red and black so uniformly that it was evident both seemed black to the bees.

An electrical engineer has suggested that the new neon-gas-filled lamps, having a natural ruby shade and yet giving a large quantity of light, may become the basis of a lamp that will not attract bugs. Small neon lamps are not yet manufactured, but they may be on the market before long.

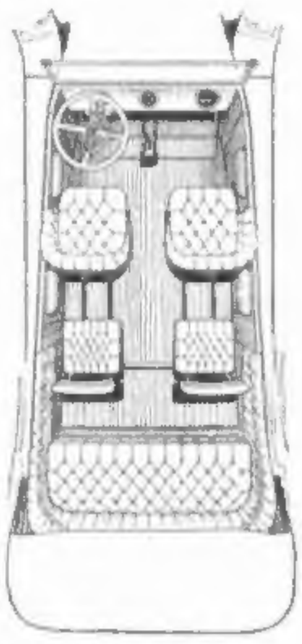
Experiments to determine just what rays are seen best by night insects will give the information necessary for constructing a color-screen globe. Then by combining the very efficient neon lamp with such a specially prepared globe it ought to be possible to obtain a lamp that will give ample light for many uses and yet be more or less invisible to insect pests.




# FULL SEVEN-PASSENGER, with divided front seats, *real* one-man top, Timken axles, noiseless helical gears, and *all* the other *tried standard* units plus—Cole comfort and class.

A STRICTLY seven-passenger car with the cramp and crowding *all left out*. Seven full-grown people can visit around in this car from seat to seat if they choose, because an aisle way has been placed between the seats. The people in front can turn around and join the other five in the rear—heretofore the passengers in front have been isolated.

The one-man top on this Standard Cole is a *real* one-man top—the divided front seat makes it so.



SEATING ARRANGEMENT

## WHY THE COLE IS STANDARD

Timken Axles and Bearings; Cole Three-Point Suspended Unit Power Plant—Northway; Mayo Radiator; Gemmer Steering Gear; Delco Electric Equipment; Detroit Steel Products Self-lubricating Springs; Spicer Universal Joints; Hydraulic Pressed Steel Frames; Stewart-Warner Vacuum Fuel System; Stromberg Carburetor; Firestone Tires; Firestone Demountable Rims; Stewart Speedometer.

Whenever any one of these parts ceases to measure up to the Cole Standard of Quality, the Cole will cease to use it.

These units are the products of the one great specialty builder in each instance. Each unit is conceived and developed by its own engineering board under the most extensive and favorable factory conditions—and a whole world-known organization *concentrates* on its constant improvement. *All* of these engineering boards, with millions of capital behind them, together with Cole's engineering board, produce *The Standardized Car*—and *are back of The Cole Guarantee.*

No other Four or sensibly-priced Six gives you *all* of these Standard Motor Car units.

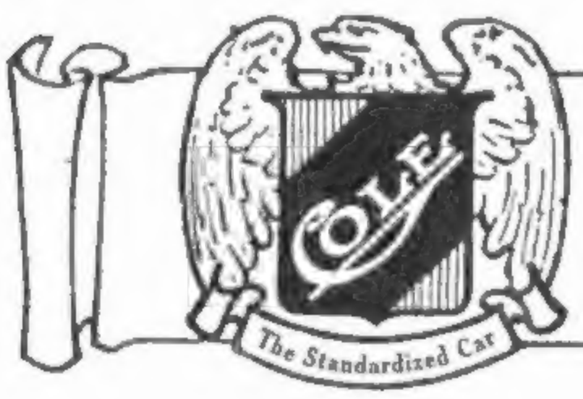
No other manufacturer shows a more consistent record of steady growth and increased commercial prestige.

Cole distributors in the leading cities have shared in the growth of the Cole factory, New York having taken during 1914 nearly six hundred Cole cars; Chicago almost four hundred cars.

This is convincing proof of the selling merit of the Cole, since New York and Chicago buyers have all of the world's choicest motor cars from which to select. Owners and dealers alike are interested, not only in the economical performance of the car, but also in the stability and performance of the Company back of the car.

There is an interesting story connected with the evolution of the Cole, and we will enjoy telling you of it.

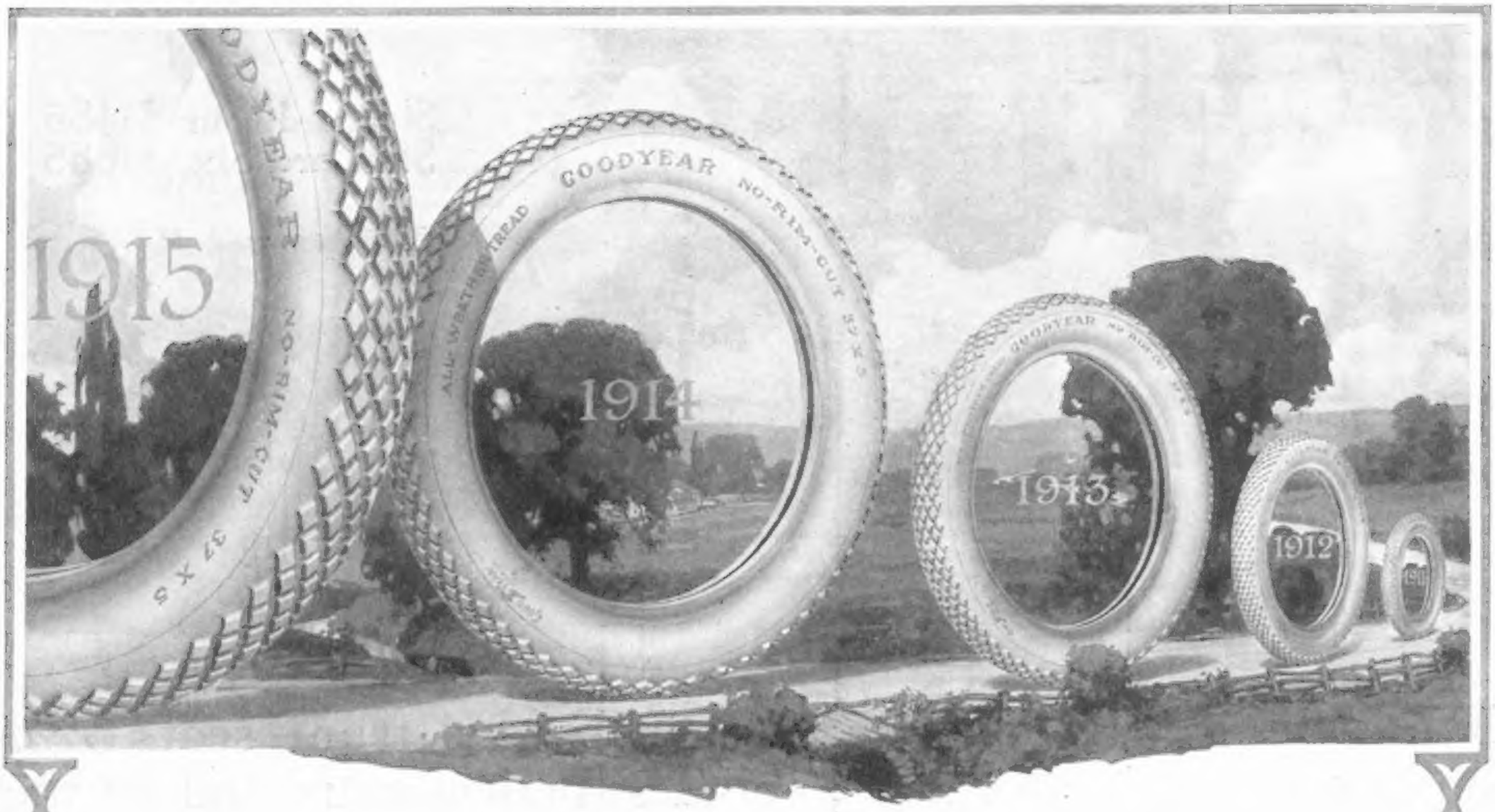
***Write for the COLE ADVANCE BLUE BOOK describing the complete Cole Line; including the Cole Big Six at $2465***




## Cole Motor Car Company

INDIANAPOLIS, U.S.A.

**Builders of the Standardized Car.**




# Note How Goodyear Grows As the Years Roll By

## 1,479,883 Tires Last Year

In the fiscal year just ended we sold 1,479,883 Goodyear pneumatic automobile tires. That's about one tire for every car in use.

It was 26 6-10 per cent more tires than we sold the year before. It was half as many tires as we had sold in our previous 14 years combined.

It was more per month than we sold per year back in 1909.

It is more than were sold of any other tire that's built.

## To Men Like You

We sold these tires to men like you—men who seek quality tires. To men who want safety, strength and endurance. To men who watch tires and compare them.

Some had accidents with tires. Some misused and wrecked them. And some, no doubt, got faulty Goodyear tires.

But there's the record after 15 years—after millions of tests and comparisons. The final verdict, as shown by sales, is that Goodyear tires are best.

## Fortified Tires Five Exclusive Ways

Goodyear Fortified tires protect you in five exclusive ways.

One combats rim-cutting in the most efficient way that's known.

One means safety. These tires are held on by an unstretchable tire base, in which we vulcanize six flat bands of 126 braided wires.

One saves needless blow-outs. Our "On-Air" cure—which costs $1,500 daily—prevents the countless blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO
**No-Rim-Cut Tires**
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

One—a patent method—reduces by 60 per cent the risk of tread separation.

And one combats punctures and skidding. That's our All-Weather tread—tough and double-thick, flat and smooth-running, sharp-edged and resistless.

All these features are in Goodyear Fortified tires. Not one of them is found in any other.

## Let Them Prove

This isn't written to sell tires, for tires must sell themselves. We simply urge you to test the tires which won this matchless showing.

They outsell any other. They are gaining new users fast. They are fortified in exclusive ways against five major tire troubles.

You cannot, we argue, be fair to yourself without proving out these tires. And now, with the new year, is a good time to do it.

Any dealer will supply you if you say you want Goodyear tires.

**THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO**

(2040)

# PAIGE

# Here is the Ultimate "Six"

THE "Ultimate-Six" because, we believe, that this Paige "Six" fixes at $1395 the highest price you should pay or have to pay for a six-cylinder car of supreme value. The "Ultimate-Six" because, we believe, once again the Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company has led the way both in quality and price, and the Paige "Six" is the standard by which all other "Sixes" will be judged.

In this photograph you are looking at the only seven passenger six-cylinder car in the world which sells for less than $1400.

Such is the latest achievement of the Paige so far as **price** is concerned.

But what we are particularly concerned with is **value.** We want to sell you this car, not because it is the **lowest priced** seven passenger "Six," but because we consider it the **greatest value** — dollar for dollar — in the entire motor car industry.

### Flexibility and Power

You have heard much of "Flexibility." The Paige "Six"—from a standing start on high gear—can be throttled down to three miles an hour. And then within 30 seconds speeded up until it is flying 50 miles an hour. That is Paige Flexibility.

From a standing start, on high gear, it climbs steep hills without a murmur of protest. That is Paige Power. These are not "demonstrating stunts." Every Paige "Six" does these things. And the price is $1395. Remember that and you begin to understand what we mean by Paige Value.

### An Epoch-Making Design

The photograph shows you the distinctiveness and beauty of the Paige design—a big, roomy, powerful, fast "Six"—like no other big "Six" in the world. But you must ride in the Paige "Six" to realize the miracle of luxurious riding, the easy, undulating motion—on the roughest roads—accomplished by the Paige cantilever spring suspension, low center of gravity and perfect weight distribution. Here again the Paige "Six" is unique. This is a miracle of motor car engineering.

### The Reasons Why

Examine below the list of Paige "Six" specifications. There you will find a thorough and convincing explanation for the amazing qualities and performances of the "Ultimate-Six."

In the first place, note the motor dimensions. These specifications in a Paige engine can mean only one thing—*power—more power—power to spare.*

Then note that this car is equipped with the large unit Gray & Davis starting and lighting system, a multiple disc clutch with cork insert, cantilever springs, cellular type radiator and the Bosch magneto. As you consider these features stop once again and remember that this car costs only $1395. No car—no matter how much it might cost—could be equipped with better features. *Better features are not made.*

### "The Big Six"

Then note that this is a *Big Car*—124 inches of wheel base—meaning luxurious, roomy comfort for every passenger—upholstered throughout in genuine leather, with every refinement included that argues for luxury and elegance.

It is our conviction that history has repeated itself and the Paige Company has *again* set the standard of value in the moderate priced field. Henceforth, "Six" prices and "Six" values will be judged from a viewpoint of Paige achievement.

We repeat our assertion—Here is the "Ultimate-Six!"

## Paige Model Fairfield 6-46

**Motor**—Paige-Continental, 6-cylinder, 3½-inch bore by 5½-inch stroke. Unit Power Plant.

**Transmission**—3 Speeds, Forward and Reverse. Chrome Nickel Steel Gears.

**Electric System**—Gray & Davis Large-Unit, 6-volt Generator; Gray & Davis Starting Motor; Willard 90-hour Storage Battery, Single-Wire System, simple and accessible.

**Ignition**—Bosch Magneto.

**Carburetor**—Rayfield.

**Cooling**—Cellular Type Radiator, 16-inch Fan, 4¾-inch Centrifugal Water Pump.

**Clutch**—Multiple Disc, Cork Inserts.

**Lubrication**—Combination Pressure, Splash and Circulating System.

**Axle**—Rear—Floating Type; Front—I-Beam Section.

**Springs**—Rear, Cantilever, 48 inches long, 2½ inches wide. Front, Semi-elliptic, 36 inches by 2 inches.

**Control**—Left-Hand Drive, Center Control. Spark and Throttle Levers on Steering Wheel. Ignition Switch, Lighting Switch, Dash Light, Current Indicator, Speedometer, Oil Pressure Gauge on Cowl Board, very accessible.

**Drive**—Shaft Drive, two Universal Joints, drive through springs and torque beam. Brakes 14 inches in diameter, Internal and External.

**Gasoline Tank**—Capacity, 15 gallons; located under Cowl. Gasoline gauge.

**Tires**—Firestone or Goodyear Tires, 34 inches by 4 inches, Non-skid on rear. Tire carrier in rear.

**Body**—Streamline Body, Seven Passenger, Full U-shaped Flush Doors, High-Grade Leather Upholstery, Ample Leg Room, Front and Rear; Foot Rail and Robe Rail. Two disappearing auxiliary seats.

**Steering Gear**—Jacox Irreversible Nut and Sleeve type.

**Fenders**—Latest type Crowned Fenders.

**Running Boards**—Pressed Steel, Linoleum Covered, Aluminum Bound.

**Top**—One-Man Top; Quick Adjustable Curtains; Slip Cover Concealing Bows.

**Windshield**—Automatic Rain-Vision Ventilating Type.

**Lamps**—Gray & Davis Lamps. Separate Dimmers in Headlights.

**Wheel Base**—124 inches.

**Equipment**—Silk Mohair one-man top; top envelope; rain-vision, ventilating windshield; speedometer; demountable rims, one extra; tire carrier; adjustable foot rest; robe rail; non-skid tires on rear; license bracket; horn; pump; jack; tools and tire repair kit.

**Full announcement of the famous Paige FOUR-"36" at $1075 will appear next week.**

# $1395

**3 passenger 6-46 Roadster, $1395**

**The Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan**

# Comfort with Colgate's

Choose your favorite method—Stick, Powder, or Cream. By following the directions with each you are sure of an abundant softening lather—making the shave a daily pleasure.

### The Stick

Wet the face and rub the Stick over it lightly. Then with the brush work up the lather on the face. Economy as well as comfort with Colgate's—save the last bit of the Stick to stick onto the new one—no waste.

### The Cream

Always wet the face first. Squeeze a little of the Cream on the face or on the wet brush and work up the lather. Economy here, too, the last bit you squeeze from the tube you will find is soft, creamy and—no waste.

### The Powder

Sprinkle a little Powder on the wet brush and work up the lather on the face. The last shake from the box is as good as the first. Besides giving you a quick and enjoyable shave, with Colgate's Rapid Shave there is—no waste.

Do not ill-treat your face or handicap your razor by using an inferior lather.

*Your dealer has Colgate's—ask for it. Or send us 4c. in stamps for a trial size of Stick, Powder, or Cream.*

## COLGATE & CO.

**Dept. P** **199 Fulton Street** **New York**

As the "finish" to a perfect shave—Colgate's Talc Powder or Lilac Imperial Toilet Water.